November 18, 1933

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Alan LeMay – Arthur Somers Roche – John Erskine
Roark Bradford – Ray Tucker

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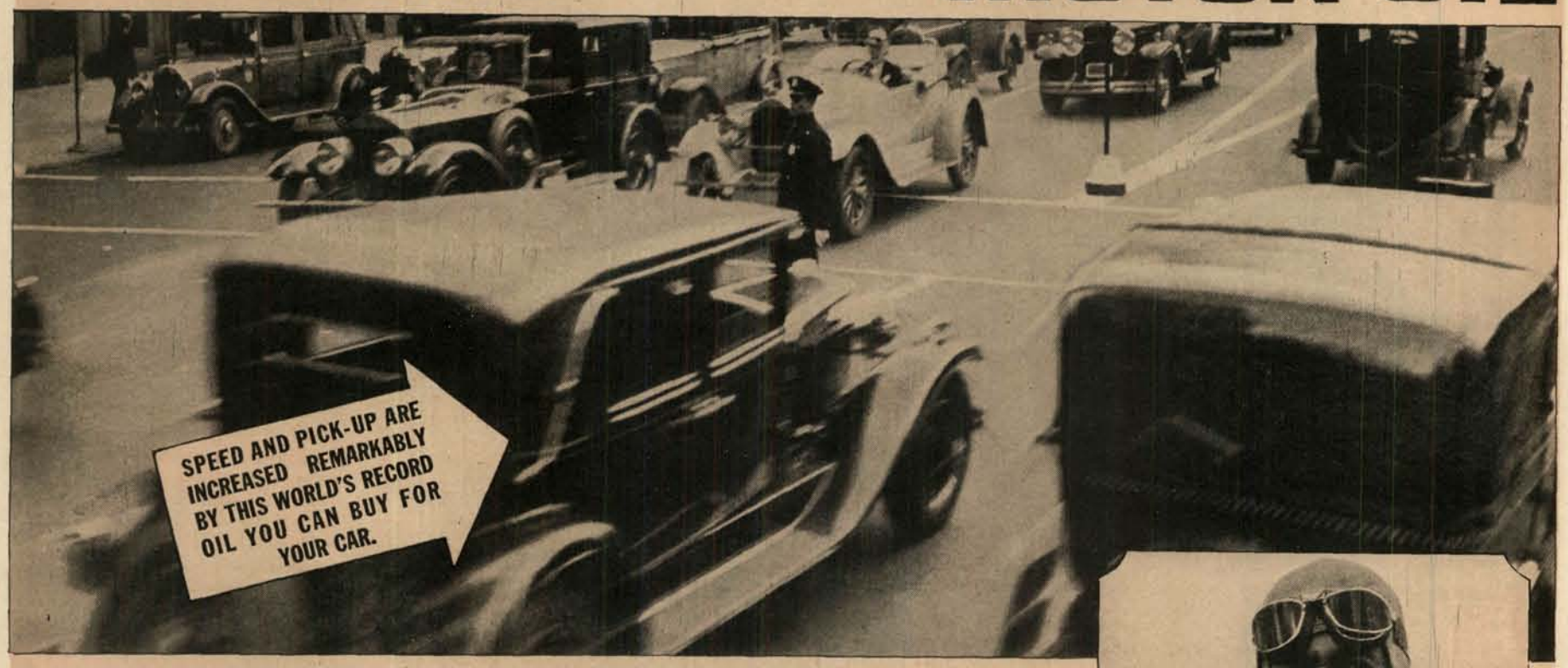

MONEY BACK IF THIS WORLD'S RECORD OIL DOESN'T COST YOU LESS THAN THE CHEAPEST OIL AFTER A 30-DAY TEST

Saves up to 12% on Gas. Increases Pick-up 10% to 25%

NOW *you* can use a special oil that increases pick-up and speed remarkably. An oil that has proven itself even faster and better than special racing castor oil.

Castor oil formerly held practically all of the major world's auto speed records.

Now Pennzoil takes its place as the finest lubricant for modern high speed motors. It has broken all world's speed records from 200 to 3,000 miles. Stood up under a 2-mile-a-minute pace for twenty-four hours straight.

No other oil has ever stood this blistering test. Only Pennzoil's amazing free-flowing tough film has enabled a car to go so far so fast. No wonder experts were amazed!

"Engine drag" is virtually eliminated with the correct grade of Pennzoil. Much less gas is used. Speed is increased and your pick-up is actually 10 to 25 percent faster!

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You use so much less gas (ten or twelve per-cent less) that Pennzoil costs you less right from the start. It may cost a few cents more per quart than plain oil . . . but it will save you many *dollars* per year in savings on gasoline alone.

Why buy plain oil when you can get this 3-times-concentrated special oil—this oil that lasts longer? Saves gas. Increases speed. And makes every car run smoother and better. Then get Pennzoil and save money all along the line. Go to any bonded Pennzoil Dealer.

* * *

End Winter oil failure

60% of your cold-weather repair bills are due to Winter Oil Failure. The heat in your engine is the same—summer or winter . . . and weak, thin winter oils can't stand it. But Pennzoil is an ALL-YEAR-ROUND Oil . . . even "heavy" Pennzoil flows freely at below-freezing temperatures. It ends winter oil failure—insures easier starting—lasts far longer than thin, weak winter oils.

Pennzoil is now available in REFINERY-SEALED CANS *in many territories. Both cans and bulk Pennzoil are* SOLD UNDER BOND *to guard you from substitutes.*

* * *

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Breaks 14 world's records

Think of it! Ab Jenkins—using regular passenger-car Pennzoil—broke all official world's records from 200 to 3,000 miles. No car . . . no oil . . . ever before had gone so far so fast. Isn't this the oil you want for your car? This world's record oil that is also used by more than 50% of the air transport lines.

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100% Pure Pennsylvania
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Safe Lubrication

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n, Permit No. 2

AFTER RACE
NOT EVEN CASTOR OIL HAS EVER GONE SO FAR SO FAST!
YOU BROKE EVERY SPEED RECORD FROM 200 TO 3000 MILES WITH PENNZOIL!

PENNZOIL

MAKES CARS GO FASTER . . . SAVES GASOLINE

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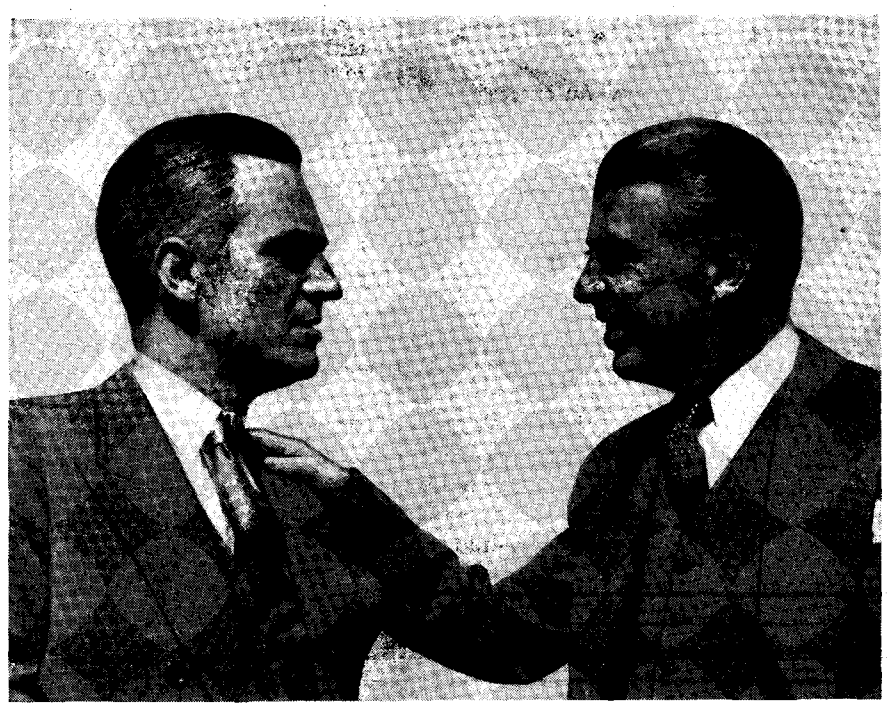
"You Don't Have to be Rich to RETIRE AT 55 ON $200 A MONTH"



"I'LL DRAW an income of $200 a month *for the rest of my life,* as soon as I'm 55," said a certain man who was discussing his plans for the future.

"How can you do it on *your* salary?" asked his friend.

"Easy," said the first man. "I'm buying a Retirement Income on the installment plan. My income of $200 a month begins when I'm 55, and it's guaranteed for life. No depression can stop it.

"What's more, if I should drop out of the picture *before* my retirement age, my wife would get a regular monthly income for the rest of her life."

"That sounds good," said the other, "but what if you're totally disabled, and can't make your payments?"

"I don't have to worry about that either. If, before I reach 55, serious illness or accident stops my earning power for six months, then —so long thereafter as I remain disabled—my installments will be paid for me, and I'll get a Disability Income besides."

"Fine," said the other. "Can you tell me how much this new Retirement Income Plan would cost *me?*"

What Does it Cost?

"A few dollars a month in small installments. The exact amount depends on how old you are, when you want to retire, and the size of the income you will want.

"Why don't you write for the book called 'The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan'? They'll send you a copy free. It tells all about how the plan works."

An Investment That Pays, Depression or no Depression

Here's *your* chance to find out how little it costs to retire at 55, 60, or 65 with a monthly income of $100, $200, $300 or more. And the same low cost protects you against death or disability.

Write the necessary information in the coupon at the right and send it now. You will be mailed a 24-page book that tells all about this new plan. It tells how you can provide money to leave your home clear of debt, money to send your son to college, money for special needs. It tells how this plan is backed by the Phoenix Mutual, an 82-year-old company, with over half a billion dollars of insurance in force. No cost. No obligation. Send for your copy of this free book today. The coupon is for your convenience.

HOW A MAN OF 40 CAN RETIRE 15 YEARS FROM TODAY

It makes no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset by the depression. It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were in 1929.

Now, by following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen years from today with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life.

A Guaranteed Income for Life

Here is what $200 a month Retirement Income, payable at age 55, will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 55 an income of $200 a month for life. This income cannot stop until at least $20,000 has been paid, and it may even reach $25,000, $30,000 or more, depending only upon how long you live.

It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 55 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $40,000. Or a monthly income for life.

It guarantees upon death from any other cause before age 55 a Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or a monthly income for life.

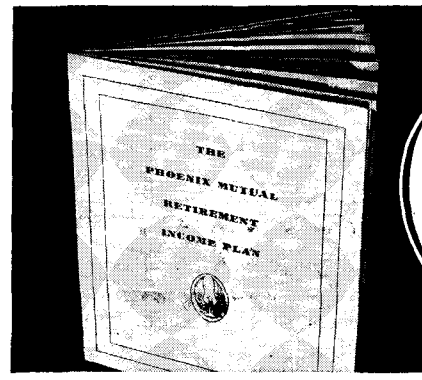
It guarantees in the event of permanent total disability before age 55 a Monthly Income for you. And your installments will be paid for you by the Company.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $200 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages you wish: 55, 60, or 65.

How much do you have to put in? A few dollars a month . . . We'll be glad to tell you the exact amount as soon as we know your present age, how much income you want, and how soon you want to retire.

Send for Free Plan Book

Write your date of birth in the coupon below and mail today. You will receive without cost or obligation a copy of an illustrated booklet that tells all about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.



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Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book describing THE PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THEY call it the last paradise, the Island of Bali, where a simple, childlike folk lead an unspoiled life in happy innocence. Folk ways and native art augment the gracious gifts of nature. And, in this paradise, not even man is vile.

All this Martha Hanston knew before she went there. But some facts had not been told to her. In actual association with the natives she missed the odorless idealization of the silver screen. And in the tropic heat she longed in vain for a chocolate malted milk.

The irruption into this quiet isle of Terry Olmstead, a very American young man, precipitates the climax of Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's romantic short story, "Far Pasture."

FROM your East Indian sanctuary we regretfully bring you back to face the problem of organized crime in these United States. War has been declared against it, but no battles have been fought. And the reason is easy to find. Organized crime has an army to put in the field; we have none. And just so long as policemen are dependent for their jobs upon graft-taking politicians we shall have none. "Are Policemen Soldiers?" asks William G. Shepherd. They're not, at present, but he shows you how they can be made so.

PAUL DURSON, pilot on the Florida run, had a secret, morbid fear of lightning. At the first bright flash abject horror would freeze him in his seat. But tonight he had to go through. No chance to land, no chance to turn back. In the cabin behind him lay a girl gravely ill, and with her was Joan McElroy, who trusted him.

Leland Jamieson takes you through the bright inferno of a coastal storm. You'll find "Rough Air Ahead," but it's worth it.

FOR several thousand years men have been busily engaged in defining "Woman's Place." Of course it never did any good because she wouldn't stay there; but now there's a new definition—with teeth in it. Hitler and his aides composed it and they'll call out the marines, if necessary, to make it true. From Germany, Quentin Reynolds sends a brilliant picture of the results.

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS writes the Short Short Story. Benny Friedman discusses professional football "Pro and Coin." Ray Tucker takes you to the Republicans' "Midnight Council," held in cool desperation behind bolted doors. Dana Burnet, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Arthur Somers Roche and Freling Foster get together again in Collier's. You'll be seeing 'em.

This Week

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November 18, 1933

Cover by Antonio Petruccelli

ALAN LeMAY
They Sometimes Come Back. **Love's not different in Hollywood: it's just more complicated.** **Page 7**

WALTER DAVENPORT
Indiana Gets a New Brew. **A lesson in practical politics—Governor Paul McNutt.** **Page 10**

ROARK BRADFORD
The Grass in the Cotton. **An excess of holiness that led to trouble.** **Page 12**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Conspiracy, Part IX. **Men who stop at nothing.** **Page 14**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Facts—hot from the making.** **Page 16**

BILL CUNNINGHAM
Bringing 'Em Back to Life. **Coach Crisler—with a new tonic for tigers.** **Page 17**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Marriage in Moderation, **by John Erskine.** **Page 19**

DAY EDGAR
The Beast in the Dark. **An unforgettable drama.** **Page 20**

WILLIAM MacHARG
Mrs. Walder's Diamonds. **Mr. Walder will never know what happened to them.** **Page 22**

RAY TUCKER
Toying with Taxes. **Leave that to the government—and watch your returns.** **Page 24**

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Man without Nerves, Part XI. **Huitt looks at a golf match.** **Page 26**

W. B. COURTNEY
Face the Mirror. **Have you a hair problem?** **Page 28**

EDITORIAL
Distinguished Service in Time of Peace. **Page 54**

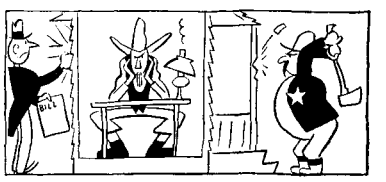
●

Any Week

IN AN article by George Creel published in our issue of August 19th last, under the caption "Working on the Railroads," and criticizing practices that had obtained among various railroads, a statement was made that reflected on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company.

We desire to retract this statement in so far as it refers to the Louisville & Nashville Company. It is our understanding that that company has been an outstanding example of freedom from the financial practices referred to in the article in question. We regret the obvious injustice done the Louisville & Nashville Company by its publication and take pleasure in making this correction. It is proper to add that the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company has been operated for over seventy-five years under its original charter. It has never made a default on any of its obligations, has never been reorganized, has never been in the hands of a receiver and during this long period has rendered efficient service to the public with profit to its stockholders.

PHILOSOPHICALLY Mr. Hubert Deemer of Kansas City, Missouri, takes a dispassionate look at the condition of his state. "The bleaters," says he, "have their heads together and are emitting whole oratorios of sour notes. Missouri expected to garner a million dollars in taxation from beer the first year. It now appears that we'll be doing well to get two hundred thousand. But the boys overlook the fact that this will be two hundred thousand more than we had before. Also the dry side is perishing with disappointment because beer has not broken up a hundred thousand homes and filled our gutters with hopeless drunkards. In short, nobody's satisfied but I am personally trying to bear up."



NATURALLY we're getting lots of letters about the plight of the farmer. Who isn't? But a slight variant comes from Mr. Will J. Stout of Dubuque, Iowa, who claims that "what our farmers need at present is a bumper crop of patience although I will admit that it must be very difficult to be nonchalant with the money-lender hammering on your front door and the sheriff hard at work chopping down your back porch."

ANYONE yearning to discuss Mr. Stout's remarks has our permission. Perhaps Miss E. Becker of St. Paul, Minnesota, might help. She wants to know whether it isn't possible that "if there is too much wheat, too many hogs, too much cotton and so on, isn't it true that there may be too many farmers?"

WITH terse inaccuracy, Mr. Lemuel Tinkham of Bangor, Maine, condemns our editorial—"Kidnapping and Prohibition"—as "a black lie conceived by the devil." Wrong, of course, because we're not as clever as the devil. Mr. Tinkham's only other comment is that there "were no bootleggers when we had saloons." And that from a resident of Maine?

AND Mrs. Adrian C. Colehauer of Seattle, Washington, marvels at the number of "boobs we elect to important public office." However, she draws some solace from the fact that "we would elect more if we had elections oftener."

"THIS is an out-of-the-way place," writes Mr. David G. Poole of Rochester, Kentucky. "To get here entails a nice long ride on a mule and then a swing on a wild grapevine for a mile. In spite of that, Collier's is delivered each week and I can't say as I have ever read a more unusual and ghastly story than Thomas Burke's 'The Hollow Man.' Let's have some more stories by Roark Bradford."

MISS M. MARY CHIPPIN of Denver, Colorado, "hated Mr. Burke's story" but she adds that she "would have hated you more if I had known that you had had an opportunity to publish it and had refused to."

WITH our eyes lowered modestly we read this one from Mr. Fred Sherman of Norman, Oklahoma. Mr. Sherman, a student in the University, writes that he, his father and his brothers had contracted to bale hay on a hundred-acre pasture. "On a job of that sort," says Mr. Sherman, "there are always spare moments. I solved the problem by carrying Collier's to the field with me. I got much more out of it that way than I did out of the stories and articles which I read when not pushed for time. Keep up the good work."

COLLIER'S, you see, for action.

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Take Care!

exposure invites serious colds · · gargle Listerine when you reach home

Attending a late-season football game when the weather is bad is a gamble—no less.

Serious colds, sore throat, grippe, and even pneumonia—thousands of cases—often develop after such spectacles. Medical records everywhere confirm this.

Men and women past thirty seem to be the most frequent victims, but young people are by no means immune.

Health Hints for the Fan

Sitting in open stands in foggy, rainy, sleety, or freezing weather quickly weakens body resistance. Health authorities say lowered resistance is the major predisposing cause of colds. Disease germs already at work in mouth and throat get the upper hand.

Listerine fights cold germs

After exposure, Nature needs help to keep disease germs under control. For this purpose Listerine, the safe antiseptic, is recommended. While it kills germs, Listerine will not harm delicate tissue.

If you attend a football game in nasty weather, do the following when you reach home:

1. Gargle with Listerine every 2 hours.
2. Change clothes, shoes, and stockings if they are at all damp.
3. Place hot water bag on feet to stimulate circulation.
4. Drink a hot or warm drink (lemonade is good).
5. If you have a chill, get into bed; if a fever, call your doctor.

Reduces Mouth Germs as much as 99%

Listerine when used as a gargle aids in warding off colds because it quickly destroys the germs associated with colds. In the oral cavity, millions of these germs are present.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth, this germ-killing action on the surfaces of the mucous membrane begins. After its use, germs are shown by actual test to be reduced as much as 99% within 5 minutes.

At the end of 4 hours—and this is highly important—germ reductions as high as 64% are even noted.

Fewer colds for garglers

More interesting still are the careful tests in which several hundred people were studied. They were divided into two groups—those who did not gargle Listerine and those who did. Now note this:

Those who gargled Listerine twice a day contracted only one-third as many colds as those who did not gargle with it. These colds were far milder and of shorter duration than the colds contracted by non-users of Listerine.

Confirming these tests is the personal experience of thousands of men and women who have used Listerine to fight colds and to relieve ordinary sore throat.

Always keep a bottle at home. Slip one into your suitcase when you travel and take one in the side pocket of your car when you motor. It is a good safeguard against infection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Down go LISTERINE prices!

Buy now at Substantial Savings

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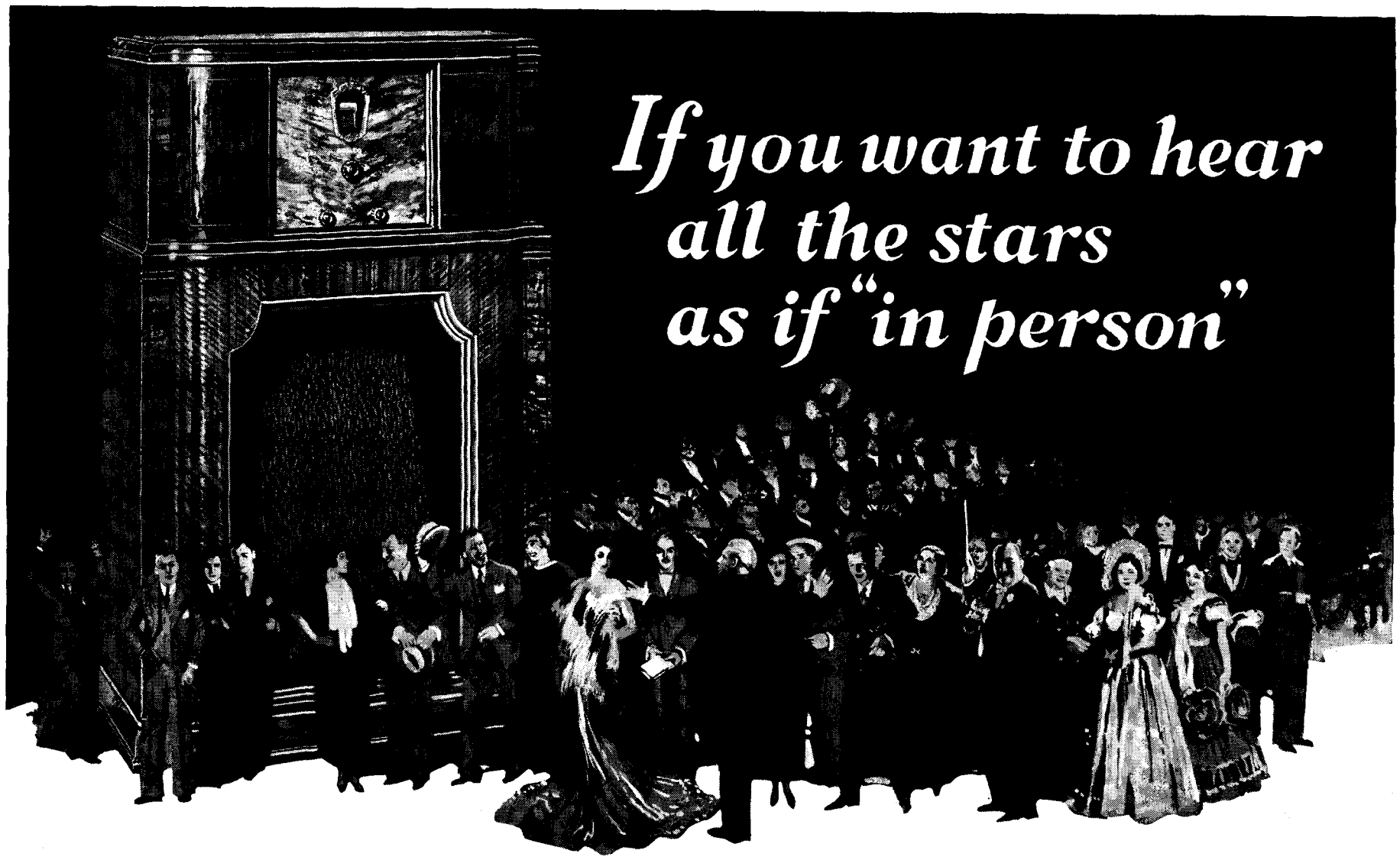


Give your home a REAL radio!

PHILCO 16X $175

MARVELOUS TONE! Due in large measure to the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction—the revolutionary PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

1. Its inclination directs all high notes (sparkle and brilliance) some of which you would otherwise miss, up to "ear level".
2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority).
3. RESULT—Reception as if the artists were present "in person".

SHORT-WAVE AS WELL AS BROADCAST RECEPTION! Efficient reception on all short-wave channels including the very short waves of British Empire Station broadcasts!

SUPER "CLASS A" AUDIO SYSTEM! (No *distortion from whisper to auditorium* volume.)

BASS COMPENSATING TONE CONTROL! Giving that pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the desirable crispness and clarity only possible through *correct balance of bass and treble.*

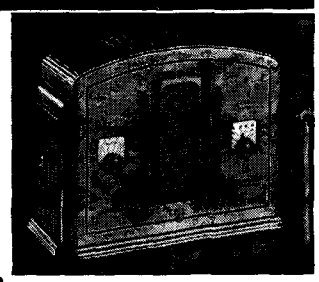
Shadow Tuning—Automatic Volume Control—New Electro-Dynamic Auditorium Speaker—Illuminated Station Recording Dial—PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc.

LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

How about a "personal" RADIO?

A small radio for bedroom—den—library? A radio your boy or girl can take away to school or college? A radio you can carry on trips?

Here are two suggestions!



PHILCO 54C · $33

Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Dial, Electro-Dynamic Speaker. A. C. or D. C. Tunes regular broadcast stations, all police, and many amateur and airplane stations. Built-in aerial—no ground required. Hand-rubbed Butt Walnut Cabinet $33. PHILCO 57C (A.C. only) $22.50

PHILCO 60B · $29.50

Exceptional performance and delightful tone at a most moderate price. *Automatic* Volume Control. Tone Control. Covers regular broadcast band, all police, airplane and amateur channels. *Illuminated Station Recording Dial.* Full-size PHILCO Electro-Dynamic Speaker, $29.50.

No "first-nighter" on Broadway in the great days of the theatre ever could enjoy such a succession of great shows as are put on the air hour after hour—night after night—week after week.

When you have a REAL radio—the stars of radio seemingly come right into your home—go through their performances just as if they had dropped into your living-room to stage a special show for you alone.

Give your home a REAL radio—a PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board model—the only radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument—the only radio capable of reproducing every note the broadcasting stations can put on the air!

Go to the nearest PHILCO dealer. Listen to that great radio—the new 16X—which not only brings you the stars of Broadway and Hollywood as they appear on American broadcasting stations—but which opens up to you all the short-wave world—and all the world through short waves! With one flick of the switch you can leave the United States and travel overseas—perhaps pick up an orchestra in the Savoy in London, an opera from Milan, or a baritone singing in Madrid!

This Christmas—give your home a REAL radio—a PHILCO—the one investment which will pay the biggest dividends in pleasure, in information, in all-round entertainment to you and your family for years to come!

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A BRAND NEW PHILCO AUTO RADIO AT $49.95

Complete and installed on any make car—any model—any year. A new 1934 model PHILCO Auto Radio featuring a full-size dynamic speaker—the same type used in high-priced home radios. Four-point tone control. More powerful—more selective—better tone than any auto radio that $49.95 ever bought before!

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

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A musical instrument of quality

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Collier's

The National Weekly for November 18, 1933

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They Sometimes Come Back

By Alan LeMay

Beauty was her one asset; and she was alone in Hollywood. There was a man who could help her, if he would. What he did, and what she did, makes a lovely story—one the gossips missed

AS POLK looked at the girl who stood in front of him his quick anger died in the face of her pathetic thinness, and her utter, complete quiet. He said, "I'm certain I've seen you before. But darned if I know where."

Puzzled, he searched her little triangular face, which—by a superstition-inspiring miracle—had no make-up on it; he studied the half-curly bend of her dark hair, of which she had a lot, and her still eyes. But memory eluded him.

It was her folded, transparently thin hands that took the last of his annoyance out of him. As he turned away and walked across his cool, plain living-room to stand looking out into his patio, brilliant with the hot smash of the California sun, he was sorry for her, and sorry that she had come.

Being sorry for people had been Polk's ruination. He was one of the few directors in Hollywood who could work whenever he wanted to. But he no longer wanted to. If he had been able to detach himself entirely from the casting end of production, he would have been all right. But no director can do that wholly; and, because Polk had made his reputation under the supervision of that late great visionary and showman, Von Sedwitz, who was known above all things as a selector and developer of talent, Polk found his position hopeless. You can't cast talking pictures without a perfectly ruthless and casual ability to smash people's hopes without trou-

As she played, her body swayed with a subtle, impelling rhythm, and her eyes lighted and glowed

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bling yourself too much in the process.

After four meteorically successful years of it, Polk was thirty-one years old, but felt like ninety. He had made enough money to have no worries on that score. But having been unable to dehumanize himself in the manner necessary to those who are going to handle the making and breaking of many people, he had presently found himself worn out, disgusted, bitter, and—in his own opinion—entirely through.

Polk was a big, angular man, with a shaggy head, and a craggy face set with eyes customarily sleepy, but which could burn with consuming fires suggestive of an inner torment. Rough-spoken and often incoherent as he was, he still could work miracles with light and shadows. But now, weary to the bones, and tormented by the unforgettable faces of broken people, he had retired into surly seclusion in a small white house in La Cañada, more than an hour's drive from the nearest sound set; and here he amused himself by raising little exotic finches imported from places like New Zealand.

HE HAD been here nearly three months now, and hardly anybody bothered him any more. He was honestly hoping that the time would soon come when his name would be entirely forgotten. He did not know how, though he could guess why, this rather unprepossessing-looking little extra girl had sought him out now.

"What's your name?" he asked, still staring moodily into the big cage of thumb-sized birds just outside his patio window.

"Carola Smetana."

She spoke with an alien twist, and he had to ask her to repeat. Then there came again that queer stir of a memory he could not quite place.

"Where are you from?"

"Budapest. I come with my father."

Polk partly remembered now. He had made a collecting tour with Von Sedwitz during the vogue of foreign actors, more than a year and a half before. And he seemed to recall some shaggy, picturesque sort of bandit named Smetana, whom Von Sedwitz had discovered leading an orchestra at the Café Romhany, or some place in Budapest—one of the many that Von Sedwitz had scooped up and brought to Hollywood. After Von Sedwitz died, nobody could imagine what he had meant to do with them all. What had become of them? What usually becomes of forgotten actors?

Polk turned and studied Carola Smetana searchingly. Suddenly Polk got it. Clearly he saw again the broad Danube flowing swiftly between the hills of Buda and the plains of Pest, and the lovely medieval city, rich with color, and richer still with ancient cultures which he could sense without understanding much about them. He had stood on a balcony within the café and looked down at a girl who played a piano accordion with a tremendous lilting fire, and as she played, walked with the swaggering vitality of a little dark panther.

He remembered the white flash of her teeth, and the dancing laughter of her eyes, and the loose dark mass of her hair, like a floating bush, or a cloud. For a moment she had seemed to him the very heart of Budapest's appeal. He would have tried to get her for Von Sedwitz's string of exotic discoveries, except that he had had a gloomy opinion that Von Sedwitz had already gathered more than he would ever be able to find any use for. But the memory of her youthful vitality was stirring to him yet.

And now—he realized with an acute, sad sense of shock that the girl who stood before him here was the girl of the Budapest café.

"I didn't know that Sandor Smetana had a daughter," he said. "Why haven't I ever seen you before?"

"You do not see what you look at. I have seen you many times."

"I suppose your father sent you to me?"

"My father is dead. Almost a year."

POLK swore to himself, staring moodily at his little mercurial finches. He was certain now that his memory was true, and he was unwilling to look at her, so changed. This was the type of breakage which had driven him out of his work. Sometimes he bitterly hated this industry which he had helped make but which could not seem to exist without so much human destruction.

"Where are you living?" he said at last, with his back to her.

"No place."

Polk knew very well that this could be literally true. "Where's your accordion?"

With some difficulty she explained in her insecure English that she had pawned it. Polk swore again, slowly and bitterly, and in silence.

He turned, took her hand as if she were a child, and led her into his kitchen. Here he cooked her a meal, based upon an enormous steak he had got that morning for himself. When the girl had wolfed this she promptly went to sleep with her head and her arms on the edge of the table. He was unable to rouse her, so presently he picked her up and carried her into his bedroom. He left her in his bed, sleeping as if she were never going to wake up again.

Then he went out and sat in the shade of his patio pepper tree, scowling moodily, and thinking about Carola Smetana. It seemed to him that he had never seen anyone so completely lost and beaten, clear on the other side of the world from where she belonged. On the opposite side of the world in more ways than one.

After he had thought about it a while it seemed to him a cockeyed thing that he should know as much as he did about the spoiling of celluloid, without its being any use to him or to anyone else. He was bothered by a sultry sense of rebellion, and he watched his little dithering finches with sullen eyes.

Late in the afternoon he went in and sat beside the bed where she slept, studying the set of her neck and shoulders as she lay relaxed, and the contours of her face. He was still sitting there when Carola awoke. She started to say something in a language he did not know, and then caught herself.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"You're going to be a movie star," he told her morosely. "Because somebody ought to get something out of all that stuff Von Sedwitz knew."

POLK drove his roadster down into Hollywood, and there, after a little prowling about, he located Davida Blake. Davida was a very lovely lady of nearly sixty; she occasionally played mother parts or dowagers, and, partly because her teeth were still the best in the world, she had the most beautiful and unaffected diction in Hollywood. She hadn't worked for a long time, and Polk had an idea that she probably hadn't paid her rent.

"You're moving," he told Davida. "I want you to go out and live in my place at La Cañada."

Davida was as suave and gayly courageous as ever; Polk, in several years' acquaintance, had never seen her halfmasted yet. "Heaven be praised," she said now. "A proposition!"

"There's a little foreign girl out there," Polk said. "She's from Budapest."

"Oh—a Hungarian effect."

"She didn't say. Maybe gypsy or something—I don't know. Look, Davida. This girl talks slightly *ragoût*.

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You fix that—teach her to spik Englees."

"Sound-track Englees?"

"Of course. You're also supposed to see that this kid eats. I'm going to be gone for a while, but I'm sending out a first-rate Jap cook. When I get back I want her six pounds overweight."

"How Turkish of you," said Davida. "If she has any sense she won't stand for it."

"She'll stand for it, all right. One other thing. She plays the accordion. You now find that you're crazy about accordion music."

"For you, darling," said Davida, "I'll accompany her on a jew's-harp. What tone-color do you want her to speak with?"

"Tone-color, your hat! A certain foreignish sound is permissible, but absolutely no oval, mooing noises. You have a couple or three months."

"It's in the bag," Davida promised him.

POLK went back out to La Cañada and packed his traveling kit.

"I'm going fishing or something," he told Carola. "You're going to stay here a few months."

"But why?" Faintly puzzled, but completely still-faced and unresisting, Carola looked more than ever like a little finch with its feathers down.

"You're going to be a movie star. A star, I said. A good actress is coming out to teach you to talk. You're supposed to try to learn."

"What else I do?"

"Eat all the time. You haven't anything to worry about while you do what I say."

"You get out because of me?" she demanded, looking at his traveling bags.

"I don't want to set eyes on you again until you look at least half fed. You look like the devil." Her eyes dropped. "Anyway," he added, "when this gets around, half the extra girls in Hollywood will be out here. It'll mean either I live in an orphan asylum or call out the state troops."

"Then *I* will get out—me!"

"You'll do as you're told. Gimme your pawn ticket."

"Which one?"

"All of 'em."

As he left, she was standing in the middle of his cool, awninged living-room looking after him with that pathetic, inscrutable quiet. Bothered, he turned back. "What's the matter with you? Don't you care what happens to you? Or don't you believe me?"

"I think I do not believe anything, any more."

He shrugged and drove off. At Los Angeles he redeemed her accordion. There was also a double handful of old-looking jewelry, much set with stones of little intrinsic value but oddly carved. He sent it all out to La Cañada, then wandered off wondering what had been the names of the places he had wished to go to when he was too busy to go any place. On the second day he sent Davida a two-hundred-word telegram on the care and feeding of finches; then La Cañada heard no more from him.

Polk was gone more than three months. He didn't think much about Carola while he was gone. Much of the time he forgot about her entirely—this one more unimpressive and hopeless-looking girl out of the thousands he had seen go through the Hollywood mill. When he did think of her, however, it was without forgetting why he had taken her in. He was not sorry, but rather interested. He supposed she would be gone when he got back, but mildly hoped that she would not.

She was not gone.

Davida waved at him gayly, without getting up from the day-bed as he came in. "Carola's turning out very nicely," she said at once. "I believe you really have something there, after all."

Polk grunted. "Let's have a look at her."

DAVIDA sang out through the house, "Carola! Can you come here, dear?"

Undoubtedly, Carola had seen him drive up. She came in and walked across the room toward him. Then suddenly she faltered and panic crossed her face. She turned and fled.

"What's the matter?" said Polk.

"Your unbeautiful mug frightens her," was Davida's opinion. "Why do you want to scowl at her like that? Don't you think she's looking fit?"

Polk did think Carola was looking well. In his momentary view of her he had perceived that she had come back most astonishingly to an approximation of his memory of a girl who had played gypsy tunes in Budapest. Her vital, rounded outlines were back, and the spring was in her walk again, and the washed-out, fatalistic lifelessness had gone out of her face. But he had wanted to hear her speak, and he could not understand what had happened.

"I'm accustomed," he said crossly, "to having people show some slight willingness to play up."

"Carola is just about the most willing little person you have ever known," Davida declared. "I've never seen such a worker in all my life. The job's done. I suppose I may as well be packing out of here now."

"Stick around," Polk invited. "We've got lots of room."

"What am I supposed to tell people I'm doing?"

"Tell 'em we're writing a play. Tell 'em we're drawing animated cartoons. I don't care what you say."

Polk went back to scowling at his finches, and lived around there a week without trying to talk much to Carola. He learned quickly enough that Davida Blake had done a very satisfying job with Carola's English. It was natural and clearly accented, and her voice had the gently self-projecting quality that promised clean microphone pick-up. Also, quite in spite of herself, her words still retained a definitely exotic flavor, and that was what he wanted, too.

WITH Polk she continued shy, much more shy than she had been when she had first come to him, exhausted and hopeless.

"What's the matter with her?" he demanded of Davida.

"She never got a break before in all her life," Davida said. "It makes her feel superstitious—that's all."

This situation was entirely incomprehensible to Polk, and he handled it by ignoring Carola completely until she should show better sense.

Her first sign of it appeared after he had been home about a week. After dinner they sat in the patio and smoked, and a moon like a floodlight struck down past the pepper tree to pick up Carola's hair and skin with a clear silky sheen. A camera-man loves a light-saving skin. It gave Polk ideas for trick shots.

"I thought you played the accordion," he said.

Obediently, she brought out the instrument. As she played, all the shyness and stiffness left her; her body swayed with a subtle, impelling rhythm, and her eyes lighted and glowed. Then Polk knew that she was ready for his next step in the building of Carola Smetana into a name to be written upon the sky in neon lights.

The next day he went down to Hollywood, where he sought out an out-of-the-

(Continued on page 51)

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

For hours Polk posed Carola in a hundred different ways, lighted from as many different angles

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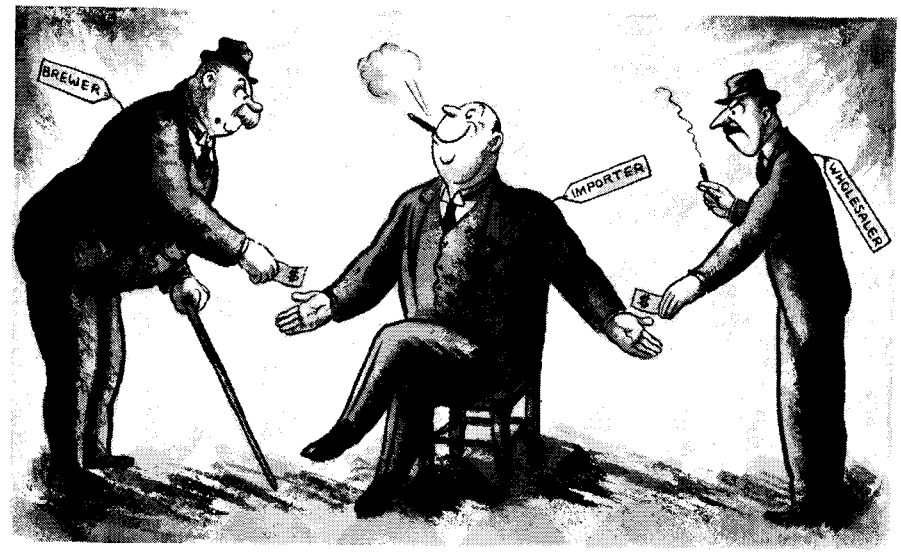
Indiana Gets a New Brew

By Walter Davenport



The brewer paid and so did the wholesaler. Which meant that the lucky importer got it coming and going

The Commonwealth of Indiana has been politically taken apart and reassembled. It is now ticking lustily. (Those discordant noises you hear are just the clashing together of discarded parts.) The master clockmaker who installed the new works is Governor Paul McNutt, a man who contracted chronic availability in early youth and apparently is incurable. Something of a magician, too. Quite recently he turned a Christmas tree into a presentable beer law

IT WAS in the first week of April that Indiana adopted a beer law. Perhaps some of the Hoosiers I spoke to are given to exaggeration, but they assured me that, having passed this measure, which looks more like a Christmas tree than a statute, a large number of state legislators took it on the dead run, or ran fingers in their ears.

But such was the furor upon the land at the moment, what with the screams of a tortured Congress, the bellows of several million infuriated bank depositors, the raucous clashing of governmental gears going into a downhill reverse, and the hoarse shouts of the New Deal's microphone hunters in Washington, nobody outside of Indiana paid the slightest attention, and only an alert few inside.

Within a few days, however, while Indiana was constantly palming foam off her upper lip, the provisions and inclusions of Indiana's new law spread to the outside world. They'll tell you that several of Tammany Hall's toughest ward-wallopers fainted when it was read to them. In Illinois, Louisiana, Missouri, Pennsylvania, California and elsewhere where ever-bearing legislation is supposed to have reached an acme of cultivation, inspired tributes to the unknown genius whose brain and pen produced the measure ascended from the throats of boss politicians who recognized the master hand when they beheld its work. In the great surge of admiration party lines were washed away; congratulations, tinged here and there with envy, arrived from Republicans and Democrats indiscriminately, and several Socialists were frank to admit that here was proof that theirs were not all the nation's brains.

Of course beer bills were no novelty; most of the states were adopting them. But with the exception of Indiana's, these bills were pretty much the same—colorless revenue gleaners buttressed with soggy clauses fashioned to hold the workingman's vote and to appease as far as possible the wrath of the drys. No inspiration in them, no verve, imagination, unction or zip. Just beer bills.

It was inevitable that Indiana's jealous neighbors should fling nasty cracks, prominent amongst which was that the bill was the work of a movie scenario writer. The truth is that it was a collaboration, the most talented contributor to which was the Honorable Jacob Weiss of Indianapolis. Mr. Weiss is a young state senator, a Democrat and a native of Brooklyn, N. Y. As a mere lad he went to work in his father's butcher shop. Discovering that there were too many bright young men in butcher shops in Brooklyn, he enrolled in a convenient night-study class and presently emerged a lawyer. After a bit of contemplation of the American scene, Mr. Weiss and his diploma moved to Indianapolis where, he learned, the best minds of Tammany Hall might have no end of trouble making good as precinct leaders. When Mr. John McCooey, Democratic boss of Brooklyn, heard of this, having already read Indiana's new beer law, he is said to have flown into a violent temper, demanding of his captains the reason why Mr. Weiss was permitted to migrate to the Wabash from the Gowanus where gifts like his were sorely needed.

It was Mr. Weiss who imparted to Indiana's latest and, some say, most brilliant contribution to American statecraft literature the sections which make the law glisten and which caused so much pain elsewhere. The law divides the state into ten districts. Over each district the governor appoints a beer importer. Any number of citizens may aspire to the place but the governor decides.

Tammany Hall's toughest ward-wallopers were prostrated with envy when they realized the political possibilities of the Indiana beer law

A Political Masterpiece

Now an importer may be an individual or a corporation. That he should be an individual is not popular because the profits would then be at the mercy of a single individual. Better a corporation which distributes profits to its stockholders. So they are corporations. The stockholders are as carefully selected as the president of the corporation because it is recognized as bad politics to sell stock to anyone who does not fit into the governor's political machine and who does not coöperate to the fullest in the current political régime.

These importing corporations have nothing directly to do with beer brewed within the state. Of course if in the due processes of business the importers become financially interested in Indiana breweries to the extent that they can regulate the local output, thereby making it necessary to import more beer to keep the supply up to demand, that is their affair. Indiana brews excellent beer of her own. But no beer manufacturer outside the state may ship as much as a single pint into Indiana except through the importers who supply the wholesalers, who, in turn, sell to the retailer. And no short cuts either.

And just to be sure that avaricious foreigners shall not benefit under this extremely fertile law, at least fifty-one per cent of the stock of each corporation must be owned by bona fide residents of the state. That there shall be no skullduggery here, the law provides that there is no other method of getting an importer's license than to apply to the state excise director, who is appointed by the governor, to whom alone he is responsible and who may dismiss him at will.

Already you may have jumped to conclusions—sensed what you regard as the unlimited political and financial possibilities. But don't be overhasty. Under less sagacious auspices almost anything you care to imagine might come of a set-up like this. It just happens, however, that Indiana is at present being governed by a man who is entirely too intelligent and whose ambitions are far too definite to let the situation get out of hand.

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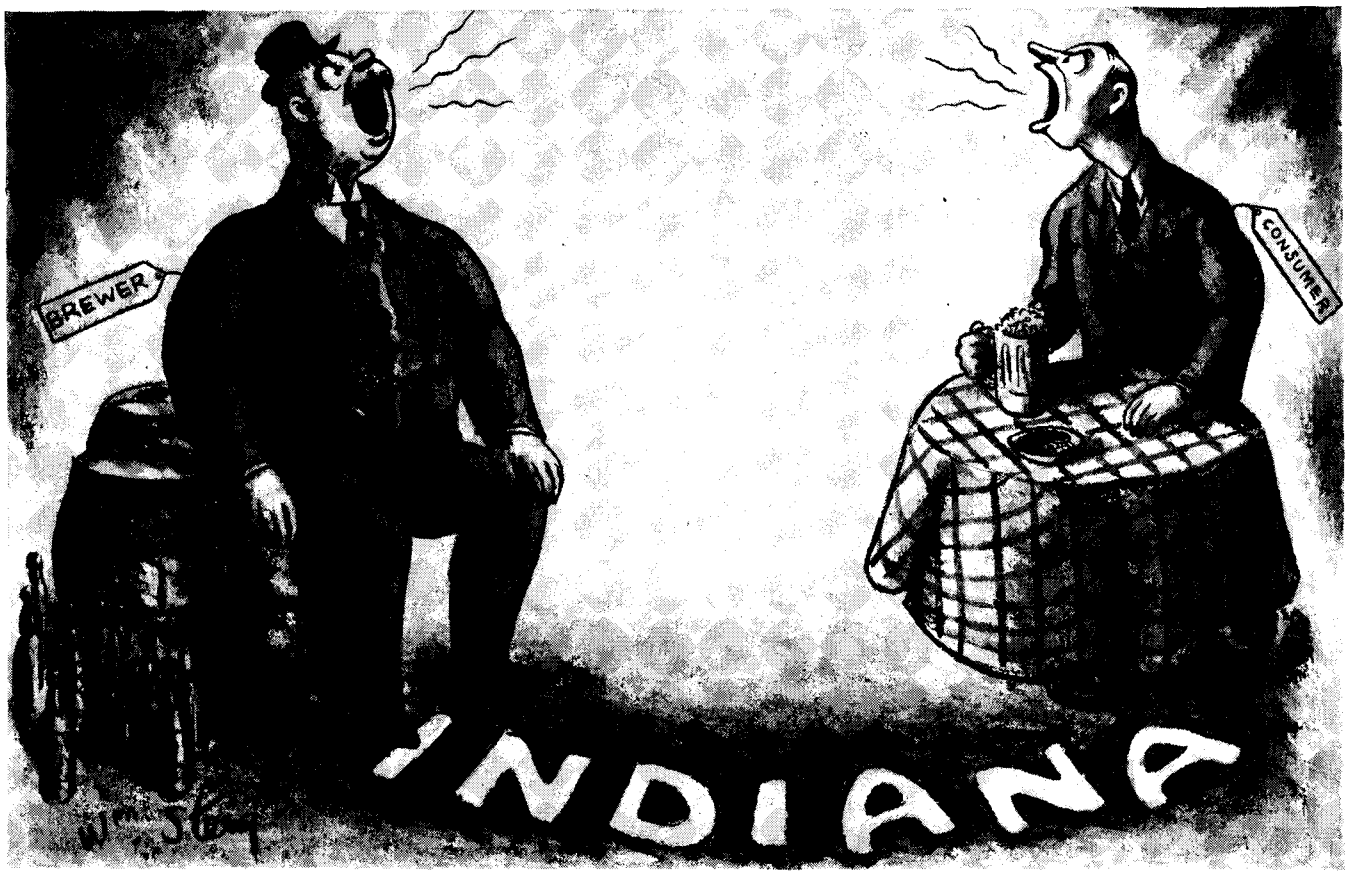
At first, certain inevitable things happened. You understand, of course, that you cannot hand an opportunity like this to the rank and file of any man's political machine and expect the boys to keep their minds on the higher things of life. Within a month many gentlemen of Indiana (and in particular the drys) were calling upon the world, their voices choked with horror, to witness the shame of their state.

It's Great to be an Importer

Importers—some of them at any rate—were bludgeoning poor innocent Wisconsin and Missouri brewers without mercy. Just to win the right to do business with an importer, they tell you, the outside brewer was required to pay one thousand dollars. At this rate, to have statewide distribution, he would have to lay out ten thousand dollars. Furthermore, so run the stories, before a wholesaler could acquire a single case of beer to pass on to the retailer, he had to agree to rebate to the importer thirty-six cents a case, or some such sum. Which means, you see, that the importer was getting it coming and going, a situation which not only shocked the righteous but pulverized the very souls of those who longed to be importers but weren't. These are mere samples of what, you were assured, was going on. And maybe it did—for a time.

They told you, too, that stock in the importing corporations was used to corrupt some of prohibition's most persuasive local voices; that certain of Indiana's strongest drys, having fallen upon hard times, had been rescued from the sheriff and resulting poverty by the importers, who exacted complete political silence as the price of gifts of dividend-producing stock. And this foul deed accomplished, the traitors throttled, Indiana proceeded to repudiate the Eighteenth Amendment.

Of course you are at liberty to doubt any or all of these yarns. But I have it on the best authority that several outside brewers donated generously to importers for the privilege of having their stuff consumed in Indiana during these first wild weeks. And there seems to be no way of telling what might have come of it had not two loud noises fetched the situation to a head.



The brewer uttered a piercing shriek when he heard about the license charges. And the overcharged consumer added his cries of protest

A serene realist, Governor McNutt dreams of his availability for the presidency in 1940

Protests from All Quarters

First, one nationally famous brewer decided to find out what would happen if he protested loud enough. He is said to have emitted a piercing shriek when told that it would cost him ten thousand dollars just to do business in all of Indiana. So loud was his wail that he was told, they say, to leave off with his bawling and consider himself admitted free. This, of course, made the other outside brewers pretty mad and they, too, began to make a lot of noise.

Second, with everybody expected to pay something extra for the privilege of having beer to sell, the price per bottle went kiting until the citizenry—the poor old ultimate consumer—added its cries to those of the outside brewers. Twenty-five and thirty cents was too much to pay any man for a bottle of beer and the customers made no secret of it.

As adopted, the Indiana law forbids the importation and sale of beer in the keg or barrel—draught beer. Draught beer was supposed to be a mainstay of the old saloon and it was thought fitting that nothing of encouragement to the old saloon should be tolerated. But, nearer to the truth, it was thought by Governor McNutt and his advisers that to proscribe draught beer would calm the fears of the drys enough to make it easier for the state to vote against the Eighteenth Amendment, which it proceeded to do. That done, and the demand for draught beer growing, the governor exercised his right to modify the law. There now is draught beer in Indiana. It is hardly worth while asking you to reflect upon the possibilities of a set-up like that. The thought is never far from the minds of some of the gentlemen who are selling beer at wholesale. Given some of Indiana's old-time administration and the boys would be harvesting their grafted millions by now.

At any rate such was the situation—too many unpretty stories of graft and attempted graft, true or untrue. And entirely too much protest from the drinkers concerning the price of beer. Mind you, there were no formal accusations against anybody. No one clamored for the ear of the public prosecutor or demanded action by grand jury. Mr. Paul Fry, the hard-working state excise director, a public servant celebrated through the state for his conscientiousness and rigid probity, let it be understood that all he required were facts, and, thus equipped, he would do some swift license revoking, to say nothing of urging prosecution. But none appeared.

Similarly, Mr. Frank McHale of Logansport, adviser in chief and sort of Jim Farley to the current administration, bade the scandalmongers to step forth with proof and truth. But nothing in particular happened—nothing, that is, but mere whispering.

Whereat the governor of Indiana acted. His name is McNutt—Paul Vories McNutt. What he did was amazingly simple, apparently characteristic, immediately effective. Being the undisputed boss of the state, he merely notified the importers, the local brewers, the wholesalers and the retailers that the stories annoyed him and upon them was the responsibility for ending them. In other words, if there ever had been reason for these nasty rumors, he wanted all such reason abolished—forthwith. Furthermore, he quite agreed with his fellow citizens that twenty-five and thirty cents was entirely too much money for a bottle of beer. Whereat he dropped the subject. Immediately beer, state brewed and imported, dropped to the reasonable price of ten and fifteen cents a bottle and the protests of the drinkers were drowned in less than four per cent of alcohol. And, while the stories of graft refused to die so readily, no new ones appeared.

Which brings us, properly enough, to consideration of this unusual gentleman who, without actually saying it in so many words, told the beer dealers: "If what they say is true, stop it at once, and if it is not, see that it doesn't happen."

A New Type of Politician

Paul McNutt is a shimmering product of the New Deal. Without Franklin Roosevelt's aggressive liberalism, he has something of the same intellectual processes and much of the same eagerness to serve. He is a Democrat, of course, one of the results of the great revulsion of last November. He is occupying his first political office. The name is Scottish and he is a Methodist.

He has had all the luck that is the inevitable portion of the ever-alert opportunist. But better than that, he has that native ability, the well-governed energy, the insight, character and training to have been able to improve upon opportunity as it came to him. He is of that pleasant new order which is to demonstrate that the equipment of the practical politician and successful political boss of the future will include something more than an itching palm and the instincts of a thug. He may never be President of the United States, a 1940 vista on which his eyes delight to focus, but there is no apparent reason why he shouldn't be an excellent governor. As a personal machine builder, having had nothing to unlearn, he has gone much further and more ruthlessly than the old-timers would have dared, with the result that his opposition has been reduced to the tactics of disgruntled gaffers—rumor-spreading, secret conspiracies and puny treacheries. Governor McNutt may achieve no more than a footnote in our political history, but if any of his opposition in Indiana thinks that just because he stepped from a college dean's office into the governor's chair he doesn't know how to run a political merry-go-round, then their mental condition is even worse than it seems.

Let's take a look. In 1913 he was graduated in law from the University of Indiana at the conventional age of twenty-two. He forthwith announced his willingness to represent paying clients in court, but nobody was to find out whether he had genius or mediocrity as a trial lawyer because it is not on record that he ever tried a case. When he ran for governor last year his opposition advertised him vigorously as "a lawyer who never tried a case and a soldier who never fired a shot." But the vote didn't indicate that the populace cared.

In 1917 he was appointed assistant

(Continued on page 45)

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The Grass in the Cotton

By Roark Bradford

"I'm so holy I'm broke out wid it!" the Widow Duck complained. And that was the trouble, because Mis' Duck craved devilment!

THE Widow Duck was bad off. Her head was tied in a rag and her feet were bound in flannels. She rocked back and forth on her cabin porch, groaning with every squeak of the split hickory chair as if her back would break. Betsy was shocked at the sight. Usually the Widow Duck, who had her spiritual peace firmly established with the Lord and her smokehouse and kitchen stocked with victuals, was Betsy's chief assistant in keeping up the morale of the cotton croppers on Little Bee Bend Plantation.

"I got word you was ailin', Mis' Duck," Betsy greeted. "Sookie tole me—"

The Widow Duck glowered ferociously at the wife of the foreman, opened a bottle of snuff, dipped in it the frayed end of a black-gum twig and put the twig into her mouth. "I figgered you'd git around," she grumbled. "Book say, 'Cast thy good deeds amongst de swines, and hit shall be returned back to you comin' next fall.' And de good Lawd Hisse'f know I been good-deedin' for you and Giles ev' since y'all was squallin' babies in de cradle. Hit's about time one er y'all showed up."

Betsy laughed pleasantly. She was accustomed to bad-tempered remarks from sick people. "You kind er bundled up, 'scusin' how hot de weather is, ain't you?"

"Dis rag on my haid," explained the Widow Duck, "is to cyore up de phthisic, and de wool on my footses is to take down de swellin'."

"Lawd, Mis' Duck," exclaimed Betsy, "I didn't know you had de phthisic and de—"

"I ain't," interrupted Widow Duck, "but I might git 'em."

Betsy nodded her head knowingly. "I see," she said. "Jest got de old down-yonders, hunh? I swear, hit ain't like you, Mis' Duck. Hit must be somethin' purty bad."

INSTEAD of replying, the Widow Duck removed the black-gum twig from her mouth, worked her lips and jaws in a curious rotary motion for a minute, and then expelled a long, thin stream of brown snuff juice at a wasp about to make a landing on her porch.

The wasp was a good ten feet away and the Widow Duck missed it only by an inch. But she was dissatisfied with her marksmanship. "Humph!" she grunted. "Missed him clean."

Betsy laughed. "Hit ain't like you, Mis' Duck," she declared. "You never misses, hardly."

The older woman adjusted herself more comfortably in her chair before replying. "I'm gittin' so I misses 'em all," she grumbled. "No longer den last week, I was leadin' de cotton choppin' in J. D.'s field and a lizard come scootin' right down de next middle, twarge me. And I missed him!"

"Naw, you didn't!" Betsy exclaimed.

"Hit's a natchal fack!" insisted the Widow Duck. "Might' nigh right on top of 'em, and missed 'em!"

Betsy shook her head. "Hit sho' don't sound like you," she said.

The Widow Duck shifted her chair once more. "Well," she admitted, "I wan't right on him when I let him have hit. I wan't ready for 'em when he come creepin' up. And by de time I got ready and sot, he was about ten foot away."

"Aw," laughed Betsy, "dat sound mo' like you, Mis' Duck—"

Widow Duck continued grudgingly, "I reckon I did splatter him a little, at dat. But hit wan't what you'd call a daid shot."

"Dat sound better," Betsy nodded. "Mis' Duck never misses."

"I missed dat wass'," the widow recalled.

"Yeah," Betsy conceded, "but you skeered de fire outn him, you come so close."

The Widow Duck refused to be flattered. "Hit was a daid shot," she mumbled, more to herself than to Betsy, "and I missed him clean."

BETSY changed the subject. Her business was to cheer the Widow Duck, and the widow's marksmanship at this time was not a pleasant subject. It would have been a prodigious shot for anyone else, perhaps, but for the Widow Duck it was a complete miss.

Betsy related the latest plantation gossip in her most amusing manner, but she failed to arouse so much as a smile from her ailing neighbor. She recounted in pantomime the experience of the oddly dressed white gentleman who had ridden the Bossman's saddle horse over the fields. She clipped her skirt at the bottom with clothespins to imitate riding breeches, and she straddled a chair and bounced ridiculously to indicate the white man's horsemanship. She even rolled off the porch backward to show what had happened when the horse darted through a patch of briers, unsaddling the rider. But the Widow Duck was not amused.

"Dar you go," she growled, "fallin' in my flowers and sp'ilin' 'em. Betsy, whyn't you quit ackin' a fool in front er me?"

Betsy sat back upon the porch and rested. As soon as she had regained her breath, she narrowed her eyes at the Widow Duck and looked straight into her face. "Mis' Duck," she accused, "hit ain't a Lawd's blessed thing ailin' you but dis new Run-Johnny-Run snuff de Bossman's brang out. Hit makes heavier ambeer den de Garrett's, and you ain't used to handlin' hit. You been dippin' Garrett's so long and been spittin' so hard dat you got yo'se'f to b'lievin' you got to hit somethin' far as you kin see."

"And I kin, too," stated the Widow Duck. "Wid Garrett's."

"And you kin wid dis Run-Johnny snuff, too," Betsy added, "quick as you gits on to hit."

"I won't down-talk de Bossman," the Widow Duck maintained, "but hit do look like he mout er kept on wid de Garrett's, seein' as how spittin' at things is about de onliest fun I gits, outside er servin' de Lawd."

"De Bossman know his business," Betsy declared, "and hit ain't for me and you to say what kind er snuff he buys for de niggers. And hit ain't for me and you to git de all-overs when he changes de brand er snuff. Dat kinder doin's might be all right for de fiel'-hand niggers, down de bayou. But you got mo' sense den dat, Mis' Duck."

A slow, growing smile spread over the Widow Duck's face, and finally she chuckled almost noiselessly in her throat.

"You's a smart gal, Betsy," she declared fondly. "Hit was good when Giles married up to you. You's big he'p, keepin' de niggers straight in dey mind."

"Leastways," laughed Betsy, "I don't let dis Run-Johnny snuff git me down wid de all-overs."

The Widow Duck smiled. "Hit ain't de snuff, honey," she explained. "And hit ain't 'cause I missed dat wass'. Efn I didn't have trouble in my soul, I'd 'a' knocked dat wass' clean outn de yard, f'm whar I was settin'."

"DEN," asked Betsy, "what ailin' you?"

The Widow Duck shook her head sadly.

"Buldickie," she said. "Dat no 'count Buldickie boy er mine, he ailin' my weary soul."

Betsy was surprised. "He all right, ain't he?" she asked. "Giles is mighty proud de way he workin'—"

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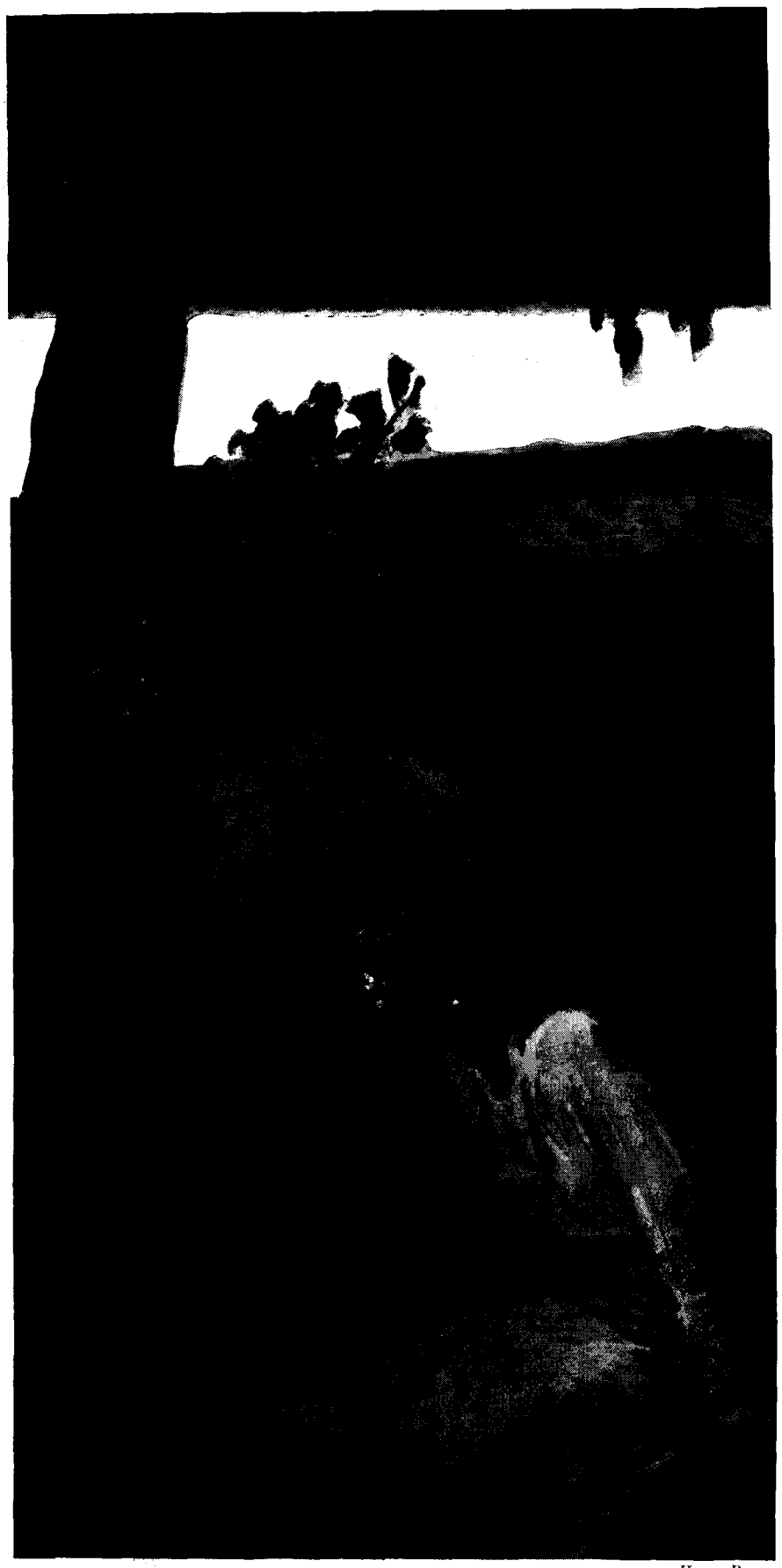

Harry Burns

Buldickie looked for a place through which to escape. "Don't make no fuss, Mis' Betsy," he pleaded. "Giles'd wring my neck"

The Widow Duck sighed. "Betsy, you ain't nothin' but a baby yit. You growed up and married up to de foreman er dis place, and you still ain't nothin' but a baby in yo' mind."

Betsy sighed and settled back with resignation. She loved the Widow Duck, but she knew Mis' Duck liked to indulge in long-winded lectures about the shortcomings of other people. Betsy had little patience for such talk, but she figured listening to a tale of woe from a disgruntled wife of a field-hand or windy lecture from the Widow Duck was all in the day's work, if it kept the people on the place happier.

"You mighty smart about de Bible and things," Betsy suggested politely.

"Maybe," agreed the Widow Duck, "and maybe not. But de Bible ain't got a thing to do wid Buldickie."

"Naw?"

"Naw. And dat's de p'int." The widow meditated for a short time. "You know who Buldickie's daddy was?" she asked abruptly.

Betsy remained discreetly silent.

"Buldickie," went on the widow, "is de son er Big Jim Haley. And you know who Big Jim Haley used to be?"

"I hyared tell his name," admitted Betsy.

The Widow Duck chuckled. "You bet you did!" she declared proudly. "When I and Big Jim was married up, ev'ybody hyared er dat sapsucker. Dat nigger was de caution along de bayou. All de womens f'm Benton to Bossier City knowed him by his front name. Big Jim was a natchal case! A case outn the world!"

Betsy had heard many a tale about Jim Haley, and it seemed to her that the tales grew with time. "Tell me all about Big Jim," she invited.

"Nawp," the Widow Duck refused. "Big Jim is daid and gone now. And dat's de p'int."

"P'int er which?"

"De p'int er Buldickie wearyin' de soul outn me."

Tilting her chair so that it rested on the points of the rockers, the Widow Duck braced her feet against a post. "De night Big Jim got kilt," she said, "I got down on my bended knees and told de Lawd I was done wid my devilment. And f'm dat night on I been gravelin' in behind the Lawd." She paused for a conservative survey of her spiritual standing. "And I reckin," she estimated, "hit ain't a soul in de Red River bottoms kin git right down and git closer to Glory den me."

"YOU sho' is powerful holy," Betsy agreed sincerely.

"I'm so holy I'm broke out wid hit," the widow amended modestly. "And de Lawd knows dat's de natchal!"

She squinted at Betsy as though she were driving a bargain and added, "But hit ain't natchal for a woman to be as holy as me. And de Lawd know dat, too."

"I don't see nothin' wrong about hit," Betsy ventured, "efn you got hit in you."

"I ain't got hit in me," the widow said bluntly.

"You sho' mockin' de lady which has," argued Betsy.

"I been, yas," agreed the Widow Duck. "But hit ain't natchal. 'Wharfor you plants yo' seed in de field, de grass gonter come up wid de cotton.' So say de Sperrit. Hit's cotton and hit's grass in us all." The Widow Duck shook her head sorrowfully. "On'y," she added, "I was sort er countin' on bein' pyore cotton, and lettin' dat Buldickie son er Big Jim Haley's be de grass for me. But hit gittin' so's Buldickie ain't nothin' but might' nigh pyore cotton same as me."

It took Betsy several minutes to unravel the tangled theory of the older woman, and when she finally understood the point of it all, she made the mistake of trying to justify Buldickie's conduct. "De work been so tight," she pointed out, "he ain't hardly had no time—"

"Big Jim never had time, too," the Widow Duck interrupted. "But he got about."

"WELL, Buldickie tuck Rosy-velt's wife away f'm him, last fall," Betsy reminded her.

"Humph!" the widow snorted. "And spunt three dollars and fo' bits to marry her, and den buyed her grub all winter, and now he workin' he heart out to make dat crop for her!"

"Wait to de plowin' is done," Betsy suggested.

" 'Pity de pore soul which set down to wait, cause he can't find de latch on de Pearly Gate,' " the widow recited. "Dat what de Book say 'bout waiters."

Betsy had unraveled many a knotty problem for the plantation workers through her patience to let people "tawk out" their troubles, and she decided the solution of the Widow Duck's worries would come out with talk. "And what you fixin' to do 'bout dat, Mis' Duck?" she prodded.

"Hunh?" The Widow Duck looked startled. "I ain't done much figgerin' on what I'm fixin' to do," she said. She sat in deep concentration for several minutes.

Presently an idea came, and she dragged her feet from the porch post. "Betsy," she announced, not without pride, "I used to be a woman, in my day."

"I bet you did," Betsy agreed.

"I tuck Big Jim Haley away f'm a frail brown, down on Duke's Bend," the widow went on, "and I helt him agin ev'y woman in de bottoms, up to de time he died." She stood up, removed the rag from her head and the flannel from her feet. "Maybe"—she twisted her bulky form in what was calculated to be a coquettish wriggle—"maybe I still kin git out and rise me up a little sweet hell."

Betsy laughed. "I jest bet you kin. Only," she warned with mock seriousness, "stay away f'm Giles. Cause Giles kind er like you anyhow, and I'm too jealous."

The Widow Duck shook with laughter. "Giles ain't nothin' but a baby," she told Betsy. "Efn I starts co'tin', I aims to co't at a man!"

Betsy wandered down the bayou path a little later, her eyes reaching far across the cotton fields where the people of the plantation were at work. She felt a wave of pleasure at sight of Giles directing the field hands; and, for no reason that she could think of, she suddenly stopped in the middle of the road and began an indolent shuffle. . . .

That night Betsy recounted to Giles her talk with the Widow Duck. When she came to the widow's decision to "rise up a little hell," Giles roared with laughter.

"She got hit in her!" the foreman declared. "I knowed Mis' Duck was bound to bust over. She was too much woman to ca'm down so fast. She jest about jue to rise up a heap er hell, I bet. And I says, let her go far as she kin!"

"But, Giles," Betsy protested, "she been godly so long—"

"YOU didn't know Mis' Duck when she was gittin' about," laughed Giles. "She was a case outn de world. And all er dat tawk about de cotton and de grass which she 'lowed comed outn de Bible didn't come outn nothin' but Mis' Duckie's own wishbone. She quit her devilment de night Big Jim got kilt, all right, jest like she say. But de devilment didn't quit her."

"Hit's a sin and a shame for a godly lady like Mis' Duck to backslide," Betsy objected.

Giles was still amused at the idea. "Let her slide," he chuckled. "Hit'll do her good." He laughed again, and then grew serious. "Mis' Duck is too handy wid a hoe in de field," he said, "to cwoil up at de house wid de all-overs. She got to git outn her trouble or de grass might git in de cotton."

Betsy sniffed. "Let de devil git Mis' Duck, but don't let de grass git in de cotton, hunh?" she suggested sarcastically.

"Dat's hit," chuckled Giles. "Hit'd be a favor for de devil, too."

The next day brought its new problems for Betsy. A baby was sick down at Mamie T's house; and Rio Grande, one of the Grant's Texas twins, ran a rusty nail in his foot. It was nearly noon before Betsy settled down to her sewing machine to work on the cotton sacks for the pickers next fall.

With "de turn of de breeze," late in the afternoon, Betsy put aside her sewing and took a walk through the fields. She wandered aimlessly through the young cotton, stopping to talk with each group of workers that she passed. After a while, she turned her steps toward Little Willow cut, where Buldickie was plowing and Sookie was hoeing. Sookie was in the middle of the field, a quarter of a mile away, when Buldickie drove up to the end of the row.

"Hy-dy, Mis' Betsy," he greeted.

(Continued on page 41)

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Conspiracy

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE dining with a girl at Paul Lanson's restaurant, in Paris, Big Mike Pelletiere, a gangster, is murdered. Two years later, Doyle Evans, ex-diplomat, meets a famous girl in New York—Phyllis Benedict. He knows her story: The daughter of wealthy parents, she had been kidnapped when a child. Years later, she had been found by her father, working as "Minnie Ganston" for one Johnson Fay, an importer. One glance is enough. He had seen Big Mike killed at Lanson's; and the girl who had been with the gangster was—*Phyllis Benedict!*

That night, a girl (Lisa Gundstrom) calls on Evans, calmly informs him that it was she he had seen at Lanson's! . . . Paul Lanson is murdered. Jean Degas, a French detective whom Evans has known for years, comes to New York. With him, Evans has a series of thrilling adventures; and he knows that he is in peril. . . .

Degas has a most mysterious accident and goes to a hospital. Lisa Gundstrom "commits suicide"—for no apparent reason. What, Evans wonders, can be the meaning of these and many other sinister episodes? He does not guess the answer: Johnson Fay, working with a gang of killers—*and* the girl known as "Phyllis Benedict"—is plotting to gain control of the Benedict fortune. He is well aware that both Degas and Evans are dangerous; he is scheming to get rid of them.

He is equally well aware, presently, that Phyllis Benedict is in love with Evans; and that Evans loves her, has asked her to marry him. . . . At the Benedict mansion, Fay (hidden behind a portière) listens to a conversation between the girl and Evans. Evans demands to know *who she is*—begs her to confess to him. Whereupon, Fay steps out, knocks him unconscious with a revolver, and spirits him away. Not, however, until he has told Phyllis that she must turn over a two-million-dollar trust fund to him—or never again see the man she loves. . . . Meanwhile, Degas (dismissed from the hospital) disguises himself, takes the name of "Pedro Carminas," and goes to work again. He feels sure that Evans has been kidnapped; he resolves to find his friend. From Evans' man, Derrick, he learns that Phyllis Benedict had called on Evans just before he had disappeared. With Reardon, a New York detective, he motors to the Benedicts' Long Island estate, where Phyllis greets him.

"I," he announces, "am Detective Degas. Our mutual friend, Doyle Evans, has been kidnapped. He, it seems, knows too much about *a certain gang of criminals.* Will you, my dear Miss Benedict, tell me what you know about him?" The girl is calm. "Of course I will," she answers.

IX

"IT IS permitted?" Degas produced a cigarette.

Phyllis Benedict nodded. She had seated herself now, and she pushed toward her caller a stand on which were a lighter and ash tray. There was unconscious grace in every slight movement. Degas felt that faint envy which middle age must always feel when it contemplates youth. What was Doyle Evans? Twenty-eight, twenty-seven? The girl was twenty-two or thereabouts. Ah, love! He puffed at his cigarette. He smiled encouragingly at her.

"You find some difficulty in beginning, eh? But Degas—Degas has understanding, Miss Benedict. The youth—the romance—Degas understands. You called on Doyle Evans?"

The faintest blush appeared on her smooth skin. "It seems so silly, Mr. Degas. I mean—you remember that we met outside the theater?"

"Who can ever forget having seen Miss Benedict?" he responded gallantly.

"I spoke to Mr. Evans about my having remained in town, you remember?" She laughed embarrassedly. "I mentioned that he had caught me in a falsehood."

"But so trivial—and not a falsehood at all," protested Degas. "The mind changes; events occur—"

"Of course," she said. "It was too silly of me. Only, I thought that Mr. Evans was—offended—so I went to his apartment to tell him that—that I was sorry, and—well, that's all."

"You mean," Degas' voice was mischievous, "that Evans permitted you then to depart? No more was said?"

Again she colored. "We—we became engaged, Mr. Degas."

He beamed. "Ah, that is better; that has reason. One comprehends. There was not, perhaps, the worry over the so-slight misunderstanding, but there was the pain in the heart that the loved one might have been hurt, eh? Degas appreciates this."

"But tell me—about Doyle. You say that—"

HE LIFTED a hand to check the hysteria he feared. "You will trust Degas," he said. "You will leave all to him. Not merely because it is my friend who suffers, but because his misadventure means misery to you, I will succeed. But not without your help."

"My help? Gladly—"

He smiled. "Not in the actual seeking of our Doyle. But in the casting around for a starting place at which the search may begin. There you may help."

Her lovely brows drew faintly nearer to each other. "I don't think I understand," she said.

"Of course not. But I will explain. Doyle was worried. I, Degas, have also been worried. You see, Miss Benedict, a great crime has been committed. A speakeasy owner in New York wrote me of this crime, but did not describe it or name its perpetrator. He merely told me that he had seen a woman who was present at the commission of a crime in Paris, and that this woman was guilty of another crime. Now here is where our friend Doyle enters into the matter. He was also present at the scene of that Paris crime. He helped to escape, with most commendable gallantry, the young woman concerning whom my speakeasy friend wrote me. Now! A few nights ago—last Monday, to be exact—a young lady called on Doyle, and confessed to him that she was the young woman of the Paris restaurant. He did not believe her."

The girl's face whitened almost imperceptibly. "Did he tell you that?"

Degas shook his head. "No-o, he did not. But that he had doubts as to the truth of her story was evident. He neither believed her nor disbelieved her, and when I was through analyzing the matter he was as convinced as I that she did not tell the truth."

"But why would a woman confess participation in a crime—?"

He smiled approvingly. "You have the quick mind, Miss Benedict. Why? Because she feared that Doyle would shortly see the real lady of the Paris affair. You follow? Suppose he saw that real woman, recognized her? Suppose that recognition would drag her from some high place?"

"From some high place?" The girl's voice was steady.

"But of course. Perhaps she is married to a friend of Doyle; having deceived her husband as to her origin, her past—you see? But follow me now, closely. I arrive in New York. That same day the speakeasy proprietor is killed. That night Doyle and I are followed by men who mean to kill us. Of that I am certain. That same night—only the night before last—the woman who confessed to Doyle telephoned him and left a message asking Doyle to call on her. Yesterday morning he left his apartment to call on that young woman. The afternoon papers tell of her suicide yesterday morning. And Doyle has not yet returned to his home. Further, his servant receives a message by telephone that his master will be slain

She regretted her admission as soon as she had made it. For Degas leaned eagerly forward. "Ah," he said, "and did he say to you that he doubted the girl's identity?"

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Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

if the police investigate his absence. There is the sequence of events. And now is the point where you enter into the affair."

"I—I don't see how," she said. She faltered prettily, exactly as would have been expected.

"Listen," said Degas. "Evans went to my hotel with me, after we escaped the men who followed us. He telephoned his servant and received word that you awaited him. He left me. He saw you. You departed. He telephoned me and said that he would see me in the morning. He did not say that he was coming to see me at once. And yet, Miss Benedict, shortly after calling me on the telephone, he left his rooms and went to see me. Unfortunately I was not there. I had feigned an accident and was in a hospital. You did not perhaps notice the brief newspaper statement that Degas had met with an accident? Well, it was a subterfuge. It matters not.

"But—Evans came to see me. He could not trust to the telephone the message he wished to deliver to me. I do not believe that he feared remaining in his rooms. There were guards outside; he knew that. No—he wished to tell me something that he had just learned, or that had just come into his mind. And you were with him; you had conversation with him. Therefore, I turn to you, to ask if you can remember anything he said that might shed light on this mystery. I mean the most trivial thing. For what might seem most unimportant to you might nevertheless be vital."

She shook her head; the sunlight streaming into the room brought unsuspected golden glints into her ash-blond hair.

"THERE—was nothing except—we became engaged, I have told you." Her embarrassment, Degas thought, was pretty.

He smiled benignly. "One comprehends. And yet—even in the midst of endearments—you will pardon me; it is a serious matter in which we find ourselves engrossed—one finds time to mention mutual friends, mutual tastes. You may have mentioned some lady of your acquaintance; you may have said some casual thing to which he responded with a start, an exclamation of surprise. No?"

She shook her head again. "There was nothing like that, Mr. Degas."

"And he did not mention this matter? He did not tell you that he had discussed things with me, that I was on the trail of a crime and criminals? He did not mention to you anything of the lady who had called on him?"

"Why, yes, of course he did," she said. "But that was at luncheon on Tuesday." Swiftly she thought. If Evans had mentioned to Degas that he *had* told Phyllis Benedict of his bizarre caller on Monday night, and if Phyllis Benedict denied having heard of the woman, suspicions might be aroused in the Frenchman's mind.

She regretted her admission as soon as she had made it. For Degas leaned eagerly forward. "Ah," he said, "and did he say to you that he doubted the girl's identity?"

She could tell by Degas' manner that Evans had not told him of his confidences to herself. "No," she replied.

"Was there anything in his manner that would make you think he doubted her?"

"No, nothing at all," she said.

Degas sighed. "We proceed not at all, Miss Benedict. But think—search your mind. At that luncheon—or when you called on him late Tuesday night—did he say *nothing* that would help us?"

"Nothing at all," she said firmly.

He rose suddenly to his feet. "Then I waste your time—although my own time is happily spent with you."

"But what are you going to do?" she asked.

He shrugged his massive shoulders. "That I cannot answer—at the moment," he said. "But somewhere in Evans' very recent life is a clue. It is a clue that he himself would not recognize. But it is there. I can only hope to find that clue. By seeking out his friends, by doing those routine things which policemen always do."

"You are going to the New York police?" she asked.

He pursed his lips. "Not yet. That would be, I believe, dangerous. And why? If Degas fails—and Degas never has—why should we expect the police of New York, great as is their ability, to succeed? No, Degas handles the affair. That is—after all, you are Doyle's fiancée—your wishes—"

"I'd prefer you handled it, Mr. Degas," she said. "But—you'll let me know what you are doing. You won't keep me in suspense?"

"But of course not. If there is progress, you shall be the first to hear of it. And be brave, mademoiselle. Also—be discreet. Your parents—no one must know what has happened, or that I am interested. That is vital."

"Of course," she agreed.

He bent over her hand and kissed it. "Our Doyle," he said, "is, despite his present misfortune, a most fortunate man. You, too, Miss Benedict, are fortunate. I shall hope—Degas hopes rarely in vain—to congratulate you both together. *Au revoir.*"

HE WENT outside to the car, where Reardon sat. He climbed somewhat heavily into his seat.

"Luck?" said Reardon.

Degas shook his head. "She knew nothing. It was a forlorn hope, my friend. The merest shot in the dark."

"It's a swell joint," said Reardon, as the car slid down the long, winding drive. "What a nest for the girl to fall into! You know, at that, these Benedicts are taking chances. The girl was snatched years ago. But that was when the racket was in its infancy, before it had become a big industry. Whoever grabbed her then lost his nerve. But now—I'll bet every snatch artist in the racket has figured out what it would be worth to grab the Benedict girl again. Her papa spent a million or so looking for her years ago. What would he hand out now? And is the joint guarded?

"Nah," he answered his own question disgustedly. "I been looking the place over while you were inside. Three watchmen, and one of them told me that there are five at night. Five men—for a two-hundred-acre place with about a mile of waterfront. The nearest police station is four miles away, and it's a country place, with only half a dozen cops all told. A fast boat drops a dozen men on the beach. The five men, scattered all over the grounds, are picked off one at a time. The girl is grabbed. A set-up."

"Not as easy as all that," protested Degas.

"Well, maybe not, but not too hard. Especially if there was someone inside to help out. Get me? I tell you, Degas, the carelessness of rich people about

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their servants is unbelievable. Oh, the butler and the footmen have references, but nine times out of ten they're never really looked up. And about all they ask of a chauffeur is that he can drive."

Degas turned and stared at his companion. "You are not talking merely to amuse me?"

"Not on your life," replied Reardon. "A car drove up while I was waiting. I took a look at it. Phyllis Benedict's car. And in the driver's seat sat a yegg named Tim Darnley. Now that's what I mean. I've seen the lad around town. A bad one. No record with the cops, but that's luck. And here he is, driving Miss Phyllis Benedict. See what I mean? He could drive her off any time. Probably gave some forged references. You ought to tell her."

Degas nodded. "I will. You talked with him?"

"No. I don't think he recognized me. At that, the lad may be going straight, only—well, it's a chance they're taking."

"It is indeed," agreed Degas. "And if you will stop, I will myself telephone Miss Benedict and tell her."

In the village of Pleasanttown they stopped and from a drug store Degas called the Benedict house. He rejoined Reardon in the car a moment later.

"Well?" said Reardon.

DEGAS smiled. "It is all right, my friend. Mr. Johnson Fay, that man for whom Miss Benedict worked so many years, recommended the chauffeur. Miss Benedict was aware that the young man has not always possessed the finest of characters. So was Mr. Fay. But he had been unfortunate in his associates, and Mr. Fay, having once employed his mother, wanted him to have a chance. You see? The young man is trustworthy."

"I guess so," said Reardon. "Well, what now? Come on, Degas. Strut your stuff. You people in Europe give us the Bronx cheer because the lads of the racket play ball with us. You're full of chatter that you wouldn't let racketeers get away with their stuff for a minute in that dear London or that gaudy old Paree. Well, show me. Here's a friend of yours and the snatch has been put on him. Where do you start? Show this poor American how the mighty French brain would cope with a thing like this."

Degas grinned. "It is a fair hit, Reardon. But you will admit that I have little to work with, eh?"

"Sure. But the way the European papers blast us over here, you'd think our cops ought to grab the racketeers with nothing to work with. Come on, start the master mind. Shoot. Where do we go?"

"I think," said Degas slowly, "we should begin with the speakeasy of Lanson."

"Yeah? Why?"

"I had hoped," said Degas, "that Miss Benedict would be able to help. The unconscious remark that Evans might have dropped—you see? But they said nothing. There exists, as I guessed, a tenderness. And that tenderness, its discovery, engrossed them to the exclusion of everything else. Well, we abandon her. We return to Paul, who is dead. But before he died, he saw the woman of the Pelletiere affair. Where did he see her? Perhaps upon the street, perhaps at the theater. But we may assume, not too unreasonably, that she visited his speakeasy. Why not? The food was Paul's. In time the world would have dined there. Let us assume that she went there, and that he saw her."

"I get you," said Reardon. "And you think he may have told one of the waiters—"

"I think nothing like that," interrupted Degas. "If Paul would not name names in a letter to me, he would certainly not confide in a waiter or other employee. But suppose we knew everyone who had dined in Paul's speakeasy. Suppose, then, that I take this list to Derrick, Evans' servant. Suppose I ask him to name for me what persons on that list of Paul's patrons were friends of Evans, and what women Derrick knew he had not seen for some time—or rather, what man's wife Evans had never met. . . . You follow me?"

"With my hat in my hand," said Reardon enthusiastically. "Only—they may not have a list of patrons."

"Maybe not," agreed Degas. "But in the head—the cashier, let us say—he knows who comes, if anyone does. At least, it is worth a trial, is it not?"

"It's doing something," said Reardon.

"And you must find the name of Paul's cashier, his head waiter. After all, I cannot rely on my shaven chin to hide my identity. People who sought a bearded man might pass me by. But those who had met me, who knew me—and I prefer that I be thought still in the hospital. . . . My friend, drive me to the Centralia. Ascertain for me, immediately, the name and address of the cashier and what waiters can be located. The police will give you such information, eh?"

Reardon nodded. "I got a stand-in. I'll tell 'em I'm bill-collecting. I help them; they'll help me. Okay, let's go."

RAOUL GARRON, formerly cashier of Paul Lanson's speakeasy, stirred uneasily.

"You do not understand, M'sieu Degas," he said, "the danger in which one stands who talks too freely in this country."

Degas looked about the shabby furnished room on West Nineteenth Street in which the waiter had been found. "You prefer New York to Paris, Raoul?" he asked.

The man stared at him, bewildered by the irrelevancy. "Who could, M'sieu Degas?" he countered. He turned to Reardon. "Pardon, m'sieu. I mean, a Frenchman must prefer his native city, as an American—"

"Oke with me," said Reardon. "New York has stood a lot of panning. She can take it."

"You have no wife, no attachment here, Raoul?" asked Degas.

The man shook his head slowly.

"You perhaps came here, to this so great country, in the hope of betterment. Has that hope been achieved?"

Again Raoul shook his head.

"Then you would like to go back to Paris?"

The man shrugged. "It is my dream, m'sieu."

"You have your passport? You could leave at once?"

"Of course, m'sieu."

"Then listen to me, my Raoul. I am not of the American police, as you so well comprehend. I can understand a reluctance to talk to the police here. Your talk would become known. But to me, Degas, you can speak freely. Why not? After you have spoken with me, you take the money which I give you; you go to the steamship office and purchase a passage to France. The Lafayette sails this afternoon. You go, when you arrive in Paris, to the restaurant of Jacques Pommard, on the Rue Wagram. You say to him that Jean Degas wishes you to have work. *Voilà!* It is accomplished. Now, then, will you talk with us?"

"Gladly, m'sieu. What is it that you wish to know?"

"Paul Lanson. Had he had difficulties with any of what are called the mobs?"

Garron shook his head. "Certainly not, m'sieu. The so-small restaurant was not important. We bought our liquor as we chose, and there was no difficulty."

"Then—you do not think it was a gang war that resulted in Paul's death. He had not mixed himself in the rivalries of the mobs?"

GARRON smiled faintly. "Paul was not of the trouble-seeking nature. No, m'sieu, I cannot imagine why Paul was slain. But it is not good to be curious over here. So—" he shrugged expressively.

"One understands," said Degas. "Now then, Raoul, three weeks ago, almost to a day, Paul writes me a letter. He has seen someone, probably in his restaurant, whose existence would be of interest to me. He did not, of course, ever mention to you that he had seen such a person?"

"No, m'sieu."

"I thought not," said Degas. "And I do not know who that person was or is. And yet, if I knew the patrons of the restaurant, if their names were before me, it might be that some light would become visible."

Garron shrugged. "But, m'sieu, that

(Continued on page 47)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A new and humane method of branding cattle—with a chemical fluid—is being used in place of the hot branding iron. The liquid is stamped on the animal while standing and causes no pain or festering sore, yet forms a scab which peels off and leaves a permanent and legible brand.—*By Myrtle Reed, Windham, Montana.*

A seven-years' record of the notorious Devil's Island penal colony off French Guiana shows that prisoners attempt to escape on an average of one every 14 hours. About 25 per cent of them are never recaptured, having gained their freedom—or died at sea or in the jungle.—*By Allen Glasser, New York City.*

One of England's most unique organizations is the St. John Ambulance Brigade. A large number of its 58,000 members are stationed daily at theaters, race tracks, prize fights, exhibitions and parades to render first aid. They average 8,800 cases a week, and their only compensation is a medal—after 16 years' service.

Russia not only has more motion picture theaters than any other country but it is making greater economic use of them. Its steady stream of educational and political pictures is shown in 13,200 permanent theaters and 14,300 traveling theaters that go from village to village and reach millions of peasants.

England has a law that prevents a person convicted of cruelty to a dog from ever owning or having the custody of another; also a law that makes the stealing of a dog a misdemeanor and the stealing of a dog collar a felony; and a newly-invented dog whistle that is pitched so high it is inaudible to human ears.

The British Cabinet of 28 ministers has no legal basis. It directs the government simply by understanding, as there is not a single line of written law or constitution that describes its duties, powers or relations to the monarch, to parliament or to the nation.—*By Earl McCloud, East St. Louis, Illinois.*

Finland is believed to be the only country that has abolished all unnecessary street noises. The law has silenced motor horns, street car bells, traffic whistles, hand organs and the cries of hucksters, newsboys and sidewalk orators; and a Sabbatarian calm prevails every day, even in the heart of Helsingfors.

Quicksand is the most treacherous soil because it cannot be distinguished at sight. Its danger is well illustrated by an accident in Colorado in 1875 when a whole train fell into a tract of it and sank beyond discovery although probed for to a depth of 50 feet.

Fortune-telling is such a profitable racket in England that one company now owns and controls a large chain of fortune-telling establishments. All its people use the same six "fortunes"—three for women and three for men—in order to work rapidly and accommodate the brisk business.

There are tribes that make no provision or plans for the future because they constantly believe the end of the world is at hand, tribes that force the oldest son to inherit and cherish the wives of his father, and tribes that perfume their tea with ambergris.

Five dollars will be paid for each *interesting or unusual fact accepted* for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Bringing 'em Back to Life

By Bill Cunningham

Photographed by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

Like a mild breeze after a thunderstorm "Fritz" Crisler blew into Princeton and took charge of the battle-scarred and dispirited Tiger. He's the new style in football coaches and his mildness is deceptive. After his polite, inspirational addresses there trots onto the field a fiery-eyed, snarling Bengal with sudden death in either paw. Maybe it's magic: anyway, here's the formula

The unorthodox Crisler stance—linemen with feet planted evenly and ready for a quick swing into the interference

THE traditional Princeton Bengal was a saber-toothed specimen that loved the smell of blood—even its own.

Being strictly a battle beast, it was fed a balanced ration of oratorical red meat and psychological gunpowder by that master trainer, Mr. William Roper, and then turned loose for an annual prowl through the autumnal fens where it seriously annoyed such placid New England homesteaders as the Puritan, Jonathan Harvard, and the Nutmegger, Elihu Yale.

Such other extraneous victims as chanced to wander across its way usually looked before the afternoon was ended as if they'd fallen into a nest of cogwheels.

Please don't misunderstand. I'm not trying to say that Princeton football teams were rough (although at times they did appear to be slightly informal) and I speak with some measure of authority upon the subject, having toiled against a couple of them myself.

What I am trying to say is what the whole football world knows—that the Princeton teams of the immediate post-war period were famous for their dash, their spirit, their undownable will to win. They reflected perfectly the personality of their hard-fisted and bass-talking coach, Bill Roper, who is strictly a fighter by nature, albeit a fair one.

But the Roper régime ended, as all régimes must. A new leader was tried, but he was unsuccessful. Then Princeton turned to the West for a new type of coach. The perfect antithesis of the old hell-roaring school, he was unlike anything within the memory of the oldest living graduate.

He didn't roar. He didn't cuss. He didn't bulldoze his charges. He looked and talked more like a clergyman than a professor of blocking and tackling. Yet he certainly wasn't a sis. Neither was he a hypocrite. He used a mild swear word in conversation occasionally. He had a rare sense of humor. He apparently knew his game and he knew how to teach it. He simply got his effects in a new and, as it chanced, exactly opposite fashion.

A New Kind of Fight Talk

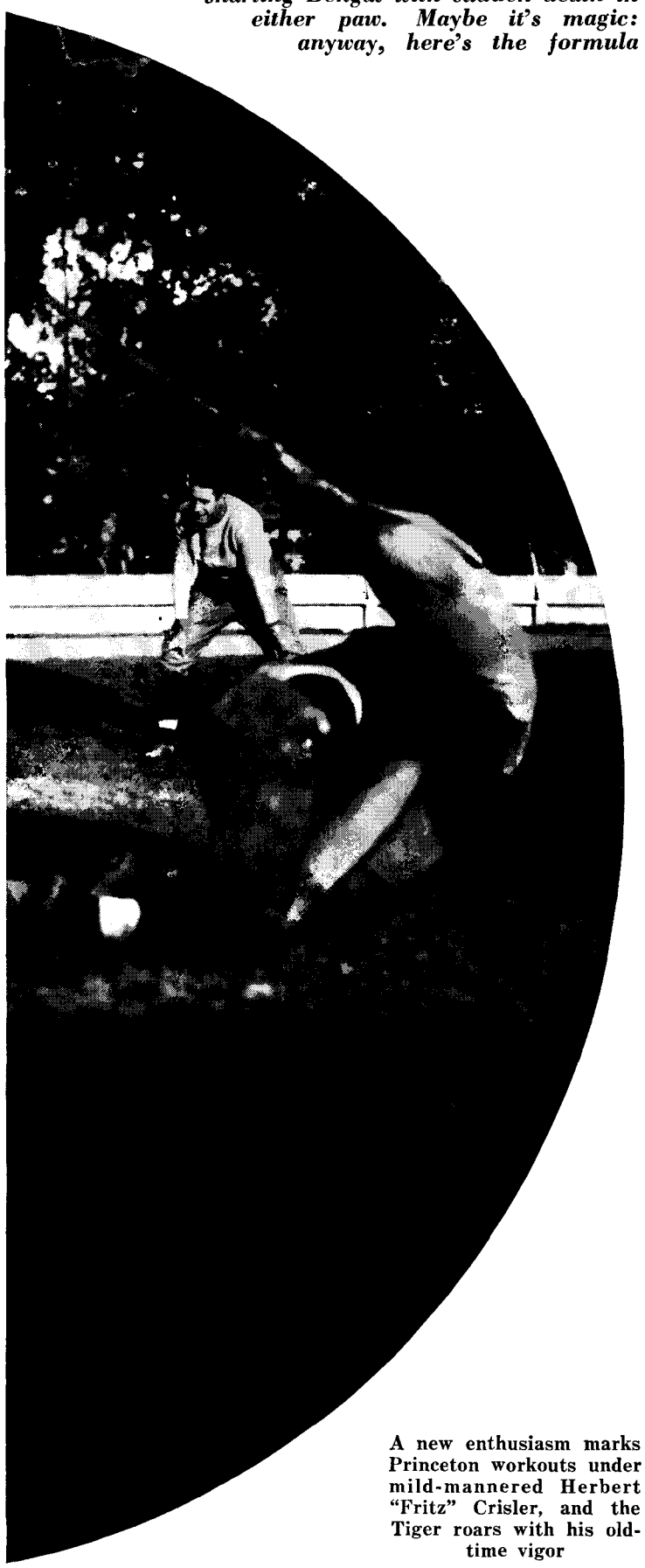
I first heard him upon a speakers' rostrum. He was talking about the new generation of football players in tones so measured and low-pitched that he sounded almost ministerial. Some men are ashamed of emotion. He obviously wasn't, and still, strangely enough, the thing he'd apparently set out to prove is that football teams don't emote any more, that the old-time fight talk has been generally discarded, that oratorical pyrotechnics, once standard in every locker-room, have been junked by most of the coaches.

"They don't work with modern football players," he was saying. "Take our Yale game now. I gathered the boys just before they went on the field. 'Fellows,' I said, 'this is the climax of our season—your season. There's a big crowd out there in the stadium. A lot of that crowd are Princeton men. They're going to be bitterly disappointed if you lose. More of that crowd are Princeton supporters. They're going to be disappointed, too, unless you win. More of that crowd are just lovers of football, with no especial interest in either team. They're going to be ready to criticize if things go against you. All the world loves a winner. The loser gets only the leavings, and they, in football, aren't much.

" 'But there's one thing I want each and every one of you to remember, as that game rocks along toward whatever fate holds in store. I want you to know that sitting over there on the Princeton bench is one fellow who'll be pulling for you and who'll be proud of you no matter what happens. He'll be for you through thick and thin because he loves you, because he knows what you are, because he knows how manfully you've conducted yourselves through this season, how cleanly you've played the game, how graciously you've accepted your victories and how sportingly you've taken your defeats.

" 'No matter who complains, no matter who jeers, he'll be for you to the end, and after—win or lose. That fellow is I, your coach, and I want you to know, here as we face our last game together, that it's been a privilege to have been associated with you. It's a memory I always shall cherish. You've made a difficult task a positive joy. You've given me a new idea of school spirit and team spirit. I want personally to thank you—each and every one of you. And I want you to remember that while you're playing today.

" 'There are only a few moments left now, and I want you men of the starting eleven to go in that room there and spend them together. Many of you are wearing the Princeton jersey for the last time.



A new enthusiasm marks Princeton workouts under mild-mannered Herbert "Fritz" Crisler, and the Tiger roars with his old-time vigor

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These last few moments are peculiarly and preciously yours. I'm not going with you. After all, I'm not one of you, except in the brotherhood of sportsmanship, but I'll be with you in spirit, now and forever. Go now, I'll call you in a little while.'"

The smoke-canopied audience of a thousand men jammed into the big gymnasium of an eastern university club had fallen into an almost unbelievable silence as the young man talked in his slow, measured tones. A quarter hour before they'd been rocking and rollicking through songs and cheers, and guffawing loudly at ribald lore of the gridiron. It was Football Night in a hot gridiron sector. There was beer on the ice and sandwiches waiting. It's an annual occasion that never before had been serious.

The young man was really an afterthought. The new Princeton football coach, the first nongraduate in modern times to head a football department in the fractured Big Three, had really come to town to attend a Princeton dinner at another place, and some of the Princeton men had brought him at a late hour into the larger meeting.

The crowd craned its necks when it was announced that "Fritz Crisler, the new Princeton coach, is in the audience and has kindly consented to say a few words." Craned its necks and applauded politely. But his few words soon calmed it from a high hum into cathedral silence. The party changed in aspect from a smoker to a prayer meeting.

Stumbling into Football

Herbert Orin Crisler is thirty-four years old.

Originally he knew nothing and cared less about football. He was first knocked into the game and then shamed into staying in it by that prince of gridiron shamers, Mr. Amos Alonzo Stagg.

That happened this way: Crisler—they called him Herbert—grew up in a wide place in the road eighty miles west of Chicago. The name of the hamlet was Earlville. Earlville High School boasted thirty-one students. Of these, seventeen were boys, fourteen girls. Of the boys, all played football but two. One of these was a cripple and the other was Crisler. It's true that he weighed only ninety-two pounds, but on top of that he didn't like the game.

Later he transferred to Mendota High School, eighteen miles away. His uncle was a doctor in Mendota and he thought young Herbert should be a physician. That suited Herbert. Graduating from Mendota High, second in his class, but still having no truck with football, he entered the University of Chicago on a scholarship and, casting around for a job to help pay his way, he landed one as assistant in an undertaking parlor. He did his assisting in this lugubrious industry nights, Saturdays and Sundays.

He had no idea about going out for athletics. He only weighed 147 pounds, but one afternoon while passing the football field his attention was attracted to a scrimmage between the freshmen and the varsity. Moving over for a better look, he soon found himself so close to the play that Coach Stagg, savagely back-pedaling to avoid a wide-swinging halfback, fell over him and they went to the earth with a terrific twin thud.

As they hauled themselves up, Stagg said to him witheringly, "I might have known it was a freshman gaustering out here in the way."

Crisler said nothing, but Stagg continued, "If you're so curious about what's taking place out here, why haven't you got a suit on?"

"I'm not big enough," said Crisler.

"Rats," snapped the Old Man. "Some of the greatest players this university ever had were not much bigger than you. It's not size that counts. It's speed and brains and fight. Let's see you out here in uniform tomorrow."

Crisler looked up the freshman manager and got a set of regimentals. Next day he reported to Pat Page, the yearling coach. Page eyed him up and down and then stuck him in at end. A half hour later they were scrimmaging the varsity and the scrimmage lasted forty full minutes.

The varsity had the ball most of the time and was running plays at Crisler's flank. His job was to break interference. That interference was headed by "Big Charley" Higgins, 220 pounds of path-blasting fullback, later a Chicago captain of All-Conference luster. Higgins knocked Crisler almost into the bleachers every time they collided. Barely able to drag himself into his clothes, young Mr. Crisler decided football was distinctly overrated as a pleasurable sport and he quietly determined to fail to show up thereafter.

A week passed and one day Old Man Stagg espied him on the campus. The Old Man had a prodigious memory for faces and facts.

"What happened to you?" he asked the embarrassed young Crisler.

"I nearly got killed," truthfully reported the earnest young undertaker's assistant.

"Oh, I see," said Stagg. "I thought perhaps you'd been sick. I didn't know you were a quitter."

That irked the lad. He showed up next day, goaded by an I'll-show-him complex. Within two weeks he was first-string right end on the freshman team.

The war stopped Crisler after his freshman year. He enlisted in the infantry in 1917 and wasn't discharged until 1918. He decided not to go back to college, but Pat Page, by this time coaching basketball, really Crisler's favorite sport, prevailed upon him to return. His uncle completed the persuasion.

Page promptly stuck him in for the last three minutes of the Iowa game, from which he was expelled shortly, having committed four personal fouls.

Starting, however, with the next game, Wisconsin being the opponent, he played every varsity contest for the rest of his college career, being a member of the championship team of 1920 and captain of the 1921 five. He was also the pitcher of the baseball team, but we're talking football.

By Any Other Name

Being a campus sophomore in 1919, the most glorious football season, perhaps, in all history and still fired with "I'll-show-him," so far as Old Man Stagg was concerned, young Crisler reported with the end candidates. He fought his way up to the varsity and it was in one of those famous varsity-freshman scrimmages that the Old Man fastened onto him the nickname of "Fritz," which still sticks and no doubt always will.

The Old Man was giving his charges a new play. Crisler couldn't seem to get the hang of it and he balled it up three or four times in succession. The Old Man halted the proceedings with a snort and waded in—fire in his eyes and scorn in his tones.

"Crisler," said he, "there's a celebrated violinist in this country at the moment. His name sounds like yours although it's spelled a bit differently. He's a world-renowned artist, a celebrated leader in his line, because he has certain attributes and knows how to use them. To begin with, he's a genius. Then he has brains, skill and perfect coordination. From this time on I'm going to call you Fritz Crisler, too, just to remind myself of the fact that you are so absolutely his opposite."

Fritz Crisler it's been ever since.

But don't get the idea that the Old Man was either vindictive or serious.

Such remarks come under the head of provocative psychology, the stand-by of most football coaches.

In 1927 the Old Man wrote his autobiography. He called it Touchdown, and upon Page 331 of that readable volume, the sentence closing the first paragraph says, in speaking of the epic 1921 battle between Chicago and Wisconsin, "Fritz Crisler, now an assistant in my department, the man who with Captain McGuire had boxed Stanley Keck so effectively at Princeton, played one of the greatest games at end in my experience!"

A Change of Doctors

That jumps ahead of the story, but it sums it all up, for Crisler not only became one of the Old Man's greatest players, but upon his graduation was hand-picked by that eminent authority to coach Chicago backs and ends as his personal assistant. He remained in this post from 1922 until 1930, faithfully absorbing the Old Man's methods and ideals. Out of season, he coached varsity baseball and freshman basketball. Needless to say, the Old Man is still his ideal.

In 1930, after Dr. Clarence W. (Fat) Spears resigned the coaching charge at Minnesota, Crisler was offered the post of athletic director there. This he refused, but he did accept the portfolio of head football coach. Minnesota had had an eye upon him for quite a while. In fact they angled for him first in 1924.

At Minnesota he was both popular and successful.

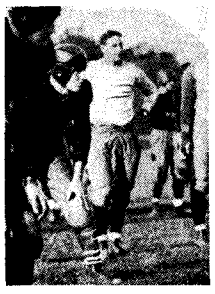
But, in the meantime, history was being made in the East.

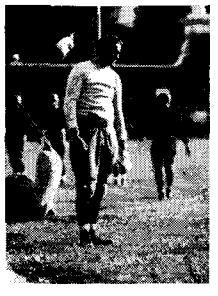
One of the most amazing kerflummoxes of all time was being registered in terms of scoreboard horse collars and vanishing interest in a classic spot where once football was king. The famed Princeton Bengal had gradually come down with a wasting disease. Roper, for whom he once jumped through the hoops, had lost the power to make him raise his bristles and had finally retired in perplexity to his political duties in Philadelphia. Al Wittmer, a Roperian star and assistant, had had even less success as head trainer.

An absolute all-time low had been registered in 1931 when a 27 to 0 victory over little Amherst in the opening game was the only victory in the entire Tiger schedule. The proud cat that once so imperiously ripped and slashed everything it encountered had in dismal succession been beaten 19 to 7 by Brown; 33 to 0 by Cornell; 15 to 0 by the Naval Academy; 21 to 0 by Michigan; 19 to 7 by little Lehigh; 6 to 0 by scarcely favored Washington and Lee, and then massacred by Yale by the unprecedented figures of 51 to 14!

Not only was the team a total loss, but so likewise was football interest at one of the traditional fountain-heads of the ancient autumnal sport. Princeton students wrote letters to newspapers freely admitting that they were "more interested these days in studying the correct angle at which to sport a silk hat" (as some bitter alumnus had charged), and what of it, anyhow? Football was an outmoded emotion, a species of mob psychology that was just a trifle silly.

(Continued on page 49)





"Fritz" Crisler believes in consultation rather than commands. Here are some informal poses during afternoon practice

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Marriage in Moderation

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By John Erskine

THEY were friends of mine, and I tried to improve on their happiness!

He was a writer, a novelist if you must know all, and she painted landscapes.

She came to Eighth Street first, he several weeks after, but fate introduced them promptly. The great days of the Village were already a legend. That was how they had heard of it, he in Altoona, she in Baltimore. They had read of freedom in plain lodgings, two flights up, with a flower box in the window and no running water. She found such a haven at once, he rested cautiously at a small hotel until he got his bearings and found her.

From their reading they both knew you couldn't be free if you were alone. Freedom meant a soul mate, which meant a roommate. But nothing vulgar. No marriage.

Freedom was at its peak when you took your courage in your hand and tacked two calling cards on your door, "Mr. So-and-so," and "Miss This-and-that"—sometimes the girl's name on top and sometimes the man's, but either way you were conscious of independence when you opened the door in the morning to take in the milk, and remembered that the landlady had her thoughts about such things.

I'll call them Wallace and Belle. When I made their acquaintance they had been free for a year, and if they had not outlined their true condition with aggressive frankness I should have taken them for man and wife, signed and sealed, in the sober tradition of Victoria the Queen. Never have I laid eyes on a pair so fitted for domestic propriety, companionship and trust. They had the fiber of constancy in them, that friendly warp and woof which knits the home all of a piece, from the first sunshiny spinning of the threads to the shadowy trimming of the pattern at the end.

I FREQUENTED their simple but blessed hearth just to look on marriage in its essential perfection, and it annoyed me when they announced again, as they always did before the evening was over, that they weren't married at all.

"You might as well be!" I protested at last. "It's permanent. Why pretend?"

Belle brushed back her lovely, tousled hair so that her honest blue eyes could get at me.

"We have the reality. Should we walk up an aisle—and all that flumdiddle?"

"The city hall would do," I conceded.

Here Wallace got on his long legs, remarked that my pipe had gone out, and offered fresh tobacco, so I took the hint and said no more.

But when I called again, off they went on that freedom theme of theirs, and now I had a better argument ready.

"It's a pity you two don't believe in self-expression. If you did, you'd be great artists!"

That stirred them, as I knew it would.

"No," I persisted, "if you believed in expression, you'd marry. You'd do it with the full flumdiddle. An emotion is stronger, an idea is clearer, for being expressed. In true art there can't be any hiding. This unadmitted wedlock of yours—well, it isn't art."

When I left that night, I thought I had merely spoiled the evening, but the next afternoon Wallace called up to say they had been to the city hall, and I was right! You couldn't realize what marriage was like till you gave it public expression!

I had them to dinner at the Café de Paris, and they talked of nothing but their new discovery that vows are satisfying, provided you mean them. They were, if I may say so, daffy with romance, and the café put Europe in their head.

They decided then and there to take an old-fashioned wedding trip.

Where they got the money I don't know. Perhaps the relatives in Altoona and Baltimore made a thank offering. Anyway, they went to England, and I stood on the dock and waved up at them, conscious of a good job.

A MONTH later I had to go over myself, and I ran into them in Paris. He was halfway through a new book, which she said was inspired, and he didn't argue. She had bought paint and canvas, and was doing an entirely original view of Notre Dame from the river bank.

Also, they had made up their minds to be married in the historic church, and I was to be a witness.

"It's so much more beautiful than the city hall," explained Belle. "It will express our love!"

"You aren't Catholics, are you?" I asked, knowing their indifference to details.

"That can be arranged," said Wallace earnestly, "or if necessary we can join the church."

It took time, but somehow it was indeed arranged, and I looked on with the concierge's wife, and then I gave them a dinner at La Perousse.

We were just uncorking a bottle of Montrachet, when Wallace remarked casually, "I felt it far more deeply this time than at St. Margaret's, in London. The architecture's nobler."

Belle glowed with beatitude. "Or our love has grown!"

My hand shook—I couldn't lift my glass.

"What did you two do at St. Margaret's?" I asked.

"Got married," said Belle. "The charmingest old curate with white hair, and that placid little church, right under the Abbey—"

"Did you tell him you were already married?"

"Only a civil ceremony," said Wallace, disposing of me. "Belle, have you tried this spinach? It has cheese on it, and mushrooms."

"Wait a minute!" said I. "Did the French priest know you were married in London?"

"None of his business," said Wallace. "Can't I marry my own wife? If marriage is, as you said, a form of expression, then the more you feel married, the more you ought to express it. Belle and I are happier every day. Aren't we, darling?"

They really were, so I let sleeping dogs lie, and in a week they vanished from Paris, leaving a trail of bliss.

I HEARD nothing more till I got his telegram.

When they reached Chartres they discovered that the Cathedral was finer than Notre Dame by precisely the proportion that their love meanwhile had matured.

They were moved to express themselves again, and did the necessary registering at the Hotel de Ville, where the clerks are trained to check up on you.

To a marriage in England the French may pay no attention, but to a marriage in France they do.

Wallace's telegram read: "Come down, you misleading idiot, and bail us out. We're arrested for bigamy."

When I got there the charge had been shifted to insanity and Wallace and Belle were quarreling.

I hate to see a man and his wife bandying words, like two dogs with their hind legs tied together!

Wallace and Belle are living in New York now. They're still married.

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

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The Beast in the Dark

By Day Edgar

A story to make your scalp tingle. They don't come often

Illustrated by Matt Clark

BENEATH a yellow moon the spillway, a vast curve of tumbling water, flung soft thunder across the enclosing hills. The sound, riding the night breeze, moved down a valley, passed along a river glistening among the pines and reached a squat stone building. Here, floating in through bright windows, the muted roar was lost in the din of male voices that filled the long barroom.

One man, a thin young man with a face deeply sunburned, sat at a table against the wall. His tweed suit marked him as an alien. It was understood that his name was Smith, and he had been seen here, sitting alone, for three nights in succession. Tonight, as usual, his quick blue eyes constantly sought Lucy Tull.

She stood with her arms crossed on her deep young breast. Facing her, a glass of wine in hand, towered a giant French-Canadian, his high-laced boots planted solidly in the clean sawdust, his powerful chest shaping itself under a lumber-jacket of red and yellow checks.

"Charming one," he said, "the moment I see you, my plans are change. For what is Quebec to me now?"

Lucy Tull smiled in lazy mockery. Her brief interest in the Frenchman had already passed, switching to young Smith. The Frenchman, unaware of the transfer, interpreted her sudden indifference as another step in coquetry, and he looked boldly at the small key hanging from her golden bracelet.

"But the key?" he asked. "To what does the key lead?"

"It's a secret," she said carelessly.

Dropping her arms, she attempted to move away. The Frenchman, smiling, caught her wrist. Smith saw quick anger rise in her face, saw her brown eyes flash dangerously. She gave her arm a violent jerk. Her foot slipped and she half stumbled, her short skirt flying back and disclosing snowy skin above the stocking as her knee struck the sawdust. She scrambled to her feet, her free hand striking up savagely at the Frenchman's smiling face.

"Let go of my arm!"

IN THE sudden quiet, while men turned from the bar, Smith watched the bulky figure of Joe Tull, the proprietor, move toward the couple in his heavy, deliberate step. Reaching them, he put a hand on the woman's shoulder. His thick fingers moved down her arm and found the Frenchman's hand still closed around her wrist. Tull's voice, the only sound in the room, was soft and incredibly deep.

"What's this?" he asked. "Who are you?"

"And who is it that asks me, m'sieu?"

"The owner here—and the boss."

"But why does this concern you?"

"Because it's my wife you've got hold of."

In a flash the Frenchman's aggressive confidence vanished; contrition sobered his face as he released Lucy Tull's wrist.

"A thousand pardons, m'sieu," he cried. "To you both I apologize from the heart. It is because madame is so young and beautiful to see," he added, bowing gallantly, "that never a stranger would think she is married."

"Talk won't get you out of it," Tull mumbled.

The Frenchman, without turning, reached out and put his wine glass on the bar. He straightened.

"But, m'sieu, I have apologized."

"You mean you're afraid?"

"It is you who should be afraid! No man or devil has made me fear, though many—"

He stopped, and passed his hand quickly in front of Tull's smooth heavy face. Tull's eyelids did not blink, nor did the brooding stare change.

"M'sieu, your eyes are —are—?"

"Never mind," Tull said. "You got to fight."

"To strike a blind man? No!"

Tull's hand, searching a moment, rested on the other's chest. Accompanied by a ripping sound, it gave a sudden downward jerk—quicker than a snake the Frenchman's arm swept sidewise, striking Tull's shoulder. The blow flung Tull backward and young Smith picked up his half-filled glass just before the blind man came crashing against his table.

"All right," said Tull softly. "We fight."

The crowd, quickly gathering, yielded the place of authority to old Robert Barrett, the supervisor of labor at the dam, a man of influence and importance. Hard but just, Barrett's burred Scotch voice, as he spoke now to the Frenchman, was the voice of public opinion.

"Fair play, fair play," he said. "You can fight this out on even terms."

"I do not fight the blind men," the Frenchman cried indignantly. "To do so I would be ashamed."

"There's no need for shame," said Barrett. "He'll fight you in pitch darkness."

Leaving his table, Smith joined the crowd moving expectantly toward the rear of the bar. Here he saw a back room, a small, bare room brightly lighted by one strong bulb on the high ceiling. A short chain hung from the light. Part of it, Smith noticed, had been broken off. A piece of white string, tied to the chain, was weighted at the end by a small wooden knob, which hung close to the heads of the three men now standing beneath the light. The Frenchman's eyes gleamed balefully; his huge bare chest showed through the ripped lumber-jacket. Joe Tull, facing him, waited placidly. Between them stood Robert Barrett. There was a grim expression on the old Scot's face, the expression of a man who, deploring violence, would shed blood to insure fair play.

"You both ha' been searched," he said impartially. "Neither has any weapons but his bare fists. Tull will pull out the light and bolt the door. Then you can settle your quarrel."

BARRETT stepped out of the room, pulling the door shut. The listeners in the bar heard the heavy scraping of a bolt. A moment's silence followed, and then came the sharp, distinct click of a snapped light.

Smith's blue eyes were fixed on the door; he listened intently to the tumult beyond it, as though trying to picture for himself each step and blow of the battle in the darkness. Once he glanced back at Lucy Tull. Anger still flushed her face, strands of brown hair hung loose, and her hands shook as she lighted a cigarette. The twisting of the knob brought Smith's gaze back to the door; he heard a hand claw at the bolt. Again there was a swift patter of steps; and then, at a sudden new sound, a stir ran through the listeners. Near the bar a man, about to drink, dropped his glass, his face turning a sickly white.

"My God!" he cried. "I once heard a horse scream like that."

The long shriek spent itself, dying into a throaty bubbling of pain. The bolt shot back, the door swung open. As light from the bar slanted into the dark room, Smith stared at Joe Tull. He stood upright, his dead eyes throwing out jets of reflected light, a bruise on his cheek bone the only color in the heavy, mask-like face.

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He tossed the bracelet, the key flashing as it dropped into Lucy Tull's hands. With a swift hard thrust she forced it on and moved to her husband's side. His hands closed around her arm

From the inner shadows the Frenchman was crawling weakly toward Tull. He clutched Tull's feet, and his voice, an incoherent mixture of French and English, babbled of surrender and mercy. He pressed his face against Tull's shoes. Without bending, the blind man drew his feet loose from the clinging hands and walked out into the bar. Near the threshold Smith saw the white string which Tull, in order to prevent the light from being turned on again, had broken off with the same jerk that extinguished the light.

The Frenchman reeled to his feet. He came staggering out of the dark room, and Smith, stepping aside, saw blood from a split brow leaking down across his black mustache; saw a blue swelling behind his ear; saw one arm hanging slackly at a strange angle. The Frenchman paused, swaying; his glazed stare found the entrance, and with jerky steps he took himself to the door and vanished.

BROODING arrogance gradually crept back into Joe Tull's face while the talk and drinking along the bar returned to normal. He walked erect, his eyes level, as if in proud survey of the kingdom he could never see. His passage through the crowd was followed by glances of respect and awe. The talk recalled his earlier triumphs. Newcomers heard how other trouble-makers had fared in the back room, heard how one man had been carried out of that darkness, broken of body, blank of mind. Each conquest had increased Tull's prestige; and as he moved now among his patrons there was about his heavy figure an aura of conscious, regal power.

His young wife stood before the mirror, restoring smoothness to the brown hair that curved in two shining rolls at her ears. The movement of her bare arm set the key to spinning on her golden bracelet. Through the smoke drifting up from the cigarette between her lips she was secretly observing the mirror's reflection of Smith, who, seated again at his table, was scowling thoughtfully down at his glass. The woman's eyes dwelt appraisingly on the handsome image, with its boyish sunburned skin, its serious mouth and short blond hair.

Smith's blue eyes, lifting, met hers in the mirror. For a long moment their gazes remained together; then, suddenly, Lucy Tull's red mouth parted in a pleased, inviting smile.

THE afternoon sun fell on the two men, throwing their shadows toward the huge dam breast. A stubborn look hardened Smith's face, a look that had been brought there by the hostility in old Barrett's burred voice.

"And I want you to stay away from here," Barrett said. "I don't know what you're after, but my men have got something better to do than talk to idlers. They're all working men, and I want you to stay off the company property."

"All right," Smith said. "I'll get off."

"If you have any judgment," Barrett went on, "you'll get out of this part of the country. I know what you're doing down at Tull's place. There's naught but trouble ahead for you. Remember, you'll have no grounds for complaint. It's a man's wife you're fooling with, and anything the husband does to you in a fair fight will—"

"Fair?" Smith said. "Those fights aren't fair."

"And why not?"

"Darkness is no disadvantage to Tull," said Smith. "He's always in darkness."

"In that case," Barrett growled unconvinced, "the bigger fool you for risking a fight. Tull would butcher you. Only three days gone he thrashed a Frenchman twice your size. And last month one of the laborers here got into the same trouble you're heading for. He and Tull fought it out in that back room, and he took such a beating that it affected his memory. His mind was still a blank when we shipped him home. And that's the kind of beating you'll get if you don't stay away from Tull's wife."

Smith's hands stirred in the pockets of his tweed coat; for a moment, while the sunny air shook with the boom of falling water, he stared at an army of steam shovels that were eating noisily into the rock and clay of a hillside. Then, turning to go, he faced Barrett.

"I'll take your advice," he said, "as far as staying off your company property is concerned."

He walked along the shale road, turning out once for a heavy truck that clanked emptily by. On his right he saw the rows of unpainted bunk-houses set among the trees; on his left, above the spillway, rising spray sparkled in the sun like flying snow.

THE roar of the water became fainter as he moved down a worn path following the file of new poles, strung with wire, that marched through the pine forest. Reaching an open area beside the river, he looked toward the old stone building that squatted close to the bank. On the porch he saw Lucy Tull, her eyes watching the path. She stood up quickly; and as she came toward him, her deep-curved body asserting itself rhythmically beneath the dress of sky blue, her face was bright with a smile of welcome.

For three days they had been constantly seen together. They had rocked in wicker chairs on the porch; they had leaned toward each other across a table in the bar; or they had sat on the grassy river bank, as they did today. Here, for an hour, they talked and were silent by turns, while the slanting sun glinted on the water at their feet.

The woman sat with her legs stretched in front of her, legs that tapered with flawless youthful contours in stockings of black silk. She had pulled the heavy jeweled comb from her head, and now her brown hair hung in rich waves to her shoulders, softly framing her vivacious face. Today, when presently she glanced back at the porch, she spoke of her husband for the first time.

"He's in a bad humor," she remarked.

"Are you afraid of him?"

"Oh, sometimes. Are you?"

"Not particularly."

"The bartenders are terrified of him," she said. "They're always afraid they'll make him mad and be taken into that back room."

"You're quite fond of him, I suppose?"

"Why not?" she said. "He takes good care of me."

"He must think a great deal of you."

"He thinks I'm perfect," she said abruptly. "He's terribly jealous, though. That's why I'm wearing this."

WITH faint pride she flexed a smooth white wrist that was encircled by a bracelet of beaten gold. From it, attached by a single link, hung a small brass key.

"It was welded on?"

"The day after we were married," she replied. "Aren't you going to ask me what it's for?"

"The key to your room?"

"Yes," she said. "It lets me in, but I can't unlock the door from the inside. I have to call Joe."

"Isn't it a rather troublesome arrangement?"

"I don't mind."

"I mean for your husband."

"Perhaps he thinks I'm worth the trouble," she said, looking challengingly at Smith from under her lashes. "Suppose I belonged to you? Wouldn't you want to know where I was at night, with all those men around?"

She watched him, but he seemed absorbed by a green pine branch swimming in an eddy close against the bank.

"Well, perhaps you wouldn't," she said lightly, "but that's the way Joe feels. He likes to think he's my boss, and he wants everybody else to think so, too. It's because he's proud, I guess."

"It's because he loves power," Smith

(Continued on page 38)

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Mrs. Walder's Diamonds

By William MacHarg

If you ask us, Detective O'Malley himself couldn't have handled this case any better. A little matter of blackmail—very mystifying indeed

She looked at them apprehensively. "Well, we got them stones," Al announced, "if this is the right one." He showed it. It was the right one

"YOU two write this down," said the captain of detectives. "Mr. Justin Walder, five-five-six Park Avenue, reports a diamond pendant valued at $11,500 took off his wife yesterday, it might be in Land & Ellison's department store or it might be in the tea-room of the Norcort Hotel. Get busy."

They wrote it down. Al Lamon was the smart one, Jerry Murlin the "dumb" one of their partnership. It didn't worry Jerry to be considered dumb. When he got an idea everybody was astonished by it, but they forgot right away that he had had it, so he did not lose his reputation for being dumb. "At that," he said sometimes, "a cop don't have to know anything. It's the people he asks questions of that have got to know something."

"I don't know how we're going to tackle this," Jerry said when they had got outside the station-house.

"You never do know," Al told him. "We got to see the guy that made the squeal."

They went to Park Avenue. Mr. Justin Walder lived in a monumental-looking apartment building. There were a lot of liveried attendants about who were not sure Al and Jerry ought to be admitted; but they finally decided it would be permissible. Then another servant showed them into Mr. Walder's living-room. Mr. Walder was distinguished, obviously wealthy, gray-haired and about fifty-five years old.

"HOW was this about the pendant, Mr. Walder?" Al inquired.

"Mrs. Walder went shopping yesterday afternoon with a woman friend. The friend is Mrs. Allison Sidd of 7 East 64th Street. Mr. Sidd is a friend and business associate of mine. The two women had tea together in the tea-room of the Hotel Norcort. From there they took a cab to Land & Ellison's, where they spent some time shopping. From there they again took a cab and Mrs. Walder returned home. On arriving here she missed the pendant."

"I guess we got to see Mrs. Walder," Al decided. "Don't you think so, Jerry?"

"Sure, we better see her."

"I'm afraid you can't see her," Mr. Walder objected. "Mrs. Walder is quite prostrated by her loss and is ill in bed this morning."

"We got to see her anyway," Al informed him.

Mr. Walder went in and consulted his wife, then returned and took them in to see her. There was a great deal of lace and a great deal of silk on a very large bed. Mrs. Walder was blond and pretty, about twenty-three years old. She looked prostrated, right enough.

"How was all this, Mrs. Walder?" Al inquired of her.

"I can hardly talk about it. I feel too dreadfully! The pendant was a present from my husband. I was with a friend, Mrs. Sidd, and we had tea at the Norcort Hotel. Mr. Sidd is a friend of my husband."

She told it exactly as Mr. Walder had. When she had finished, Walder remained to comfort his wife, and the two went out into the hall. A servant was waiting for them. Al went into the living-room where they had talked with Mr. Walder, and when he came out the servant showed them to the elevator.

"What now?" asked Jerry.

"We got to see Mrs. Sidd."

The Sidds lived in a gray stone house with many iron grilles. There were some more liveried servants. One of them showed them into a room where there was a painting over the mantel, and Al jerked his thumb at it. It was unquestionably Mr. Sidd. He was about fifty-five years old and looked wealthy and distinguished. Then Mrs. Sidd came in. She was some years older than Mrs. Walder. She was pretty—even more sweet than pretty.

"We come here about Mrs. Walder's pendant," Al informed her. "You tell us how it was."

"Mrs. Walder and I had tea at the Hotel Norcort," said Mrs. Sidd. "Afterward we went to Land & Ellison's."

She told it just as Mr. and Mrs. Walder had. They thanked her and the man in livery showed them out.

"That's a nice lady, that Mrs. Sidd," said Jerry.

"Sure she's a nice lady. Well, would you think there was any use of us going to the Norcort or to Land & Ellison's?" Al observed. "I don't think those two ladies were at either of them two places yesterday."

They were near Central Park, so they sat down on a bench to talk it over.

"That Mrs. Walder," Al said, "is too scared to suit her story. She wouldn't be that scared over eleven grand in diamonds, even if her husband did give 'em to her. She's scared of something else and I guess it's of how she lost 'em. I wouldn't wonder if Mrs. Sidd wasn't even with her."

"They all got the same story," Jerry objected.

"Sure. Mrs. Walder told that to her husband when she had to tell him why she didn't have no pendant. Afterward she called up Mrs. Sidd and told her what she'd told him. Probably all Mrs. Sidd knows about it is just that. I don't think, though, there's any real harm in Mrs. Walder."

"I don't," said Jerry.

"She's young and she's married to this guy about fifty-five years old and sometimes it might get kind of tiresome to her. She don't look to me, though, like she was in the habit of stepping out. She loves him or she wouldn't be so worried. Would you figure she met some guy and he copped her diamonds and she don't dare to tell her husband about it? Or how would you figure it?"

"She might," Jerry agreed. "But we better check up at Land & Ellison's and the Norcort. It might be them two ladies are just telling the truth."

"It ain't likely."

THEY checked up at the Norcort and at Land & Ellison's, but Al was right. The doorman at the Norcort knew both Mrs. Walder and Mrs. Sidd, and was sure neither of them had been there on the day previous. The doorman at Land & Ellison's knew them too and was equally positive.

"Now we got to find out where they did go," Al remarked.

That was likely to be some job, and Jerry said so.

"Sure it's some job," Al agreed. "That's what we get our pay for. We got no place to start to find that out from, so we got to *make* a place. Most anybody that tells a lie puts a little truth into it to make it sound more natural, so probably Mrs. Walder put a little truth in hers. She put a tea-room into it and a hotel. We'll try the tea-rooms."

"Al, there's a lot of tea-rooms."

"We got a lot of time. Besides, we don't have to go to all of 'em. We don't have to go to none where Mrs. Walder might have met her husband or some friend of his or hers."

"We can't find out if she went to them places if we don't have a picture of Mrs. Walder."

"We got one."

Al produced it. It was a small photograph but an excellent likeness.

"I don't see how you got that," said Jerry.

"I wouldn't expect you to see. What did you think I went back into that room for, after we talked with Mrs. Walder?"

They went to fourteen tea-rooms but nobody recognized Mrs. Walder's picture. They tried seventeen hotels—and seven restaurants. At the eighth restaurant the proprietor recognized the picture.

"Yes; the lady has been here several times," he told them.

"With who?"

"With a very handsome and liberal gentleman."

"About fifty-five years old?"

"About twenty-five, I'd say."

"See here," said Al. "You do a favor for us. You come down to police headquarters with us while we talk to them down there."

The restaurant man went with them to headquarters.

"WE GOT this kind of case," Al announced in the bureau of identification. "This is a lady living on Park Avenue. Well, she met a guy about who, I guess, she didn't tell her husband, and we figure the guy lifted some diamonds off her. About twenty-five years old. Who have you got that might be doing that?"

"Plenty," the officer in charge told them. To prove it he produced a mass of photographs, and they examined them carefully.

"This is the gentleman," the restaurant man declared with certainty.

"Well, well!" the officer remarked.

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Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"Pretty Face Mulgan, and you boys didn't know that?"

"We know it now," Al countered.

The last address given for Mr. Mulgan was a Times Square hotel, but it turned out that he had moved to Riverside Drive; so the two went out there. The apartment building was ornate.

"Mr. Mulgan is asleep," the hall man told them, "and mustn't be disturbed."

"Why, we wouldn't disturb him. We'll just go up anyway. Say it's a couple of police officers."

The elevator took them up and a Filipino opened the door to them.

"You go downstairs," Al advised the Filipino, "and talk with that hall guy."

THEY went in and closed the door behind them. Mr. Mulgan was, in fact, in bed. The place was luxurious. He turned to them, on a lace-edged pillow, a face like that of a mature and beautiful child.

"Well, boys, what is it?"

"Well, boys, is right," Al informed him. "Kick in with Mrs. Walder's ice."

"Oh, that!" Mr. Mulgan spoke with unruffled calm. "Why, she gave me that pendant! Who made the squawk?"

"Her husband."

"Go back and tell him he don't know what he's starting. If he wants it on the front page of every sheet in town that his wife was up here in my place two hours, come back and make the arrest."

"We don't believe that."

"All right. Arrest me then. I've got my witnesses — a switchboard operator and two hallboys and a doorman and a couple of others that saw her come up here of her own free will; and if she happened to leave any jewels here they're not here now, so you'll do no good by searching."

They looked at each other.

"How about it, Al?" Jerry inquired.

"He might be right," Al replied uneasily. "It looks like we would start a lot of trouble if we grabbed this guy."

"You would," said Mulgan. "So go away and let me sleep."

They were nonplused.

"It makes me sore," Jerry declared angrily, "to see a mug like this making a liar out of a lady like that Mrs. Sidd."

"Well," Al suggested, "we might fix his face so that he won't mash no more married ladies."

"That's an idea," Jerry agreed happily.

Mr. Mulgan got swiftly out of bed. He was wearing orange-colored silk pajamas.

"If you two bums lay a hand on me," he cried anxiously, "I'll have the shields off both of you tomorrow morning."

They advanced purposefully.

"You let my face alone!" Mulgan cried in terror. "My face! I quit. No woman's stones are worth my face. But they aren't here. I left them with a friend of mine. I'll have to phone him."

"Go to it," Al replied.

MULGAN went to the phone and gave a Drydock number. "Two flat-feet—" he started; but Al held up one finger at him. "One flat-foot," Mr. Mulgan amended, "will be down there in about twenty minutes to get the stuff I left with you. Give it to him."

"That's right," Al commended him. "Just one of us—because Jerry is going down and get them stones while I sit here to see you don't do no other telephoning. This trip will rate a cab, Jerry. . . . You better get back in bed," he told Mr. Mulgan kindly.

Jerry departed and was gone just forty minutes.

"O. K.?" Al inquired when he reappeared.

"O. K." He showed the diamonds glittering in his huge palm.

"It's tough we have to let this Mulgan go."

"We'll watch him," Al said, "and get him later on for something else."

They went down in the elevator.

"Where were they at?" asked Al.

"It was a junk shop. The dirtiest old guy I ever seen. He had 'em in a safe in back."

"Well, we got to turn this in at the station-house, but first we better check up we got the right one with the Walders."

"How do you figure this really was?" Jerry inquired. "That Mrs. Walder never gave 'em to him?"

"I got how it was while you were gone," Al answered. "This was some time ago, a rainy day, and Mrs. Walder and Mrs. Sidd was at a matinée, and after, they couldn't get a cab. So Pretty Face was cruising in a cab looking for women, and he offered to take 'em home. That way he found out who they were.

"Then one time afterward he met 'em, as they thought by accident, but it wasn't that; and so he got Mrs. Walder to meet him several times alone. There ain't no harm in her, in my opinion; she's silly and she thought it was adventure. So yesterday he got her to go to tea at some friends' of his, but where he took her was to his place. He had his witnesses ready. She got away, but not before he snatched the pendant off her. He thought she'd never dare to make a squawk."

"I thought he snatched 'em off her. The chain is broke. Well, anyway, we got the rocks," Jerry remarked.

"Yeh, but this business ain't going to be so pleasant. It's going to get both them women in wrong with their husbands."

When they got to Park Avenue Al started to pay off the cab.

"Better keep the cab," Jerry advised.

THEY went up to the Walders'. Mr. Walder was at home. He was with Mrs. Walder, who, in negligee, was lying on a long chair. She looked at them apprehensively.

"Well, we got them stones," Al announced, "if this is the right one."

He showed it. It was the right one.

"Excellent work!" Mr. Walder commented. "Who had it?"

Mrs. Walder put her hands over her eyes.

"We found it in the cab," Jerry said.

Al's jaw dropped and Mrs. Walder raised herself upon her chair, her face filled with astonishment.

"What cab?" she asked.

"The cab you and Mrs. Sidd took in front of Land & Ellison's," said Jerry. "We got to turn it in at the station-house and you'll get it later."

Mrs. Walder sank back with color in her cheeks.

They went down in the elevator.

"That was a hot idea you had, Jerry," Al complimented him.

"Well," Jerry said, "I hated to see us make a liar out of Mrs. Sidd."

They went out to the cab and Al looked at the license card. It said, "Antonio Moriscino."

"Well, Tony," Al remarked, showing the pendant, "we found this in your cab."

"You didn't find nothing in my cab!" Tony cried.

"Sure we did. It got lost off one of them two ladies you picked up yesterday afternoon at Land & Ellison's."

"I didn't pick up no two ladies!"

"Listen, Tony, you don't understand. We're a couple of police officers. You're going to do us a favor."

"Oh, if it's a favor," said Tony, mollified, "that makes it different. Now I remember them two ladies. Where did I take 'em?"

"You brought 'em here. So you come over to the station-house with us while we turn in our report how we found this."

They all got into the cab.

"Well," Jerry said with satisfaction, "that all came out all right. What'll we do with the reward, Al, if this Walder should give us any?"

Al reflected.

"We might give it to the Police Fund. We won't miss it when we get what *Mrs.* Walder is likely to send us."

"I'll have the shields off both of you tomorrow," Mulgan cried

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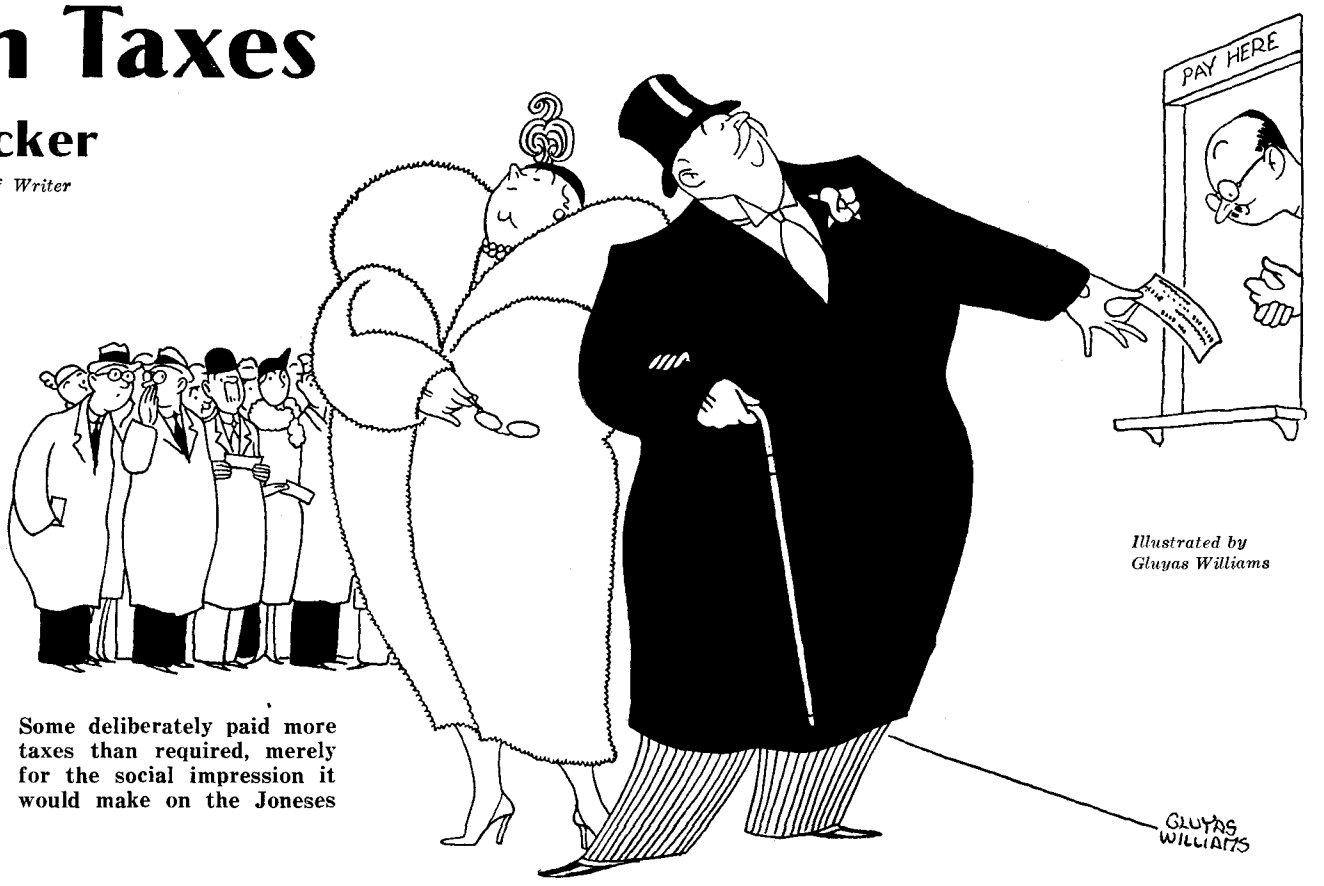
Toying with Taxes

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

The way of the transgressor, especially the income tax evader, is about to become disastrous. Evasion costs the government money, and money, oddly enough, is what the government needs



Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

Some deliberately paid more taxes than required, merely for the social impression it would make on the Joneses

UNCLE Sam needs money and he is on the hunt for new taxes. All over Washington experts are scowling at their scratch pads to discover where additional revenue may be turned up, or the present burden of taxation distributed more fairly between rich man and poor man, individuals and corporations. Although most people don't know it, the House of Representatives authorized the Ways and Means Committee to sit on the subject before the January session and hatch out new schemes to raise money. And that committee is noted for its eagerness to hatch things. The Joint Congressional Committee on Taxation has been surveying the problem for months, and so have departmental consultants. It looks bad for the man who pays.

Administration officials don't like to discuss taxes, and the politicians scatter when the subject is brought up. They realize that the fewer taxes they levy, the more votes they collect—and 1934 is a year of Congressional elections. So they predict a billion dollar return from repeal, even though few expect it, and insist that liquor and a continued business pickup may save us from another whack at our wallets. Or they object to tinkering with the machinery of taxation in a period of abnormal business conditions.

They may be right. But taxes are something more than taxes these days. More and more certain blocs in the House and Senate view them as a means of redistributing wealth as well as a method of financing governments. It is a safe bet that the question will be raised in an exaggerated form soon after the gavels fall in early January.

The minimum demand—and this may get somewhere even if others don't—will be to close up loopholes discovered in the income tax law or its administration during the Senate banking investigation. This will be the Congressional answer to the bankers' plaint of "What do you expect us to do—pay more than the law requires?" There may also be changes to strengthen and speed up the system of collection, and to facilitate settlement of disputes between payer and collector.

Uncle Sam needs every penny for current and emergency expenditures, and good counsel for the average citizen right now is to watch his income tax return, and keep careful track of income and outgo all through the year. It's your financial records which talk when you are asked to explain your transactions months, or maybe years, after you have forgotten all about them.

For the taxpayer unaware of the present complicated collecting mechanism which Congress may be asked to make even stronger, there are a few other valuable pointers. For instance, don't fire your clerk or bookkeeper in a huff unless you are sure about the correctness of your income tax return. Let no sun go down on the wrath of a maid who may be too familiar with your household expenditures. Cops on the beat who take a little on the palm from open-handed operators of speakeasies or similar pleasant places should not antagonize anybody cognizant of this exchange of coin and courtesy. And gangsters who go in for the big money should not stir the anger of a President by too generous a display of their wealth and sporting proclivities.

How Capone Was Caught

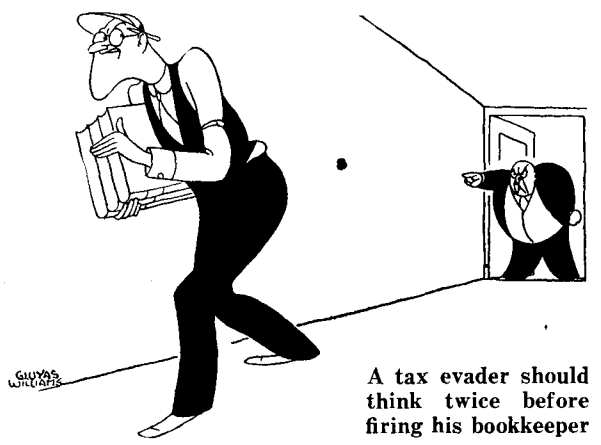
This advice comes straight from Uncle Sam's tax collectors, who admit that they get most of their tips and information on tax evaders or honest mistakes from former employees seeking to get back at the boss. It was a former bookkeeper who sent in the tip about the system under which a woman accountant in Hollywood made it a business to teach some of our leading motion picture stars how to cut down payments by excessive charge-offs for expenditures and similar items. It was a former employee who made it possible for the government to get the goods on Capone. In many instances clerks have produced bountiful data from duplicate records of their employers' operations. Politicians and policemen have been turned in by humble citizens whom they unknowingly offended with a thoughtless word or deed.

The classic instance of anger undoing a tax law violator involves Herbert Hoover and Capone. The latter might be a free man today if the former President had not been annoyed by the sights and sounds of Capone's all-night gambling resort on Palm Island off Miami. While visiting on an adjacent island in 1929, Mr. Hoover learned more about underworld doings and profits than he found in the Wickersham report, provided he read that voluminous document. Across a small stretch of water from the presidential residence sprawled a ritzy gambling house where Capone and his hoodlums spent their racketeering gains, and took toll from honest visitors.

As Mr. Hoover undressed each night, he saw the colored lights of Capone's joint dancing across the waters and almost into his bedroom. He heard the singing and the roistering, and he could almost catch the click-click of the roulette wheel.

The President was furious at this flouting of the law and he took it as a personal insult; the head of gangdom was defying the head of the nation within sight and sound, and in person. Even before he got back to Washington, Mr. Hoover ordered that his law officers get Capone.

When preliminary inquiry revealed that certain citizens in Chicago had never heard of the income tax law, Elmer L. Irey, head of the Intelligence Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue—young, energetic and experienced—was ordered to investigate the size, source and disposition of the Capone family's wealth. It took two years to get the information which the gang leader was required by law to file each March 15th, but they got him and most of his lieutenants.



A tax evader should think twice before firing his bookkeeper

The Capone trail was especially difficult because those who did business with the gangsters, the honest and the criminal, fled the city to escape a grand jury summons, or committed flagrant perjury when forced onto the witness stand. But a former employee told on his ex-boss, and supplied the evidence for conviction.

Although the voluntary tipsters usually explain that it is a spirit of patriotism which moves them, such motives as soreness, jealousy and revenge break through their letters or through subsequent interviews with the agents. Some of the material in the possession of old employees is amazing in its detail, indicating that they had set out to get something on the boss the first day they punched a time-clock. There is also the incentive of the law's promise of ten per cent or less of any additional revenue collected through the informant's assistance. This is not as good a game as it sounds, however, for Uncle Sam drives a hard bargain. The payment depends upon how much data and suggestions the tipster provides. Although more than $2,000,000 extra was collected from some of the nation's screen heroes and heroines, and several accountants went to the hoosegow, the patrioteer got only a few thousand dollars. The bulk of the evidence was turned up by agents of Mr. Irey, who is one of the government's crack detectives and administrators.

Not Tough—but Firm

Check-ups are more effective as a result of the devious and subtle methods agents had to resort to in turning up Capone's trade deals and secrets. The "federals" swarmed through the land to piece together the golden strands that linked Capone with an empire of cabarets, breweries, smoke shops, race tracks, gambling houses and the illicit activities which center around such criminal outposts. They operated on the theory that money comes from somewhere, and must go somewhere, and that same theory underlies every check and investigation of income tax payments, whether it is an honest or presumably dishonest citizen who is under scrutiny. You may hide the money, but you can't hide where you got it or how you spent it.

The records, however, indicate that less than one per cent of the country's 4,000,000-odd taxpayers resort to deliberate fraud, and the strong-arm tactics which knocked out Capone are not used against the average citizen. In fact, the revenue men don't seem to be very hard-boiled or biased, and the dice are not loaded against the average fellow, even though he may think so sometimes.

(Continued on page 40)

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"I know Plymouth costs Less.. we've had THREE!"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH EDWARD B. MUNCH, PITTSBURGH, PA.

First Cost and Last Cost —You Save Money on a PLYMOUTH

FOUR YEARS AGO, Ted Munch's family bought their first Plymouth. They drove it 95,000 miles. It cost them in upkeep—outside of gas, oil and tires—just $28.

Last Fall they bought their second. In six months they piled up 32,000 miles of service. And not even a valve-grind in all that time!

That ought to be enough for anyone who wanted an economical car. But Ted Munch had still other reasons for buying the family's third Plymouth.

"Maybe Pittsburgh people are prejudiced in favor of steel," he says. "But I've seen the wood in automobile bodies rot. I'm convinced that steel reinforced with steel is the thing for longer car-life."

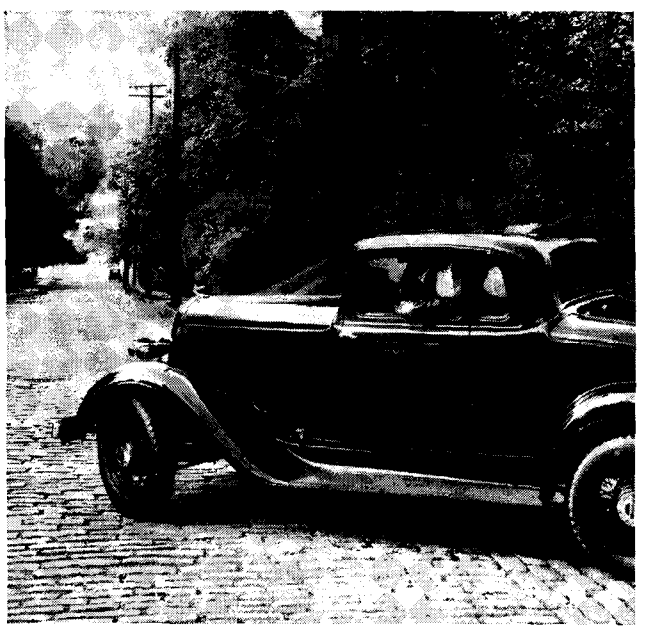
So now Ted drives a Plymouth with a safety-steel body—with hydraulic brakes for Pittsburgh's steep hills—with Floating Power engine mountings to insure smooth performance.

He got all this in a car priced as low as the lowest—and lower than a lot!

Why not look into Plymouth? Its price has not yet increased in spite of rising manufacturing costs. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will demonstrate it free. See it today and see how much you can save.

STANDARD MODELS: 2-door sedan $465; 4-door sedan $510; rumble seat coupe $485; business coupe $445. De Luxe Models: 2-door sedan $525; 4-door sedan $575; convertible coupe $595; rumble seat coupe $545; business coupe $495. Prices F. O. B. Factory. Subject to change.

"Our first Plymouth was so quiet after 95,000 miles that the man who bought it guessed the mileage at 25,000."



"We have plenty of hills in Pittsburgh. But there are no expensive brake jobs for me, thanks to hydraulic brakes."

"There are already two Plymouths in the family garage . . . my coupe and the family's sedan. Now my brother Jack says he needs one, too! In a few weeks, our garage will begin to look just like a Plymouth salesroom!"

Fastest, Freshest Program on the Air Today ... Hear radio's newest laugh hit—Elmer Everett Yess —Super-salesman of the century. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings . . . Columbia Broadcasting System.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

PLYMOUTH SIX

FLOATING POWER • SAFETY-STEEL BODY • HYDRAULIC BRAKES

$445 AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT

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The Man without Nerves

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

THE death of Sam Jesson (a suicide, because of the loss of his fortune, according to James Huitt, his banker) and the murder of Sir Julian Bott, a noted financier, throw the village of Sandywayes, Sussex, into a turmoil. Only one man—a "Mr. Tyssen," a new arrival in the village—has a theory regarding the meaning of the tragedies. Without hesitation, he questions the most prominent residents—Lord Milhaven, Andrew Cresset, Timothy Sarson, Roland Martin and others. And he becomes James Huitt's shadow.

The police suspect Anthony Sarson, Timothy's son, of the murder. He is not guilty; but he dare not tell what he knows, for fear of involving a woman—the beautiful Madame de Sayal, near whose home Sir Julian had been killed. Sure that he is innocent, and in love with the boy's sister, Pauline, Tyssen steals and hides Anthony's revolver, regarded as incriminating evidence by the police. Then, having learned that Huitt is, for some mysterious reason, tremendously interested in all radio weather reports, he goes to London to interview the announcer. Before leaving, a hidden enemy shoots him in the leg.

From the announcer, whom he bribes, Tyssen learns that the wording of the report is changed from day to day, on orders from—*Lord Milhaven!* He returns to the village, goes to a tennis club. Huitt, breathless, arrives. Sir Julian Bott, he announces, was a suicide. He had, he says, killed himself after losing a vast fortune stolen from the companies he controlled! The news clears Anthony Sarson; but it does not satisfy young Tyssen. . . . Lord Milhaven and Huitt confer, in Huitt's office. What they say makes it obvious that they are, somehow, engaged in a vast illegal operation of some sort; and Milhaven is unnaturally nervous. He leaves. Roland Martin is shown in. "Huitt," he shouts, "I have more than 100,000 pounds in this bank, but I'm told I have almost nothing. What's wrong?" Huitt calmly shoots him.

Employes enter. They find Martin, dead, sprawled over Huitt's desk; beside him is a note (apparently written by him) wherein he refers to his "losing his memory" and says that he will kill himself. . . . Tyssen's leg is still a bit stiff. But, implored by Pauline, he prepares to play in a great golf match. A marvelous golfer, he does not want it known. The Coroner's inquest on Martin's death is held. Huitt is there. He testifies. Experts say the fingerprints on the revolver are Martin's—that the handwriting in the note is unquestionably his. The verdict is brought in. *Suicide!*

XI

MR. HUITT reached Waterloo Station that afternoon, seated himself in the "Club Car," and became absorbed in the report of a company meeting. The sound of the whistle disturbed him. He looked up, only to find that the train was moving out of the station. And he was alone!

Timothy Sarson should have been seated diagonally opposite to him. Cresset should have been by his side. Roland Martin facing him. Roland Martin! He seemed suddenly to realize for the first time that Roland Martin, with his tousled mass of hair, his generally untidy appearance, his moist eyes, with all the slowly developing signs of the incipient alcoholic, would never occupy that seat again. No man viewed death more philosophically than James Huitt. Incapable of anything in the shape of heroism, he still had never known fear. But, perhaps for the first time in his life, queer forces began to work. He remembered Milhaven's forebodings, remembered that strange look in his patron's eyes. Perhaps this really was the end! . . . He read his papers steadily until the train drew up at Sandywayes platform. The station master himself opened the carriage door.

"I have traveled down alone, you see," Mr. Huitt remarked pleasantly.

"Why yes, sir," was the undisturbed reply. "They're all up at the golf match."

Then Mr. Huitt remembered and he smiled. That showed how much these fancies were worth. It was the annual match between the Paradise Golf Club and the Oxford and Cambridge Society! He remembered the gossip about the early start in order to get in two rounds, and the luncheon which Lord Milhaven was to provide.

"How are they getting on, Mr. Trent?" he asked.

"I reckon the Society had a bit of a surprise, sir," the station master chuckled. "As soon as the train is put on the siding I'm off up to the links. They do say that that young man who is staying here—I've forgotten his name—beat the amateur champion, him that played first for the Society, and that some of his drives fair took the people's breaths away. Pardon, sir!"

The station master hurried away to finish his duties for the evening. Mr. Huitt, with his brief-case and his umbrella in his hand, walked briskly across the meadow, down the path which skirted the deserted tennis courts and along the lane, past his own house, up to where the small gate in the fence stood hospitably open. Evidently his arrival was timely, for a crowd was gathered around the twelfth, the nearest green. From the top of the hill facing them another and a larger crowd was descending.

"Dear me, dear me," Mr. Huitt said to his neighbor, the local coal merchant. "I had no idea that golf was such a popular game hereabouts."

The man grinned and made room for Huitt by his side against the ropes guarding the green.

"You take my word for it, sir," he rejoined excitedly. "There's a sight more to golf than I ever dreamed of. This 'ere Society, they've been down here year after year and knocked the stuffings out of our gents. This time Paradise seems to be laying it across them proper. You see the foursome coming down the hill, sir?"

"I SEE a great many people," Mr. Huitt admitted cautiously.

"That's young Mr. Sarson—him as was captain of Oxford, though he plays now for Paradise—and his partner, who is a Paradise man too, but his name I don't rightly remember. All I can tell you is that they are six up against the Society and if they win this hole it's all over. That young Paradise gent walking with Mr. Sarson, he's driven plumb on the green, not far short of three hundred yards, and Mr. Sarson's ain't such a dusty shot either."

"And the others?" Mr. Huitt asked.

"One of 'em is in the bunker guarding the green and the other is forty yards back."

"And how," Mr. Huitt continued precisely, "does the result of this hole affect the issue?"

"It settles the whole thing," the other replied. "Paradise was one up on the singles and they are all-square on the four-balls."

"Most interesting," the bank manager murmured.

There was a brief pause. First of all, the two Society men played satisfactory shots onto the green. Then Anthony Sarson, playing his chip a little too strong, lay twelve yards the other side of the flag. He putted back again and was scarcely dead. The two Society men, both famous putters, each laid their third, if not dead, within holeable distance. There was a low murmur of suspense. A tall, lanky young man, with rather awkward gait, stepped

(Continued on page 31)

Illustrated by George Howe

"I am a very rough Colonial with decent antecedents and enough money," he announced

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25 Free Kelvinators

FOR CHRISTMAS . . . TO THE 25 WOMEN WHO WANT THEM MOST

JUST TELL US WHY YOU WANT A KELVINATOR FOR CHRISTMAS—MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE

. . . in a simple, short letter—and mail it before December 15th

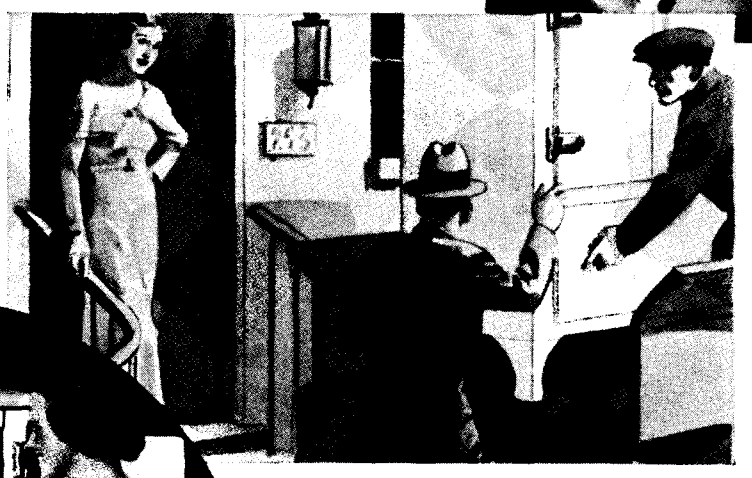
LIKE many other women, you probably want a Kelvinator for Christmas—would rather have it than almost anything else. Well, here is an opportunity to get it—absolutely free. Why not try? All you have to do is write us a letter of not more than 250 words telling us *how much* YOU want a Kelvinator for Christmas.

To the woman who expresses the keenest desire for *a Kelvinator for Christmas*, we will give any Kelvinator model in our line. She will choose from our 14 models, priced from $112 to $765. And to each of the next 24 women whose letters best evidence a desire for a Kelvinator for Christmas we will present a beautiful, new R-42 model. All these Kelvinators will be delivered and installed before Christmas morning.

If anyone awarded one of these 25 gift Kelvinators purchases a Kelvinator before December 15th, 1933, the Kelvinator which she purchases, no matter how expensive a model, becomes her *gift* Kelvinator and the purchase price will be returned to her.

This might as well be YOU!

Think of the thrill of having a beautiful Kelvinator delivered to your home and installed in your kitchen in time for Christmas. What a Christmas present!



There is nothing to buy. No obligation. Merely tell us *how much you want a Kelvinator for Christmas*. And mail your letter to the address below before midnight, December 15th, 1933.

. . .

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *14253 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.*

BE SURE TO READ THESE RULES

. . . letter must not contain more than 250 words.

. . . literary style or appearance of the letter will not be considered in making awards. Only facts will count.

. . . letter must be mailed before midnight, December 15th, 1933.

. . . in case of a tie, duplicate awards will be made.

. . . the Tuesday Study Club of Wyandotte, Michigan, will act as judges and make the final decision.

. . . any woman, other than Kelvinator employees, representatives, members of the Tuesday Study Club of Wyandotte, Mich., and their immediate families, is eligible.

KELVINATOR

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Collier's for November 18, 1933

Face the Mirror

By W. B. Courtney

Whether you are trying to encourage it where it belongs or discourage it where it doesn't, the odds are a hundred to one that you have some theories about hair. The odds are a thousand to one that they are wrong. Science has finally invaded this domain of quacks and witches and herewith presents, for a change, a few facts

The only people who seem to understand hair are our countless "specialists"

Red-haired children are quite likely to appear in the best of brunet families

IT IS small wonder that the principal's wife was confused!

Living in academic circles, with a husband who was headmaster of the most famous private school for boys in their section of the country, she knew something of educational tides. But the amiable little revolts over her teacups were like static fancies when compared with the cultural adventures of the hairdresser whom she had patronized for years.

She had begun with this hairdresser for convenience; kept on for amusement; and become, presently, resigned to her as penance. For the instant she sank into the hairdresser's chair a flow of words broke over her. It was all about the perfectly marvelous Beauty College of which she was an alumna.

The professor's wife knew the torrent by heart. You must not wash your hair more than once a month, for water is harmful to it. You should massage your scalp vigorously with your fingertips ten minutes each morning; and brush your hair briskly fifteen minutes each night. You must not dry it in the sun, for sunlight dries up the scalp tissues and kills the life cells in the hair roots. Therefore, you cannot sit around on the beach, or play golf, or go skating without your hat. Thus the hairdresser's credo; and she would always—when giving the professor's wife a final pat on the head before sending her forth powdered, primped and prettified—deliver a final warning: "*This* is the only *intelligent* method of caring for your hair!"

Then the professor and his lady enjoyed a sabbatical year in a land where there were no beauticians, but when they returned to this country of minor luxuries she fell back into her old routine. She made her regular Thursday morning appointment with the same old hairdresser, and settled into the chair with a sigh. It would all be so homelike, familiar, restful; the well-known speech would run on like a lullaby.

Alas, the nap she had looked forward to never weighed her eyelids; and there was nothing homelike or familiar to soothe her. The old song was there, but the words were new. You must wash your hair several times a week—even daily—for utter cleanliness helps the scalp to breathe. You should not massage your scalp, for that loosens the hair; you must not overbrush it, for that causes it to become oily. You should dry your hair in the natural sunlight, or under a sunlamp, for the beneficent rays perk up each hair root. You must always sit around on the beach, or play golf, or go skating *without* your hat. And at the end—when giving the professor's wife a final pat before sending her forth powdered, primped and prettified—she warned: "*This* is the only *intelligent* method of caring for your hair!"

A Lady Who Uses Her Head

It was now, at the very door, that the professor's bewildered wife had her first chance to get in a word: "But," she protested, "all this—word for word—is precisely the opposite of what you used to tell me!"

"Oh, yes," smiled the hairdresser patronizingly, "yes—to be sure. But, you see, while you were abroad, dearie, I took a course in a *different* school!"

The professor's wife, being a conservative and intelligent person, went on, as she always had, using her own sweet common sense in the care of her hair. She patronized the hairdresser for a specific, limited purpose—deftness in hairdressing; and beyond that paid scant attention to her. But for every person like the professor's good lady there are a thousand of us gullible boys and girls to keep hair quacks in ermine.

Americans spend hundreds of millions of dollars every year for hair growers, hair removers, falling-hair remedies, scalp medicines, hair dyes and bottled miracles.

The point is you must not consider your hair merely as a welcome or unwelcome outgrowth from various parts of your skin. It is Big Business. If you are a woman, you must not think of hair only as something for a romantic boy friend to nuzzle his face in on nights when the moon is full and whisper how intoxicating you are. If you are a man, you must not think of your hair only as an attribute of youth and manliness that will vanish all too soon. Ah, no! Drab or lustrous, blond or brunet, raven or platinum, your hair is of itself an entire volume of psychology, which an eager horde of soothsayers and charlatans stands ready to interpret.

Your locks, combed or windblown, are of themselves a whole Science, which is carefully studied and investigated by a comparative handful of licensed doctors of medicine who admit they don't know much about it—and lightly treated by countless "specialists" and "professors" who cheerfully admit they don't know all about it. There is a half-educated legion lurking in the fringes of all the legitimate professions. Give the average fellow of that class a solitary fact, and you've got an expert; give him a smattering, and you've got a scientist. Most of us, like the professor's wife, are helpless before the scientist-barbers and the professor-hairdressers.

Hair Behaviorism a Great Mystery

I thought it would be nice if we could have two or three more facts than they have. Just for defensive purposes. So I went around to see some of the dermatologists.

"Mark Twain," growled the first scientist I bearded, "said that everybody talked about the weather but nobody did anything about it. It's t'other way round with hair. Nobody talks about it—reasons of modesty or vanity or something—but everybody does something about it. Hair is America's secret vice. Leave the average man or woman alone in the bathroom for seven minutes and they'll come out with their hair all smelled up, perhaps dressed in a new style, and maybe even a new color.

(Continued on page 42)

Illustrated by George de Zayas

Five years hence you'll be able to show the folks how you looked

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D O B B S

GAME BIRD MIXTURES

AGAIN DOBBS SETS THE STYLE . . . WITH GAME BIRD MIXTURES . . . *a series of new and gorgeous hats that embrace the entire range of autumn colors. Soft browns, blues, greys and greens—in rich and interesting combinations—skillfully felted for pleasing harmony and long wear and superbly finished in every detail. Here are hats to become you, to match your fall and winter apparel, to blend in texture with the rougher finishes of the popular patterns. Try on a Dobbs in the new Game Bird Mixtures—custom-sized to fit you correctly and naturally—at your Dobbs dealer's.* $8.50

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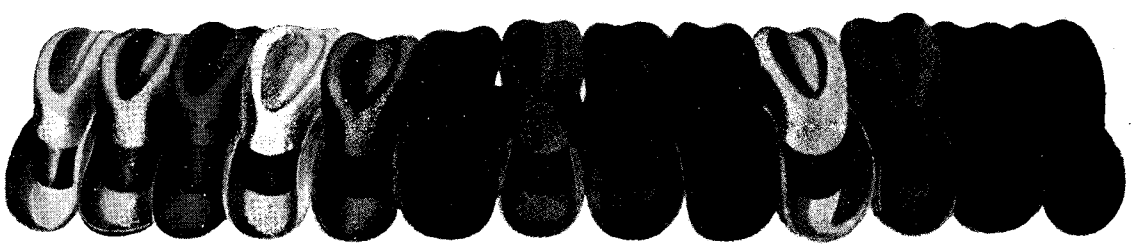

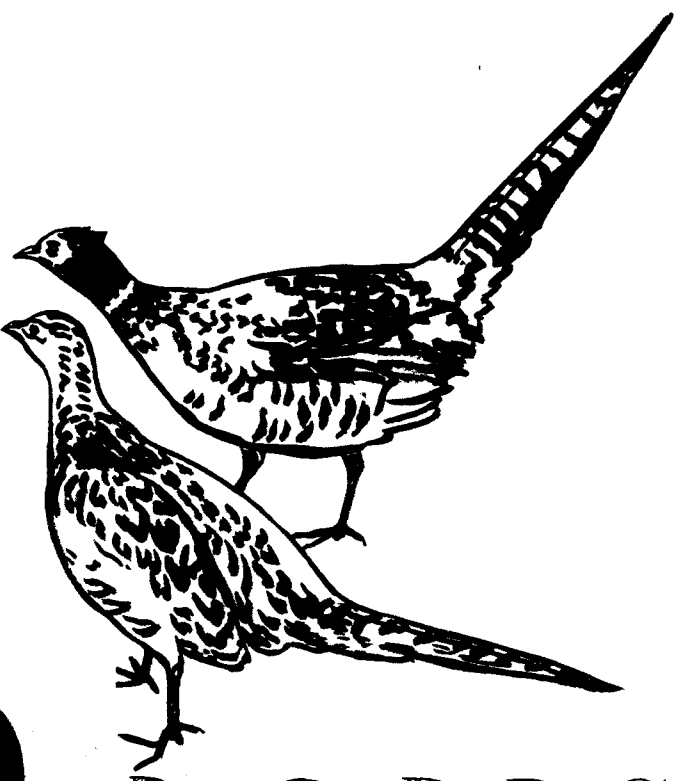

DOBBS

New York's Leading Hatters

711 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Representatives in all the principal cities

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

"I've decided I NEED MORE COLOR IN MY LIFE"

"A man gets so little chance to go a bit gay in his dress, that I'm mighty pleased with the swing toward colored and patterned shirts. It's giving me an opportunity to enjoy some brightness and color for a change.

"Of course, I'll still want more white shirts than any other kind; and I'll still insist on their being Arrow Trumps and Gordons. But believe me, I'm going to start having more color in my life right *now*—with these new Arrows!"

How about a little more color in *your* life? See Arrow's new smartly patterned shirts at your Arrow dealer's this week. See the new colors, stripes, and figures. Take your pick of the new collar styles—pointed, tab, or starched collars attached and unattached. They're all *Arrow* collars, naturally—the best-fitting, best-looking collars made!

And the tailoring throughout attains an excellence that would bring envy to the heart of any conscientious custom tailor.

Furthermore, they *stay* good-looking. For Arrow's own Sanforizing Process fixes every Arrow Shirt so that it will *always keep* its perfect fit—no matter how often laundered!

The famous TRUMP is $1.95. Other Arrow Shirts are $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and $5.00. If it hasn't the Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt!

© 1933, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW SHIRTS SANFORIZED SHRUNK

A new shirt if one ever shrinks

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The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 26

easily over the rail and approached his ball. Mr. Huitt's neighbor poked him in the ribs.

"That's him, sir," he muttered. "That's him as 'as done all the play. His drive! Got this for a two. Got a half in his pocket anyway."

Mr. Huitt missed, perhaps, the best drama of his life, for, in his interest, studying the position of the various balls, and in his desire to follow intelligently the final result, he did not raise his head sufficiently to recognize Tyssen. The latter, amid a hushed silence, reached his ball, stooped down on one knee as though to trace its line to the hole, stood upright—his elbows almost touching his sides—drew back his club and struck the ball firmly and musically. Its progress toward the hole was marked with a chorus of crescendo murmurs. There was a roar of applause as, finally, it dropped. It was in the midst of that roar that Mr. Huitt lifted his head to see who this paragon might be, took note of his awkward attempts to escape from the crowd and to return the freely offered handshakes of his opponents—*and knew the truth. . . .*

HIS voice was clear and distinct enough when Milhaven, the receiver in his hand, was brought to speak and then to listen.

"My dear Huitt," the latter protested, "you know how I loathe the telephone. Why this insistence?"

"Because your lordship, as usual, was right the other morning! There is no time to get hold of the major. I was forced to ring you up. The incredible has happened!"

"Do you mean that you have bungled?"

"No miracle of that sort," was the steely reply.

"The inquest?"

"Perfect. What has happened came from off the map."

"That will do," Milhaven answered, still languidly. "I will pick you up at the byway at eleven o'clock."

There was not the slightest doubt that Sandywayes misbehaved that night. Anthony had pressed a five-pound note into the hand of Amos Grindley, village tailor and captain of the local Artisans' Golf Club, which had a small course on the other side of the village, begging fervently that not one of the members should go to bed thirsty. The tailor swore to fulfill his trust and kept his word.

The mahogany dining table at "The Haven," enlarged by three extra leaves, was a noble sight. Four urgent notes and telephone messages had brought together more than the requisite number of guests. Timothy Sarson, in his almost Pickwickian dinner garb, his flowing black tie, his soft-fronted shirt, was as good a cellarman as he was a host. The array of dust-covered bottles in cradles and gold-foiled ones in ice pails waiting for the feast to come was a bewildering and magnificent sight. Among servants and the incoming guests alike there seemed to be a unanimous impulse to forget all recent horrors and indulge in an orgy of celebration. Pauline led the limping hero of the occasion away with her down the long rose-covered pergola toward the squash court and swimming pool.

"You are glad?" she whispered.

"That depends," he answered.

"On what?"

"On your answer to my next question."

"Ask it then," she invited.

"I am a very rough Colonial with decent antecedents and enough money," he announced. "Will you marry me?"

"Why?" she asked, with a little quiver at her lips.

For a moment he lost his poise. Then his arms went around her and he grinned.

"Because you're the only girl I've ever looked at twice, and because I love you."

"I'll tell you in the summerhouse," she answered demurely.

MEANWHILE cocktails were freely and happily drunk upon the lawn. Evening papers had been carefully banished and, by universal consent, no mention was made of the tragedy of Roland Martin's death—an attitude which was made somewhat easier by the fact that he had never taken the slightest interest in golf or any other game.

A pleasant touch was given to the party by the sudden arrival of Milhaven in his long racing car.

"I have come," he said, as he greeted Timothy Sarson, "to offer you all my congratulations, to shake hands with the hero of the occasion and I trust," he added, "to drink one of those marvelous-looking champagne cocktails."

Timothy Sarson was flustered but dignified.

"The cocktails, Groves," he directed—quite unnecessarily because Groves was already there with the tray. "Tyssen! Where the mischief is Tyssen?"

Tyssen and Pauline appeared at the top of the path. They hurried forward in obedience to an imperative gesture from the latter's father.

"They tell me that you played marvelous golf, Mr. Tyssen," Lord Milhaven said, holding out his hand. "Milhaven my name is; from the Court here."

Tyssen unexpectedly shed his uncouthness. Drawn to his full height he seemed to tower over the visitor.

"Very kind of you, Lord Milhaven," he said.

"Will you tell me where you learned your golf?" Milhaven asked politely.

Tyssen shook his head.

"That's a very unimportant secret," he said. "Anyhow, I've been happy to help the Paradise Club."

Milhaven set down his glass. "Ah, here comes my friend, Mr. Huitt. Poor fellow! We will avoid the subject before him unless he alludes to it himself, but I am afraid that he has had another of those grim hours at the Coroner's Court this afternoon."

Mr. Huitt walked across the lawn in his usual stiff and precise fashion. He shook hands with Pauline and with his host. Then he turned to Milhaven.

"It appears that while you and I were grubbing in the city, Huitt," the latter said, "marvelous exploits were being performed here."

"So I understand," Mr. Huitt observed, with a formal nod to Tyssen. "Congratulations, sir. I was fortunate enough to see your last drive and putt. They reminded me—"

He paused. Tyssen stood as though expecting him to finish his sentence.

"Yes?"

"Of a freer school of golf than we have here," the other concluded.

"I asked Mr. Tyssen," Milhaven remarked, "where he learned his golf. For some reason or other he prefers to keep the matter a secret. Why not tell us, Mr. Tyssen?"

"Next week—with pleasure."

"So soon as that?" Milhaven queried carelessly.

"Perhaps even before."

Groves came out to announce dinner. Timothy Sarson turned to Milhaven.

"If you are alone, Lord Milhaven," he suggested, "you would not care to squeeze in with us, I suppose?"

"Nothing I should like better," was the prompt acquiescence.

No one who was present at it ever forgot that dinner. It was one of the hottest nights of summer, but, with every window open and a huge block of ice in the center of the table, the heat never seemed to be oppressive. The conversation naturally centered around golf. Milhaven had given up first-class cricket for it early in life, and there were few of the other guests who had not an interest in the game. Anthony told them, the committee having unanimously excused trespass, of the few strokes he had seen Tyssen play which were the cause of his having been bullied into taking part in the contest. Milhaven listened smilingly.

"Your little strip of country down here, Mr. Sarson," he said to his host, "is earning quite a reputation as the home of mystery, and our young friend here evidently means to be in the fashion. Here we all are—every one of us agog with curiosity to know who taught him that wonderful swing and that devilish trick of stopping the ball almost dead upon the green. We want to know upon what great player he has modeled his style. We want descriptions of famous golf matches. But we hear nothing! In a few days' time we are to know. Why in a few days' time, Mr. Tyssen?"

Tyssen frowned. He was weary of the ungraciousness of these continued refusals and he felt somehow or other the note of irony in Lord Milhaven's persistence. The one man who had asked him no questions and who seemed to feel no curiosity was Mr. Huitt. The latter ate his dinner and drank his wine almost in silence. Occasionally he leaned slightly forward and looked down the table as though listening to Milhaven's reminiscences, but at no time did a smile part his lips or a gleam of interest shine behind his spectacles. It was not until the sensation of the evening arrived that he appeared to take the slightest notice of his fellow guests. It was Pauline who saw the intruders first. She pointed out two shadowy forms crossing the lawn.

"Who on earth are those men?" she exclaimed.

"Look like policemen," somebody observed.

"Is it the sergeant?" Timothy Sarson asked. "I told him to come in for a drink, but not at this hour."

"It's not the sergeant," Anthony declared, rising to his feet. "Hello there!" he called out, advancing to the open window. "What do you fellows want?"

THE men made no reply. They paused for a moment on the threshold but afterwards crossed it. They were two tall, formidable-looking officers, one apparently wearing the uniform of a sergeant and the other of an ordinary constable in the Metropolitan Police.

"Sorry to have to disturb anyone," the sergeant said, saluting. "Is there a young gentleman here passing under the name of Christopher Tyssen?"

Tyssen stood up at once.

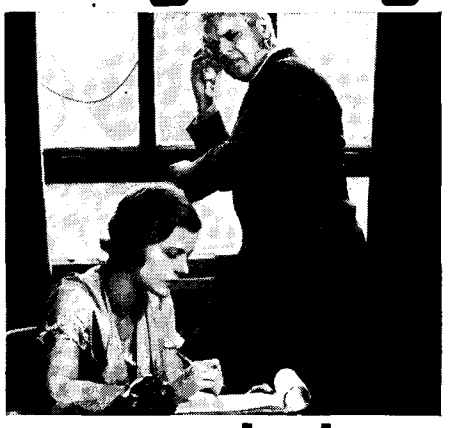
"There is," he admitted.

The sergeant glanced at the paper he was carrying.

"You need not answer my question unless you like," he continued, "but we have information that your correct name is Christopher Anstruther Sand-

(Continued on page 34)

Precautions against stuffy indoor living do not go far enough



you must also have good resistance

If you want to avoid common ills this winter, do something more than protect yourself against exposure.

Bad weather and indoor living are not the *only* hazards you have to guard against. You must build up your *resistance* as well!

Increasing your physical forces in advance is becoming almost as important as treatment after you're ill. The body should be encouraged to use its *own* weapons as a defense against disease.

And one way of bringing this about is to obtain an abundance of the factors which contribute to good resistance!

Of resistance-building Vitamin A a famous scientist says, "It helps to maintain the first line of defense against the invasion of bacteria."

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This can easily be done with a vitamin concentrate—*Squibb Adex tablets.*

Each Adex tablet provides 1000 units of Vitamin A, and 2450 units of the other factor found in halibut and cod-liver oils and Viosterol—sunshine Vitamin D!

They are the *only* concentrate of vitamins on the market made from these *three* resistance-building sources.

Begin now to take them *every day.* Insist on *Adex!* At any good drug store.

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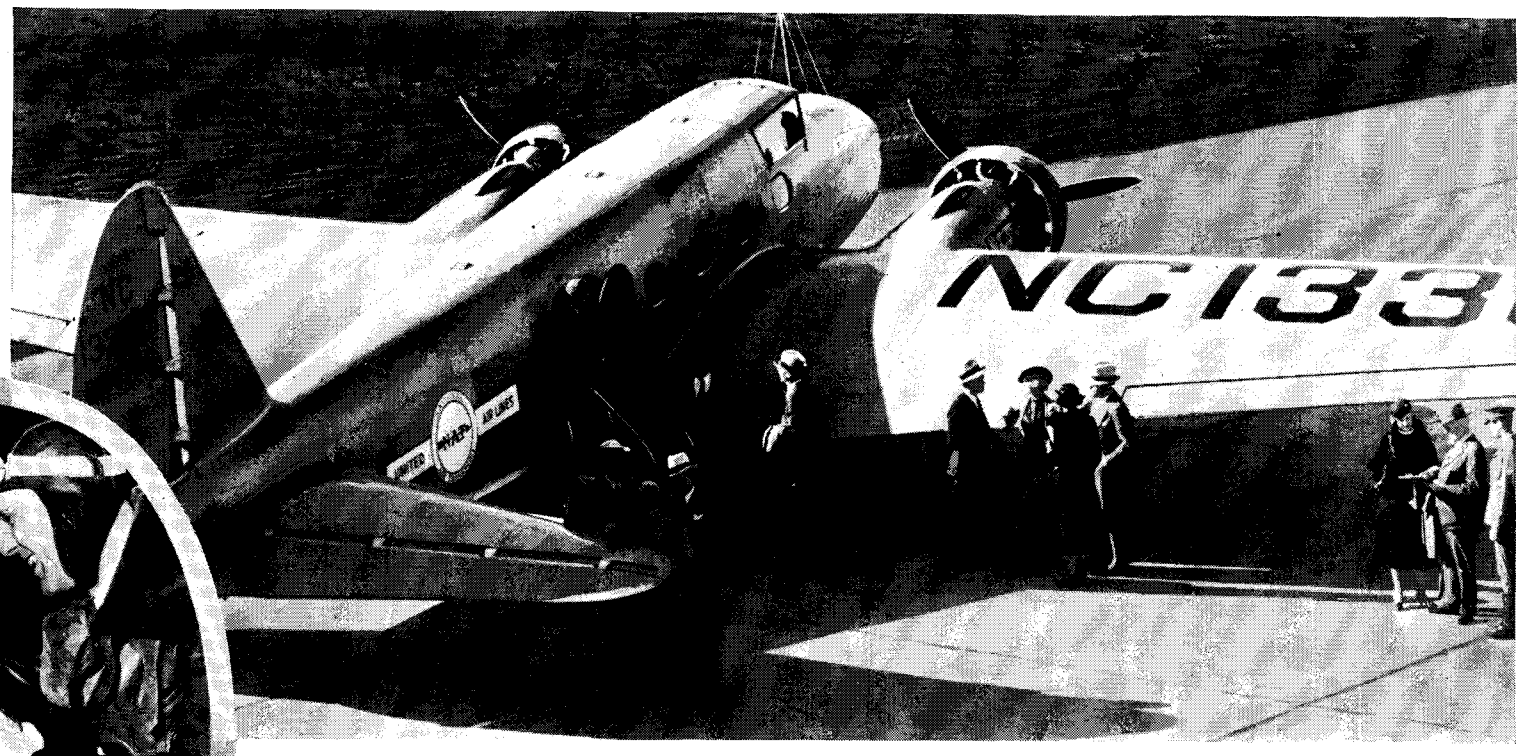
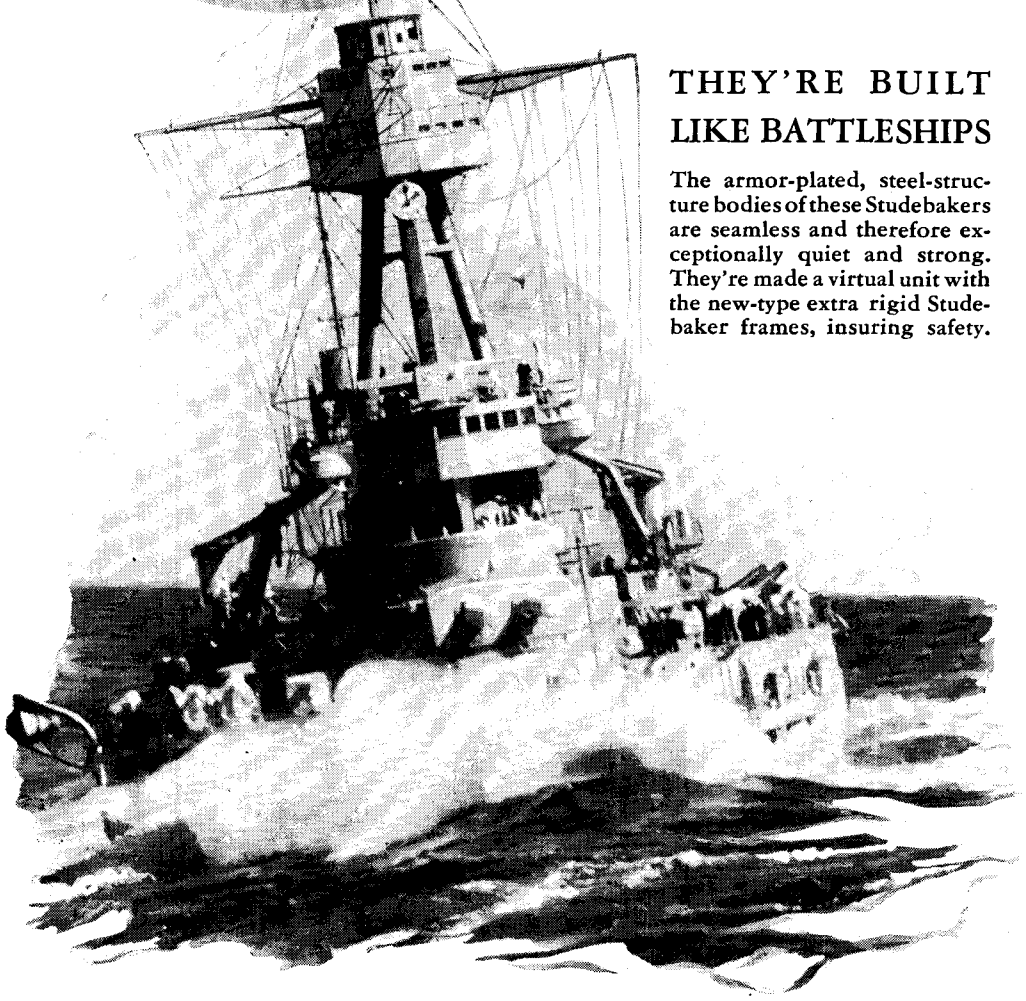
Why didn't somebody think



THEY'RE STYLED LIKE SPEEDPLANES

Studebaker has gone to the skyway for the dramatic aerodynamic lines of these startling new cars. They're the world's first standard production cars that really approximate the air-curve design of the speed monarchs of the skies. And this streamlining is not merely for style—it's a safety and economy factor when you tramp the throttle of these new Studebakers all the way down in high gear. Real savings of gas and oil are assured.



THEY'RE BUILT LIKE BATTLESHIPS

The armor-plated, steel-structure bodies of these Studebakers are seamless and therefore exceptionally quiet and strong. They're made a virtual unit with the new-type extra rigid Studebaker frames, insuring safety.

And, Mr. and Mrs. America, how low they're priced!

STUDEBAKER has cut completely away from its long-established price fields in these cars without cutting down in the slightest on the famous Studebaker quality.

These are the best-built, best-looking automobiles that ever bore the Studebaker name plate—and they're literally overflowing with expensive extra equipment and improvements that involve no extra cost to you.

The Studebaker tradition of unexcelled fineness is thus brilliantly maintained although these Studebakers are priced hundreds of dollars under their predecessors.

Appealing outside, they're utterly alluring when you open the doors—with lounge-like, richly upholstered seats and numerous unexpected conveniences for personal comfort. The unusual roominess impresses you.

And, of course, these new Studebakers are almost entirely "automatic automobiles"—equipped with those uncanny "mechanical brains" which make Studebakers easier and much more delightful cars to handle.

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# of cars like these startling new Studebakers *before?*

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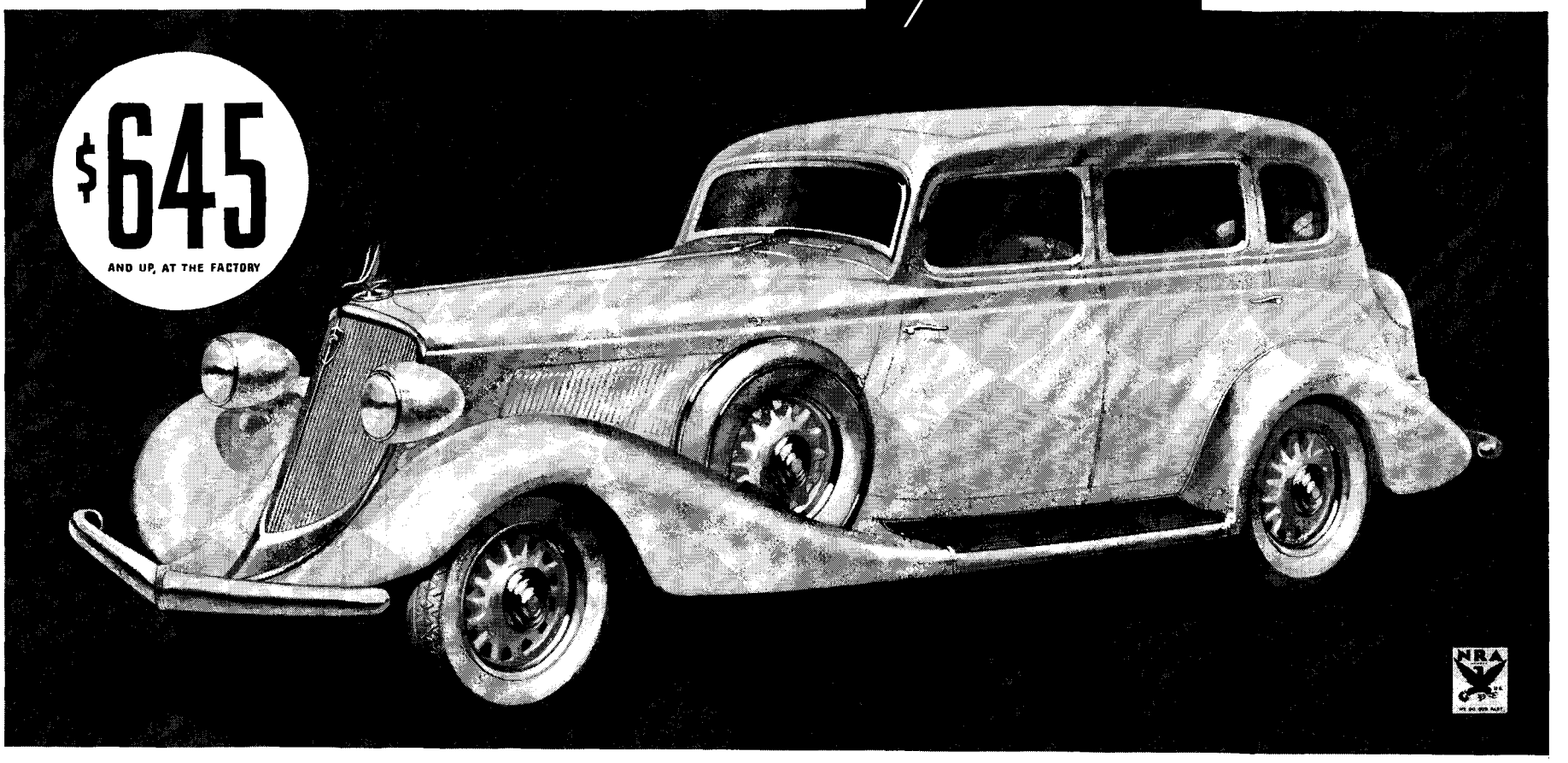
You've seen the forerunners of the stamina of these Studebakers if you witnessed the last Indianapolis Speedway race where seven of the first twelve winners were Studebaker powered—and where five 85% stock Studebakers went through the entire 500 gruelling miles without a single repair!

FROM THE SPEEDWAY COMES THEIR STAMINA

FROM THE SKYWAY COMES THEIR STYLE



DICTATOR $645 *and up, at the factory* *COMMANDER* $845 *and up, at the factory* *PRESIDENT* $1045 *and up, at the factory*

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PATENT SEAL FAST PROCESS

BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORP.
DEPENDABLE AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 31

ford, and that you come from Sydney, New South Wales."

"Quite right," Tyssen acknowledged. "What of it?"

"It would be better perhaps, sir," the sergeant suggested, "if you came out and spoke to us."

Pauline gripped at his sleeve. She was suddenly, to all appearance, unreasonably alarmed.

"Don't go," she begged. "Let them come in here."

"I may as well see what they want," Tyssen decided.

He made his way down the narrow space between the backs of the chairs and the wall and stepped on to the threshold of the open window.

"What do you want with me?" he asked.

THE sergeant produced a very official-looking paper.

"Sorry, sir," he announced, "but we have here a warrant for your arrest."

"What for?" Tyssen demanded, in genuine astonishment. "I have done nothing against the law that I know of."

"We will explain it to you later if you will come along with us," the sergeant said. "It might, perhaps, be less of a shock to your friends," he added in a lower tone, "if we kept the nature of the charge to ourselves."

"Don't be absurd," Tyssen scoffed. "You don't get me out of here until you tell me what that paper stands for and what you want me for."

"We want you," the sergeant confided gravely, "on the charge of having, on the night of the nineteenth of July, willfully murdered Sir Julian Bott."

Tyssen laughed scornfully.

"I must ask you to take this a little more seriously, sir," the sergeant insisted.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Lewes Jail."

There was an instant's silence in the room, broken first by Milhaven's hasty, unformed sentence:

"Christopher Sandford—the boy wonder! Sent from school to Sydney at sixteen years of age to play in the Australian Golf Championship. Won it easily too."

"I never heard anything so ridiculous in my life," Tyssen exclaimed.

"That is not our concern or yours at the moment, sir," the sergeant explained patiently. "This warrant compels me to arrest you. You will only make the situation more unpleasant by protesting. The inspector at Lewes will hear all that you have to say."

Milhaven, who had risen from his place, came down the room.

"Sergeant," he intervened, "I am a magistrate for this county. Will you be so kind as to let me see the warrant?"

"Certainly, sir," the man assented.

Milhaven glanced it through and handed it back.

"The warrant is all right," he admitted. "Of course, we all know that it is ridiculous but I am afraid that you will have to go with them. One moment first, though. Do you mind telling me whether your father was James Anstruther Sandford, who practically owned the Second National Bank in Sydney?"

"He was. What's that got to do with it?"

Milhaven smiled. In the clear but softened light of the room a strange expression seemed to linger for a moment upon his face.

"Nothing much," he answered. "Nothing of any particular consequence. I am not sure, though. My memory may be somewhat at fault but—I believe that I still owe your father a trifle."

"I don't see that that is of any particular consequence just now," Tyssen remarked with a note of impatience in his tone.

"Perhaps you don't," Milhaven agreed smoothly. "By the bye, would you like anyone to come with you?"

"Not likely," Tyssen replied. "Unless," he added, with rather a strained smile, "Mr. Huitt cares to come."

Huitt's eyes glittered for a moment behind the lenses of his spectacles.

"I could be of no possible service," he said stiffly. "I know nothing of you or your antecedents. As a matter of fact, it is somewhat of a shock to me to hear that you have ventured to open an account with my bank under an assumed name."

"No one is allowed to accompany the prisoner," the sergeant announced. "Will you come this way please, sir?"

He laid his hand upon Tyssen's shoulder. The latter looked round.

"I am awfully sorry, Miss Pauline and Mr. Sarson, but it is not my fault that I am forced to leave you like this. The whole thing is ridiculous, of course. I never saw or heard anything of Julian Bott in my life until after the murder."

Pauline, terribly pale but quite collected, came down the room.

"Christopher," she exclaimed, "please don't believe for a single moment that anyone could imagine you guilty of such a horrible thing. I think they are mad."

He held her hand.

"You will please come with us now, sir," the sergeant insisted more sternly.

Tyssen stood for a moment with his fingers locked in Pauline's. Then he stepped through the window.

"Good night, all of you," he called back. "See you tomorrow, I hope. Don't worry, Pauline. This thing will come out as right as rain."

He strode across the lawn between the sergeant and the constable. A third man, who had been loitering in the shadows, followed behind. They ushered Tyssen into a large, closed car.

"Lewes Jail," the sergeant directed the uniformed chauffeur.

A COMPLETELY festive spirit could scarcely be recaptured, but the Sarson dinner party did not at once break up after its tragic interruption. Milhaven, who seemed in no hurry to depart, was anxious for information. In the absence of his young hostess, who had left the room abruptly, he moved his chair nearer to Anthony.

"Is this a bolt from the blue for all of you?" he asked. "Or has the young man been under suspicion at all?"

"So far as I know," Anthony declared, "not a soul has ever connected Tyssen with the affair. Before he came out as such a marvelous golfer we all thought he was dotty upon writing some sort of book of adventures."

"Has anyone seen any part of the young man's manuscript?" Mr. Huitt asked.

No one, it appeared, had, but Pauline, who had just reëntered the room, took up the conversation.

"He had promised to read it to me within three or four days," she announced, "and then I think he intended taking it up to a publisher. He really has been working very hard. To connect him with the murder," she added, "is simply ridiculous!"

"One more glass of the '70, Milhaven," his host begged.

"I shan't refuse it," was the prompt reply. "My '70 is not as good as yours. Wrong shipper, I suppose. Tell me, Mr. Sarson—is it usual to send a squad of police, presumably from Scotland Yard, to arrest a man in the country?"

"I should have thought not," Sarson replied. "Besides, Scotland Yard has had a man down here—a very decent fellow, Inspector Penny. We have reason to know all about that," he concluded grimly. "Anthony, my boy here, was shadowed for several days."

"Absurd!" Milhaven scoffed.

"Not any more absurd," Pauline said, "than imagining that Mr. Tyssen could have had anything to do with it. Why, he's a complete stranger to the neighborhood. He came here knowing no one at all."

"But we must remember," Mr. Cresset put in, "that, after all, there is a certain degree of mystery about the young man. He has been living down here under a false name. Didn't he play golf of the most extraordinary type today, and doesn't he refuse to tell any of us where he has played before?"

"That's quite true," Anthony agreed.

"Anyhow, he would not have played at all if it had mattered very much about his being discovered," Pauline pointed out. "He must have known, for instance, that Anthony would have realized at once that he was a first-class golfer."

"Yes, it doesn't seem like a guilty mystery," Timothy Sarson observed. "So far as his golf is concerned I am afraid the explanation of it is that our friend is a little bit of a snob and that he was a professional."

"Whatever anyone may have to say against Christopher Tyssen or Christopher Sandford," Pauline affirmed quietly, "I am perfectly certain that he is not a snob and, whatever he is, I am going to marry him in a month or two, so don't say too disagreeable things."

"You are going to *what?*" her father exclaimed.

"Marry him," Pauline repeated with emphasis. "Haven't had time to tell you about it yet, Dad, but he will be round to see you before long."

"God bless my soul!" Mr. Timothy Sarson muttered, brushing away from his waistcoat the cigar ash which he had dropped in his agitation. "Queer lot, our young people, nowadays. Lord Milhaven, I should think you're glad sometimes that you haven't a family."

"If I could have been guaranteed a daughter like yours," Milhaven said, with a little bow, "I should have welcomed the affliction."

Mr. Sarson rose suddenly to his feet.

"There's the sergeant out in the lane," he pointed out. "Let's have him in and see if he knows anything about it."

ANTHONY, who was nearer the window, stood on the threshold and beckoned to the newcomer, who promptly put in an appearance.

"Heard the news, Sergeant?" Timothy Sarson asked.

"Can't say I have heard anything, sir," the man replied. "I have been up at our branch, the far end of the village, and only just come down."

Mr. Sarson poured out a glass of port with his own hand. The sergeant took it and saluted.

"Have you heard what's happened to young Tyssen?" Sarson asked.

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I was looking round for him," the sergeant answered. "I was told he was up here."

"He has been here. Half an hour ago

(Continued on page 36*)*

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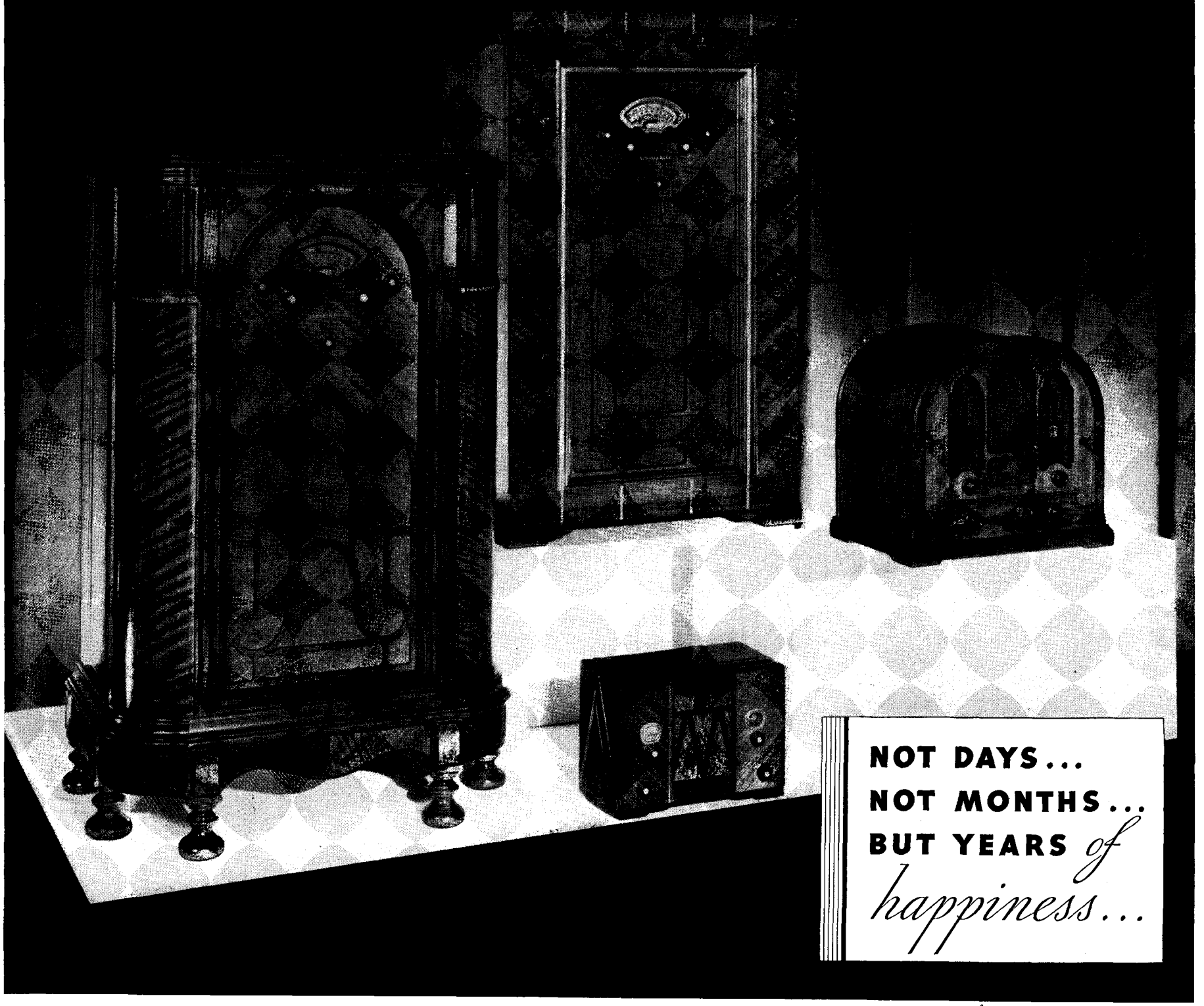
ATWATER KENT RADIO



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The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 34

he was arrested and taken away in a police car."

"What, him?" the man exclaimed. "Mr. Tyssen arrested?"

"That's so."

"What for?"

"The murder of Sir Julian Bott," Sarson told him gravely.

The sergeant put down his glass of port untouched.

"Let me get this right, sir," he begged. "You are telling me that the police came here tonight half an hour ago and arrested Mr. Tyssen—took him away with them on the charge of having murdered Sir Julian Bott?"

"That is what happened," Anthony assented.

"Well, I'm speaking with every desire to be respectful," the sergeant declared, a grimly obstinate look in his face, "but I am taking the liberty of telling you that I don't believe it."

"Well, we're all here," Mr. Sarson pointed out. "We were all here when it happened. Ask anyone."

"WAS Inspector Penny down?" the sergeant inquired.

"No," Anthony told him, "but it was an inspector in Scotland Yard uniform and a constable. There was another constable outside and two more in the car. They had a warrant which they showed to Lord Milhaven, and they took him away with them to Lewes Jail."

"The warrant was all right so far as it went," Milhaven observed.

The sergeant finished his wine, accepted the cigar which Anthony brought with him from the sideboard, and saluted.

"I'll be getting along, Mr. Sarson, if you will excuse me, sir," he begged. "This news has kind of given me a turn. I don't understand it nohow. In a manner of speaking it isn't understandable. I will say good evening to you all, ladies and gentlemen."

The sergeant took his leave and they heard his receding footsteps gathering speed as he went.

"An utterly British type," Milhaven remarked. "Fourteen of us here who saw what happened to poor young Tyssen, and he doesn't believe it!"

"I'll tell you all something," Sybil Cresset suddenly cried. "I have been wondering about it ever since that inspector first appeared. I have been worrying as to where I have seen that shaped cap before. Don't you remember, Anthony—the man in police uniform on the byway the night Sir Julian Bott was killed?"

"You're right!" the young man exclaimed. "Puzzled me for a moment. I thought I must have seen it in the illustrations of those new Flying Squads from Scotland Yard. It was the same cap as that man was wearing, without a doubt."

"Then, if this was one of the new Scotland Yard squads," Mr. Cresset observed, "what was it doing up on the byway the night of the murder? Day after day I read in the paper that all efforts to trace the automobile in which Sir Julian started on his ride to London have failed. That car cleared out secretly and Scotland Yard has been utterly unable to discover where it came from. It has never been heard of since."

"The sergeant's cap," Mr. Huitt remarked, "did not appear to me to be of an unusual type, although perhaps a little long in the peak. It might, I am sure, be easily found among the illustrations of chauffeurs' livery."

"All the same," Timothy Sarson pointed out obstinately, "why send one of these new squads down here to arrest one man? Nearly forty miles from London, too. I have more than once thought young Tyssen a bit of a fool, but no one in his senses would put him down for a dangerous criminal."

"He is not a criminal at all," Pauline declared. "The police are making a stupid mistake."

She rose to her feet.

"I don't suppose anyone will feel like dancing tonight," she said. "If they do we will have the phonograph. We might walk about in the garden anyhow."

The party seemed on the point of breaking up when the sergeant made his reappearance. There was a grin upon his face and a note of triumph in his tone.

"Mr. Sarson and gentlemen, begging your pardon," he began, as he crossed the threshold. "I have been speaking on the telephone to Lewes Jail. I have spoken to Captain Percy himself. He says he knows nothing about any prisoner being brought in tonight—in fact, he's quite sure there is not going to be one. He has never heard of Mr. Tyssen, and a Scotland Yard arrest would mean taking the man up to London, not to Lewes."

There was an awed and breathless silence. Everyone appeared to be racking his brain for some possible solution.

"I suppose we ought to have realized that for ourselves," Milhaven said. "I'm afraid it doesn't make much difference, though, whether they have taken him to Lewes or to London. There is no getting over the fact of the arrest."

They strolled out into the garden. The evening of varied excitements was growing late. Milhaven made his courteous adieu and shot up the hill in his racing car. Mr. Huitt, too, made his sedate way home across the Common, pausing for a moment or two to look up and down the worn cricket pitch. Pauline for half an hour wrestled with the telephone in her father's den. She endured several snubs, a good deal of incredulity and some impatience. In the end she had her way. She went back to the dining-room, where her father and a few of the guests were still gathered, a smile of triumph upon her lips, although there was a great fear in her heart.

"I have just been talking to Scotland Yard," she told them. "They know nothing of any squad of police at all operating in this neighborhood, and they are quite sure that no warrant has been issued for Mr. Tyssen's arrest."

HER words fell like a thunderbolt upon the little gathering.

"My God, there's something ugly about this!" her father exclaimed.

"There is something terrible," Pauline assented, with a break in her voice. "Anyhow, an inspector is on his way down here in a special car. He expects to arrive in forty minutes and he hopes that as many people as possible who were in the room will remain."

Everyone agreed eagerly to stay where they were. Pauline wandered out into the garden in search of Anthony. From the shadows of the drive she heard her name called, and paused.

"Who is that?" she asked.

A woman carrying a parcel came into sight, revealed in the little halo of light from the open hall door. It was Mrs. Foulds, from the Post Office.

"I took the liberty of calling to you, Miss Sarson," she said. "I was not sure what I ought to do, and I thought you or your brother, being friends of the young man, might tell me."

"Friends of what young man?" Pauline asked.

"Of Mr. Tyssen, my lodger, Miss."

"Go on," Pauline begged.

"Well, it was only the day before yesterday, Miss, that Mr. Tyssen came to me in the shop. He was carrying this parcel that you now see under my arm, and sealed up careful like.

" 'Mrs. Foulds,' he said, 'you believe I'm honest, don't you?'

" 'Yes,' I answered, knowing well that he was, for twice when I undercharged him he has pointed it out in the weekly bills. He plumped the parcel down on the counter.

" 'Mrs. Foulds,' he went on, 'I might get into trouble within the next few days, especially if I play in that golf match and one person in particular recognizes me. I want you to take care of that parcel for me. Hide it somewhere in your back premises where no one is likely to go. If anything unexpected of any sort happens to me—if I disappear—if the police come after me and want to search my rooms, whatever may happen I don't want you to give that parcel up or to admit you have got it. But,' he said, 'if I disappear give the parcel to either Mr. or Miss Sarson and ask them to pass it on to Scotland Yard, but be very sure that it gets into their hands safely.' "

"YOU know that Mr. Tyssen has been taken away on a ridiculous charge?" Pauline asked breathlessly.

"I heard he had been took by the police, Miss, but while they was in fetching him two more of the London police came in with what they call a search warrant, and they searched his room, turning everything inside out, pulling up the boards even and smashing a cupboard to pieces. A pretty mess they made, him not being a tidy man anyway. They asked me if I had anything of his, and I hope I did right, for I told 'em 'No.' After they had gone I went in to see Sergeant, meaning to give him the parcel, but he's away, and Tom, he's on his beat, and I'm that nervous with this parcel for fear they'd come back, I can't sleep."

"I'll take it," Pauline promised. "It shan't leave me. I promise you that, Mrs. Foulds. And you have done well—much better than you can understand. I am beginning to believe that those were not policemen at all who came to search Mr. Tyssen's room. They were robbers."

"Well, I never!" Mrs. Foulds gasped. "It do seem that funny things happen here nowadays."

Pauline scarcely waited to say goodnight. She was back in the safety of the house clasping the precious parcel in her arms. She made her way once more into her father's den, took one of his brace of revolvers from his gun cupboard, loaded it with skillful fingers and set the catch at safety. Then, with the parcel still clasped under one arm and the revolver in her hand she reëntered the dining-room.

"What in God's name?" her father exclaimed as she entered.

"This is for Inspector Penny or someone whom we know to be entirely reliable," she explained, "from Christopher. Those men who took him away have searched his rooms for it but he was clever enough just to leave it with Mrs. Foulds. I am going to take care of it until someone comes whom we know that we can trust."

(To be concluded next week)

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I'VE smiled at millions of people from millions of bottles of Clicquot Club Golden Ginger Ale—so many I've lost count.

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Then we draw our sparkling water from 'way down deep in the rocks and put millions of tiny bubbles in it. When Clicquot Golden is all finished, we seal it up in air-tight bottles with my picture on the label and send it all over America to the storekeepers who sell it.

Just try this *very* gingery Clicquot Club Golden. Get it all cold and frosty before you take off the cap, and then settle down for a real treat. I'll bet my fur hood you'll enjoy it. There's no ginger ale flavor like Clicquot Golden—not in all the world.

(*signed*) *The Clicquot Kid*

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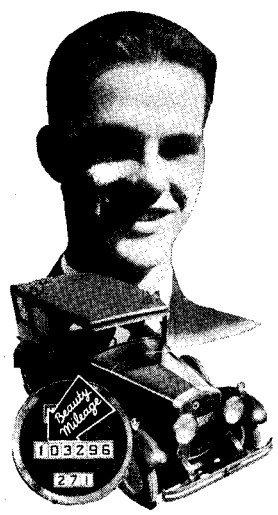

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MOTORISTS WISE

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THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The Beast in the Dark

Continued from page 21

said. "He's king around here now, and his power and prestige are like the breath of life to him."

After a time she put her hand over his; her fingers tightened and they sat in silence, a long silence through which they presently heard the clear shrill sound of whistles blowing at the dam. They stood up and walked to the porch and entered the deserted bar. Before going through to the living quarters, she drew him into the back room, where the ceiling light was burning. She closed the door. Smiling, she raised her arm to the white string and pulled it. In the darkness she laughed softly.

"Where are you?" she asked.

Her hand found him. He made no move as they stood in a blackness like the pit.

Her two palms lay lightly on his chest. She lowered her head, resting her cheek between them.

"Are you cold?" she asked. "I felt you shiver."

"No."

"You're cold to me," she said. "Why is it?"

THERE came a click. In the sudden bright light Lucy Tull, her eyes blinking dreamily, looked up at Smith, whose hand still held the little knob at the end of the white string. His glance moved around the bare room and stopped at the window set high in the thick wall. It was tightly boarded up on the outside. His gaze lingered on the sill, where a faded stain darkened the edge.

"What are you looking at?"

"At that blood," he answered, and she turned.

"Blood?" she said. "How do you know it's blood?"

"I was in here yesterday."

"What for?"

"Well," he said, "this room interests me."

She glanced up at him doubtfully. Her lips parted, but before she could speak sudden voices came from the bar. The first of the evening's crowd had arrived.

"I must go now," Lucy Tull whispered. "Be back after supper—maybe I'll have a surprise for you."

"I'll be here," he said. "I wouldn't stay away tonight for the world."

By nightfall a clamor of talk and laughter rang in the long room.

Lucy Tull sat at a table by the wall. Over her sky-blue dress she wore a black velvet jacket with long, elaborate sleeves. Her face was flushed, and she smiled brightly as she put down her glass and leaned toward Smith.

"It's too noisy in here," she said. "Let's go out."

"Go where?"

"To that cabin I showed you," she said. "We can talk there by ourselves."

"What about your husband?"

"I'll say good night to him and go to my room," she explained. "You get up and go out, just as if you were leaving. Then come around to the side door. Nobody'll be there, and you can come in and unlock my room."

As she paused, Smith's eyes moved to the little key gleaming in the shadowy recess of her velvet sleeve.

"How will I unlock it?"

"How?" she repeated. "You watch me."

Turning, she waited until Joe Tull came in their direction. When he drew opposite, she stood up.

"I'm tired, Joe," she said wearily. "I'm going to bed now."

The blind man's large hand slipped down her arm in a gesture that was both a caress and a search. At the wrist his thick fingers touched the bracelet and its anchored key. As he moved away, nodding, Lucy Tull dropped into her seat again. She crossed her arms on the table, drawing down the velvet sleeves. After a glance over her shoulder, she thrust one tapering forefinger deep into the red wine in her glass. She ran the wet finger around the base of her left hand. Smiling into Smith's eyes, she closed her right hand over the bracelet.

"I've lost weight since I was married."

She pulled carefully at the bracelet. Her elbow jerked; then, palms down, she slid both hands across the table.

"Be careful with it," she said. "I'll put it on again the minute you unlock my door."

"But how will you get in the room without this?"

"I left the door partly open."

Smith covered her hand with his own. As he slipped the bracelet into his coat pocket his expression changed.

"Don't go yet."

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Why are you looking at me that way?"

For a moment Smith was silent, meeting her puzzled stare with eyes that had become bitter and vengeful.

"Think back a little," he began. "Your husband had a fight here, about a month ago, with a young man who worked up at the dam. Do you remember?"

"Yes," she said. "What about it?"

"Well, he was my brother."

"The fight wasn't my fault," she said quickly. "He kept after me. He wouldn't stay away from—"

"The morning I took him off the train," Smith interrupted calmly, "I made up my mind to find out what really had happened. The beating my brother took wrecked him, physically and mentally. So I decided to get the truth for myself. That's the reason behind every move I've made up here. That's the only reason I'm sitting here now, talking to you."

As he glanced toward the bar, without pausing, he saw that old Barrett was looking his way, stony anger on the dour Scotch face.

"THE report sent home with my brother," Smith continued, "was that he'd been chasing after a blind man's wife, and was beaten up by the blind man in a fair fight. I didn't believe that. So I talked to the men up at the dam. I got the truth from them. It was you who did the chasing. My brother stopped coming here in order to avoid trouble and what did you do?"

Watching anger redden her face, he waited until she tried to speak and then smothered her reply.

"I know what you did," he said sharply. "You followed him, of course. You went up to the dam after him. You tried that several days, but it did you no good. It was something new for you to have a man act the way my brother acted. You couldn't stand being scorned, and so finally you went to your husband. And the beating my brother took, and the condition he's in today, was all a result of your deliberate lie."

Lucy Tull was leaning toward him, her mouth curving downward in a slow smile of hate.

"You think you've been clever, don't you?" she said evenly. "Well, you're going to get just what that holy brother of yours got."

"Before that happens," said Smith, "let me explain something else. Even

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before I investigated, I knew the report about my brother was a lie. Do you know how I could tell? Well, I knew the minute I saw you, because my brother was never interested"—the voice, hardening, was vibrant with slow, cutting insult—"interested in women of —your sort."

The color had drained from Lucy Tull's face. She was standing, ferocity glittering in her eyes.

"You'll pay for that!" she cried. "You're going to be on your knees before you get—"

She stopped abruptly and stared, remembering, at the pocket of Smith's coat. He was looking at Joe Tull. The blind man was coming toward them, his ponderous steps noiseless in the sawdust. His hand found his wife's shoulder.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

She cowered, keeping her left arm away from him.

"It's nothing, Joe," she said soothingly. "Some man was annoying me, but he's gone."

"Who?" Tull said quickly. "Where is he now?"

"He ran when he saw you coming."

SMITH stood up. A pallor had come into his flat, brown cheeks, but in the hushed quiet his voice was steady.

"She's mistaken, Tull," he said. "I didn't run."

With a sudden movement Lucy Tull, from behind, thrust her hand into the pocket of Smith's coat. It came out empty.

"Search him!" she cried. "Maybe he's got a knife."

Old Robert Barrett, a minute later, stood impassively by the door of the bright, empty room adjoining the bar. Smith was at one elbow, at the other the powerful bulk of Joe Tull. Barrett turned toward Smith.

"You brought this quarrel on yourself," he said coldly. "Now go in and settle it with your fists."

Smith walked into the brilliant room. Joe Tull drew the door closed.

When the door slammed, Smith's hand flew up and caught the white string hanging from the light. He waited, as he had planned to wait, watching Tull alertly. Tull pushed the heavy bolt. At the same instant, under cover of the bolt's rasping clatter, Smith pulled the string, throwing the room into black darkness. He stepped backward. And when Tull's deep voice came out of the blackness, a purring, disembodied voice, Smith knew that his plan was working; knew that Tull had not heard the snapping out of the light; knew that Tull believed that the light was still burning brightly.

"You can see and I can't," Tull's voice said. "But darkness will make us all even."

There was a click. Brilliant light filled the room. In one hand Tull held the white string that he had torn loose from the chain. Dropping it, he moved with a quick, cat-like tread to the window. Unerringly, his big hands grasped the narrow wooden sill. He tugged. And then Smith saw, as he had expected to see, the sill slide out of its groove in the stone wall. Tull turned, the club in hand, his big face keen with malicious joy.

Smith started tip-toeing toward the door. At the first step Tull leaped toward the sound, flailing the air with his club. Smith backed away, timing his footfalls with Tull's; then he stole swiftly to the door. Muffling the bolt with one palm, he worked the pin up and down, the bolt yielding at each twist. With head tilted, Tull listened intently.

"You coward," he taunted, "are you afraid of a blind man?"

Smith, seeing the trap, made no retort; but as he stood rigid, striving to avoid the faintest sound, he suddenly realized that Tull could hear his breathing. The man, like an animal searching for a trail, was moving his head from side to side; then fear chilled Smith as the moving head, becoming still, faced his way, the sightless eyes fixed upon him as though in a steady, malevolent scrutiny. With a rush Tull charged. Before Smith threw himself aside, the club struck his hip. A groan broke from him. At the groan Tull fell to thrashing about in a spasm of fury, following his quarry by some sixth sense, beating the air in a storm of vicious, tireless blows. Sweat broke out on Smith's face, pain burned in his hip, and his effort to reach the door was abandoned in the struggle to keep head and body out of range of the sweeping club.

When his shoulders struck the wall he realized that he was trapped in a corner. He dropped to the floor, hearing the club hiss as it swung above his head. On hands and knees, he saw the broken white string beside Tull's foot. He crawled forward, snatched the string and flung it down the room. The small knob at the string's end struck the rear wall. Even before it had stopped clattering, Tull sprang toward the sound. Smith slipped over to the door. Slowly, without a sound, he opened it.

"Down here, Tull," he said. "Here I am."

Tull swung around. Crouching, he came on stealthily, club ready. Near the doorway he paused, swung the club once, then resumed his advance. His outstretched hand, reaching for the door, found nothing. Bewildered, he stood pawing the air within a few feet of the staring crowd until the silence was ended by the voice of old Barrett, a voice that rang with contempt and repudiation.

"Drop that club!" the Scot commanded. "We all see now how you win your fights."

The club slipped from Tull's grasp. Slowly his head bent, as if the dead eyes could no longer meet the gaze from the crowded semicircle of faces. Barrett picked up the tweed coat that had fallen to the floor, shook the sawdust from it, and handed it to Smith with an air of respect.

"LUCY," Tull said. "Lucy?"

The woman was watching Smith as he leaned down beside the table where they had sat. He thrust his hand into the sawdust. He straightened, holding the golden bracelet.

She flew toward him and caught his shoulders, her eyes fawning unspeakably up into his face.

"He'll kill me!" she whispered. "Please! He'll strangle me if you—"

Smith swept her aside and walked over to Joe Tull.

"Tull," he began, "before I leave here there's something I'm going to—"

He stopped. In the silence, a silence so still that he was aware of the far soft thunder at the dam, Smith looked at Tull's hands, the groping hands of a blind man. He watched them move, abandoned, in futile, repeated circles.

"Lucy?" Tull mumbled. "Are you here?"

As he stared at the searching, helpless hands, a shadow of irritation crossed Smith's face, the look of a man stirred against his wish to pity.

"She's no good," he thought, "but he'll need her now."

He tossed the bracelet, the little key flashing as it dropped into Lucy Tull's cupped hands. With a swift hard thrust she forced it on, and moved to her husband's side. His hands closed around her arm.

The coat over his arm, Smith, limping, walked toward the door, and the silent crowd, parting, opened a way for him.

Don't let the 7 stains *steal the brilliance of your teeth!*

LOOK for the cause of most dull, lackluster teeth—*and you'll find it at the dining-table!*

For the plain fact is that foods stain teeth! Not just one food, or two foods—but every kind of food we eat—from carrots to custard and soup to spinach. All in all, there are 7 different kinds of stain—7 deadly enemies of tooth brilliance—caused by the things we eat and drink and smoke.

True enough, you can't see all these stains immediately. But, unless removed daily these stains accumulate. They gradually dull the brilliance of teeth—much as tarnish gradually dulls the luster of newly-polished silver.

"But," you ask, "why doesn't my toothpaste remove these stains?" Because, sir or madam, most toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action. And one action is simply not enough to remove all 7 stains.

Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions. First—a gentle, thorough *washing* action which removes some of the stains . . .

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But don't take our word for it. Prove it to yourself! For a limited time only, you can get the large 25-cent tube for 19 cents. Go to your dealer's today—and take advantage of this special offer.

◆ ◆ ◆

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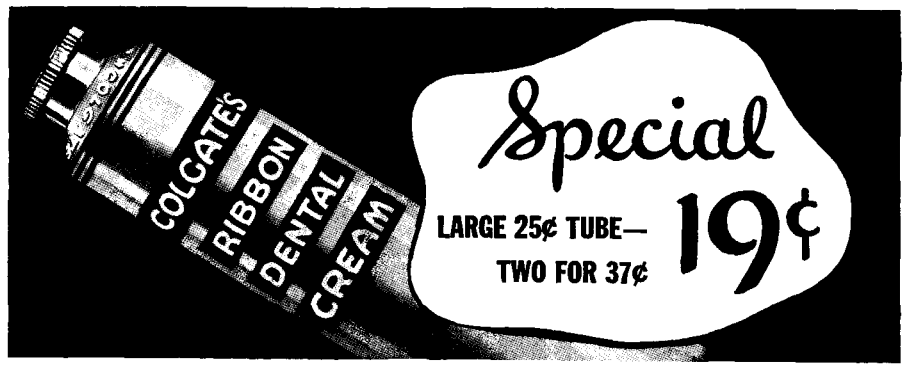

The seven causes of stains that discolor teeth: 1. Meats and other proteins. 2. Cereals and other starchy foods. 3. Vegetables. 4. Sweets. 5. Fruits. 6. Beverages. 7. Tobacco smoke. *Colgate's removes all seven stains.*

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Toying with Taxes

Continued from page 24

"I'm not tough," says Commissioner of Internal Revenue Guy T. Helvering of Kansas, "but at the same time I don't intend to let the taxpayer have a field day."

In view of general resentment over Senate disclosures that some of the nation's richest bankers paid no tax in recent years, the little fellow may be happy to hear that the collectors don't bear down very hard or worry too much about him. The small returns—Form 1040A for gross incomes of $5,000 and less—are not even sent to Washington for review. They are checked for mathematical correctness in the thirty-eight field offices, and are approved in a hurry as a rule. Of more than 4,500,000 returns filed last March 15th, only about 1,300,000 will get detailed scrutiny, and of these only about 250,000 will become the center of real controversy. Even if the government loses five dollars or more through a mistake, there is rarely a field examination into the small taxpayer's financial status. It would not be worth the time and trouble.

But don't fool with this system too much or too often. Sometimes there are checks and flarebacks for the psychological effect, and in the hope that certain communities and classes of taxpayers will hear the gossip that a neighbor had to explain why he wrote himself down as a Rockefeller philanthropist on a $3,000 income. The surest way to start an argument with the Collector of Internal Revenue is to arouse suspicion by deducting too much for charity, expenses and bad debts.

If the collector decides to sample a return with a field check, his representative asks for the citizen's bank statements and records, and the collector's authority to go into a man's dealings with his bank, his employer or any business house is exceptionally broad. If the taxpayer has no bank account, and no records of any kind, the agent may check up on his rent payments to the landlord, his weekly bills and buying at the butcher's and department stores, what he pays for an automobile and for its upkeep, and even his contributions to the Sunday plate.

The Wisdom of Serpents

Anybody visited with this affliction may have the satisfaction of realizing that this is how they caught Capone and placed him behind the bars; the mechanism is the same. But unless bald and provable fraud is evident, there is no prosecution in these cases; the taxpayer simply pays the total at once instead of spreading it through quarterly installments, together with any interest charges which may be levied.

Above the $5,000 figure the bureau at Washington goes to work. All returns showing a gross income over that figure—Form 1040—and all corporation returns are forwarded to Washington for audit and decision on whether they should be investigated in the field. All individual returns of more than $25,000 gross, and all corporation returns of more than $75,000 gross, automatically go out to the thirty-eight offices for detailed investigation. Whether they bring their makers into conflict with the collectors depends upon what that further study discloses.

It is not easy to fool the agents in charge of the field offices, or the trained examiners and accountants working under them. These men are supposed to know the financial, business and industrial conditions of their communities, as well as the social status of the more important people in their section of the country. In the years of the depression their problem has been simpler than in the days of prosperity, although they have found people more reluctant to pay; even the most conscientious now hold out for every penny they think is coming to them in deductions and exemptions. Before 1929 there was much less haggling and groaning, and in the two years when income taxes were made public some deliberately paid more than the law required, for the social and financial impression a large return would make on the Joneses. The bureau's records reveal that there was an epidemic of generous posing.

The field offices have another means of checking up that is not generally known to the public. They have a permanent record card of each taxpayer, and that contains the record of his payments over a long period for purposes of comparison. It includes past and present totals of exemptions, deductions, dividend receipts and other transactions. If there is any great difference in these items from one year to another, it prompts a personal visit and questionnaire.

The Government Talks It Over

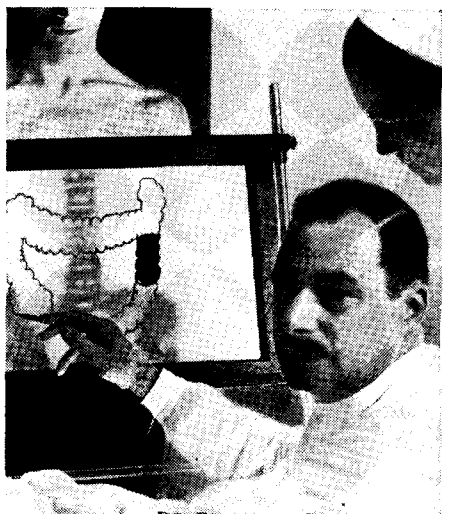
If the field examination discloses no errors or evasions, the case is closed. If it does, the taxpayer is assessed an additional amount and penalized with interest. If he contests any change, he has half a dozen opportunities to present his side of the case before revenue authorities in the field and at Washington.

The records indicate that the government is quite generous with its time and treatment in such controversies, for disputes involving more than $1,000,000,000 are now pending before the courts, in the bureau or before the United States Board of Tax Appeals. Some of these controversies involve large sums and date back to 1916. Some that got as far as the board, which hears cases not susceptible of settlement in the field or in the bureau, concerned only a few hundred dollars, but the principles involved might affect future payments reaching into the millions.

Although the public rarely hears of the tax board's operations, it is an extremely important policy-making body. It deals with suits involving great corporations and millions of dollars, but it gets in the headlines only when it refuses to allow Lenore Ulric or some other actress an exemption on money allegedly paid to advance her career. A group of pipe-smoking philosophers with a strong human touch, for all their stodgy work, they disallowed Miss Ulric's plea for exemption on funds spent to buy midnight suppers for dramatic critics with the reminder that William Shakespeare died from the effects of rich food.

During this same hearing a thoughtful, elderly member leaned forward and said: "Miss Ulric, you keep talking about the 'legitimate stage.' Tell me—is there an illegitimate stage?" Miss Ulric, like other taxpayers, may appeal to the Circuit Court of Appeals, and thence to the Supreme Court.

The taxpayer often wins in the end, but the procedure is exasperating and explosive. With the government scraping the bottom of the tax bin, it will pay to keep careful records, watch your income tax return and keep on friendly terms with the tipsters in your kitchen and office.



DR. BLUMANN, Surgeon-in-Chief of the Buelow Hospital in Berlin, is a noted specialist in internal medicine.

"He suffered from BOILS" explains DR. BLUMANN of Berlin

"Mr. S., student, 21 years old. Suffered for years from persistent furunculosis (boils). I prescribed yeast. In 8 days the boils started to heal. In four weeks they had disappeared. The patient's health steadily improved."

Med. Ernst Ludwig Blumann

(Case history as reported by Dr. Ernst Ludwig Blumann)

IN the photo above you will note a patient in the fluoroscope (X-ray apparatus). Observe the clean condition of his colon (large intestine).

Did you know that constipation—an *unclean* condition of the intestines—is one of the chief *causes* of boils . . . as of poor digestion, unnatural tiredness and a "run-down" condition generally?

It is this unhealthy internal condition that Fleischmann's Yeast corrects, by actually strengthening the intestines. It also softens the body's wastes, helping clear them away, and with them dangerous poisons. The system is *purified!*

So—*try* Fleischmann's Yeast—3 cakes a day, regularly. It's a *food*, remember—rich in vitamins B, G and D. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Add it to your diet today!

● "I had started in the airplane supply business," *writes* H. G. Gordon, *of Toronto.* "Started work at eight—often still going at midnight. Soon I was tired. Then . . . boils! Fleischmann's Yeast had done wonders for a friend. I tried it. One by one the boils dried up."

IMPORTANT!

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The Grass in the Cotton

Continued from page 13

"And you, Buldickie?" Betsy returned. "Field look mighty clean and good."

Buldickie halted the mule and looked approvingly over his crop. "Hit keep me and Sookie humpin' to keep hit like dat," he explained.

The mule turned slowly and Buldickie set his plow in a new middle. "What's on yo' mind, Mis' Betsy?" he inquired.

"Not a Lawd's blessed thing," Betsy replied. "Jest wawkin' de fields a little."

Buldickie chuckled. "I figgered you'd git to wawkin' about," he told her.

"How come?" she wanted to know.

Buldickie laughed as if he knew a secret. "I seed you yestiddy," he said confidentially.

Betsy puzzled a moment. "Yestiddy?" she repeated. "What did I did yestiddy?"

"Ah, Lawd, Mis' Betsy," Buldickie said again, "I seed you. I was wawkin' down de bayou path when I seed you."

"Seed me done what, fool?" demanded Betsy.

"I seed you," Buldickie said, "stand flat-footed in de middle er de big road and cut de buck and sing a jump-up! Dat's what you done!"

BETSY laughed. She remembered doing just that and she remembered how foolish she had felt. She felt foolish right that minute, too; but, after all, wasn't she the foreman's wife, and couldn't she do anything she had a mind to? And especially, couldn't she pass a joke with the hard-working, much-married Buldickie, who was ten years younger than she?

"Sho', I cut de buck," she challenged. "A lady kin stand in de road and buck-step to she gits laig-weary, and hit ain't a man on de place wid sand in de craw enough to do nothin' but laugh."

Buldickie glanced furtively across the fields. Sookie was well beyond earshot, but he lowered his voice. "Mind out, gal," he warned. "My daddy was a buck, and I got me a song which say:

"*'I ain't de buck, I'm de buck's son,*
But I'll mock my daddy, to de buck come.'"

Betsy laughed heartily. Buldickie was certainly making fast talk, now that Sookie was out of hearing.

"Hit sound like a man's song," Betsy admitted, "but my graphyphone kin sing a song, and hit daid sho' ain't a man."

Buldickie shrugged. "I reckin," he observed, "dat's how come you set in yo' house, ev'y night, listenin' to de graphyphone, instid er gettin' out on de bayou path whar you liable to meet up wid a man."

"I'd git out on de bayou," Betsy led him on, "efn I thought I c'd find me a man."

Buldickie rapped his mule's ribs with the line and started to follow the plow down the furrow. "You git out tonight, baby," he called over his shoulder, "and you'll find de best man on dis place."

After supper that evening Betsy and Giles were "takin' de breeze" on the front porch. She and her husband usually found plenty to talk about at night, recounting their experiences of the day and discussing ways of handling the small problems that arose.

Giles was silent, and Betsy could find little to say.

"De moon about full," Betsy observed flatly.

"About," agreed Giles. "But hit won't rise for a good hour, yit." A long silence followed. Then he announced casually, "I got some gittin' about to do tonight."

"Better slip on yo' shoes," Betsy suggested. "De briers kind er scratchy, down de fence row."

Giles rose slowly, having put on his shoes with great deliberation. By the time he had finished, the moon was rising above the horizon like a big red ball. "I'll be back d'reckly," he said, as he stepped off the porch into the dark.

Betsy watched him disappear into the night, and the instant he was out of sight she walked hurriedly out of the yard and down the big road. At the bayou bridge she turned into the path along the bank. Other people appeared and disappeared among the shadows of the willow, and Betsy smiled.

It had been many a year since she had walked the bayou path at night, to keep tryst with a man. "Hit used to be a heap er fun, co'tin' out hyar," she mused. "Ah, Lawd, hit was sweet to co't under the willows."

The willows seemed as friendly as in her courting days, and the smell of the rank vegetation in the night air, with the moonlight filtering vaguely through the heavy foliage, made her feel young and silly again. "Humph!" she snorted. "I ack like a baby." She quickened her steps to a brisk, businesslike walk.

"Hy-dy, baby," came Buldickie's voice, close to her ear. Betsy appeared not to notice. He slipped a huge arm about her waist, and fell in step with her.

"Tell me somethin' sweet," Buldickie said, tightening his arm as they walked.

"Not so tight," Betsy told him. "You's about to squeeze my gizzard out."

Buldickie slackened his grip. "I'm so stout in de arms," he apologized, "and I likes you so good, I forgits how hard I squeezes."

Betsy smiled in the darkness. The words sounded sweet even if they were Buldickie's instead of Giles'.

They strolled slowly, in silence. Presently they heard voices down the path and Buldickie skillfully steered Betsy to the side of the bayou, where they sat down on a log.

The sound of the voices was indistinct and Betsy made no effort to listen. From the log where they sat she could see a bright yellow moon climbing the sky, looking straight down upon her. Buldickie sat closer.

"Tawk to me, baby," he whispered.

"Set still," Betsy whispered back.

NOW the voices were coming nearer and nearer, and sounded familiar.

"You got him, sho'!" a man's voice spoke. "Jest natchally ruint him!"

"Aw, Giles," came a coquettish protest, "I bet he jest folded up."

"Well, do he'p me, Lawd," Betsy whispered in surprise and disappointment. "Dat's Giles and Mis' Duck!"

Buldickie quickly drew away. He said nothing, but Betsy knew he was searching for a place through which to escape.

"Don't make no fuss, Mis' Betsy," he pleaded. "Giles'd wring my neck."

"Sh-h-h!" Betsy cautioned.

"Yonder one!" Giles' voice came. "Settin' on de branch—"

"Now, don't rush me, Giles," the Widow Duck replied. "I done drownded fawty lightnin' bugs since us left de house, I bet. Now, don't rush me."

"He's a big'n," Giles urged, "and a daid shot f'm hyar."

"Wait to I gits me a fresh dip er snuff," said the widow. "I got to work up de ambeer some."

(Continued on page 42)

"I'm in the money now.. but I'll stick to UNION LEADER"

"WATCHING dimes and nickels certainly taught me something about tobacco quality!

"I'm all through with 'fancy' brands and experiments. I'm sticking to Union Leader. No mystic process. No extravagant claims. Simply nature's choicest, sweetest old Burley—ripened in matchless Kentucky sunshine—cured to cool, fragrant perfection.

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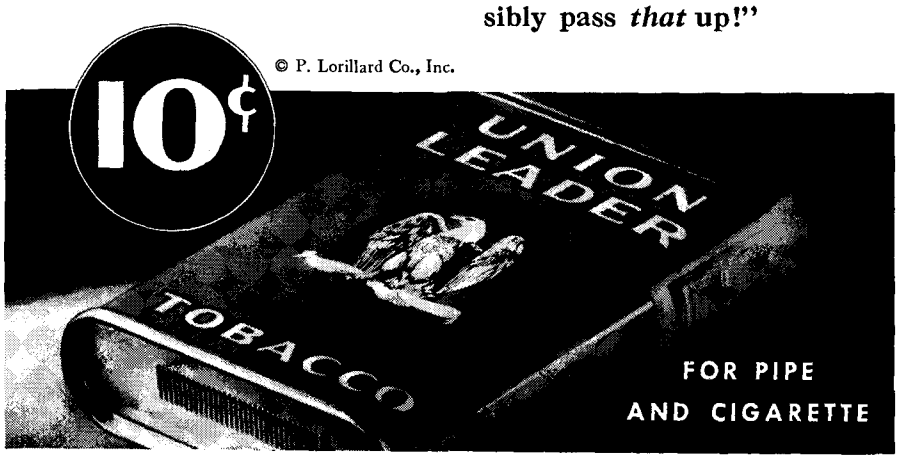

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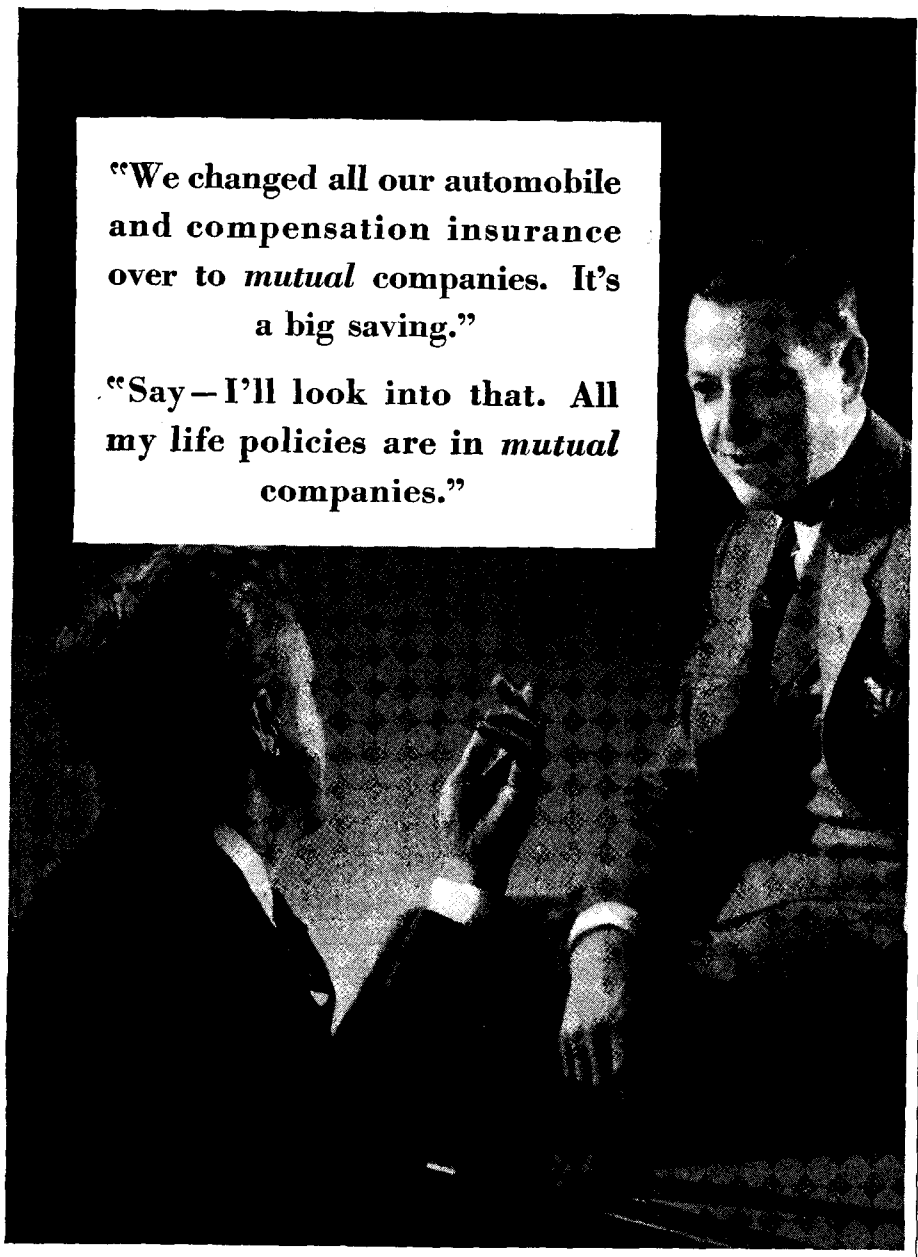
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"Say—I'll look into that. All my life policies are in *mutual* companies."

NEWS of sound ways to save money spreads rapidly these days. That's one reason why *mutual* companies have made a remarkable showing in the past four years.

There is nothing cut rate about mutual insurance. Mutual premium rates are the same as other types of insurance carriers, but the policyholder in a *mutual* company is given the benefit of the saving his company is able to effect by care in selecting risks, by preventing accidents, and by strict economy in operation.

Today, after 181 years of operation, over 52 per cent of all insurance is in mutual companies. Millions of car owners and employers have reduced insurance costs through *mutual* casualty companies—have received, in addition, full protection, prompt and understanding service.

Even in as unfavorable a year as 1932 the 23 member companies of The National Association of Mutual Casualty Companies saved and returned over $12,000,000 to their policyholders. These strong, selected mutual organizations have assets in excess of $106,000,000. No obligation is involved in writing for a list of the Association Companies, and a detailed outline of exactly how these companies have saved millions of dollars a year for their policyholders.

This Seal identifies a member company of The National Association of Mutual Casualty Companies and the American Mutual Alliance.

MUTUAL CASUALTY INSURANCE

Sound and economical protection on following risks: accident • automobile (all forms) • burglary and theft • fidelity • liability (all forms) • plate glass • property damage • workmen's compensation

WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET---------- C-N

National Association of Mutual Casualty Companies,
230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me, with no obligation, a list of the Association companies and an outline of the benefits they offer the policyholder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

THE MUTUAL PLAN HAS OPERATED SUCCESSFULLY FOR 181 YEARS

(Continued from page 41)

There came a sharp, hissing sound. "You got him!" yelled Giles. "Lawd, Mis' Duck, dat was a daid shot. You ain't never missed yit!"

"I missed a wass' yistiddy," Widow Duck confessed, "but I wan't feeling right and de wind was agin me."

DURING this exchange of pleasantries, Betsy watched Buldickie grow more and more nervous. Twice he raised a foot cautiously and twice he set it down, deciding it was better to sit quietly and hope than to make a sound and attract certain attention.

Then, suddenly, the night supplied enough noise to cover Buldickie's escape. The voice of a very angry woman shrieked in the bayou path, "You better come hyar, nigger! Whar you been at?"

"Hey, hold on, hyar!" Giles' voice rang with authority. "Dat you, Sookie, yellin' and thrashin' about in de night? What ailin' you, gal?"

"Lawd, hit's Mist' Giles!" Sookie exclaimed. " 'Scuse me. I thought you was Buldickie. I tracked him all up and down de path, and he round hyar somewhars. Wid some woman."

"Not Buldickie?" demanded the Widow Duck. "Out wid a woman?"

"Sho'," asserted Sookie. "Dat nigger slipped out on me and met a woman. I seed him wid my own eyes down on de—"

At that point Buldickie lunged into a thick canebrake. Betsy waited a few minutes and, taking a roundabout trail, she slipped out of the willows, across the field and straight to her front porch.

Betsy barely had time to get seated in her chair when Giles came up, chuckling to himself. "Sookie," he laughed to Betsy, "got jealous on Buldickie, and f'm de way she tellin' hit, her man is a natchal-bawn night ramuler!"

Betsy tried to show no more than a casual interest when she asked for details.

"I made her jealous," Giles explained. "I wanted to git Mis' Duck's mind easy. So I tole Buldickie to carry de word down to New London tonight dat I wanted Nud and Sammy in de hayfield tomorrow. Dat was to git Buldickie outn de house after supper.

"Den I drap word to Sookie dat I seed a gittin'-about look in Buldickie's eye and she better mind out. Dat was to make her jealous so she'd git out in the bayou path, huntin' him.

"Den I draps by and gits Mis' Duck on de bayou, so's us c'd run on to Sookie. Dat was so's Mis' Duck c'd git de news dat Buldickie was ramblin'. And dat'd make her glad in her mind."

Betsy, earnestly dipping snuff, worked her lips and jaws a minute and spat far out into the yard. "Did hit work?" she asked politely.

"Sho' hit worked!" Giles declared. "Sookie might' nigh runned over I and Mis' Duck, and she was so mad she claimed she tracked Buldickie out to de bayou."

"Sho' 'nuff?"

"And dat ain't all," Giles went on triumphantly. "De tawk which made Mis' Duckie so glad was when Sookie claim she seed him meet a gal about whar she runned into us."

"Made her happy, hunh?"

"She as proud er Buldickie as she ever was er Big Jim," Giles assured her.

Betsy yawned. "Well, let's git to bed," she said, " 'cause tomorrow us got plenty to do."

Face the Mirror

Continued from page 28

Certainly there will be renewed hope in their eyes." Nothing that he told me nailed brackets under that shelf on which you keep your bear grease and restorers. "In fact," he warned, "the indiscriminate use of all this truck, together with submission to all the silly treatments you let your barber or hairdresser harangue you into, helps to bring on baldness and other scalp and hair disorders."

The medicos are accumulating evidence against three of the most persistent and widespread popular beliefs about hair. One is that shaving of superfluous hair—or any other kind of hair—promotes its growth; another, that exposure to sunlight will bring to your girlish arms and legs, and to as much other bodily area as the liberality of your state's bathing-suit laws will permit, an abundant harvest of hair; the third, that application of certain creams to shining domes will bring back the locks of yesteryear.

Doctors C. H. Danforth and Mildred Trotter conducted at St. Louis University thorough, impartial and exacting tests on each score, utilizing both men and women.

In the shaving research, a man with average hairiness had one side of his chest lathered and given a close scrape once daily for eight months. Then the patch was allowed to grow in again, undisturbed. At the end of five months his chest hair was microscopically examined, and found to be no more abundant on the area that had been shaved than it was on the portion that had never been shaved. Three young women, carefully selected for type, also were tested over a similar period. Twice weekly during eight months each girl shaved one of her limbs from knee to ankle. Then, after a wait of five months, a microscopic count showed not a single hair more on any pretty leg than before the test began.

Shaving Doesn't Stimulate Hair

A dozen assorted coeds and a couple of husky males were used in the exposure test by Doctors Danforth and Trotter.

The twelve young ladies in St. Louis exposed themselves here and there and everywhere as much and as often as possible throughout the changing seasons of one whole year. They sunbathed and baked and toasted, until even a Nazi couldn't tell them for Aryans. Then the doctors got out their microscopes, and, so help them, could not find one *additional* hair on any of the twelve. With the men of the group, the test was even more specialized and severe. At the beginning of the summer, each shaved both forearms. Until autumn, each kept one arm exposed and one arm covered—and both ears stuffed with cotton against the comments of beholders. Thanksgiving found absolutely no change, under a microscopic count, in the number of hairs as between the exposed and the unexposed arms. Nor was there, in the end, any difference in the length of the hairs, although for a brief time the hairs of the tanned arms seemed a trifle longer.

This worthy and painstaking investigation at St. Louis does not, of course, represent the sum total of scientific knowledge of hair; but it is almost the whole story of practical research in terms that we can apply to our own hair tragedies.

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How much sunlight in a sunlamp?

UNDER the recommended NRA Code, portable sunlamps will now bear tags rating them AA, B, C, D, or E according to ultra-violet output (AA being the highest). If the rating on the tag is AA or B, and if the GE monogram appears on the bulb, you can be certain of adequate ultra-violet!

Portable sunlamps using General Electric MAZDA Sunlight Lamps (bulbs), Type S-1 or Type S-2, are rated AA or B respectively. These MAZDA Sunlight Lamps have been accepted by the Council on Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association and by the American College of Surgeons. The S-1 at 60 inches and the S-2 at 20 inches give you the ultra-violet intensity of midday midsummer sunlight.

NEW FREE BOOKLET TELLS THE WHOLE STORY

Mail coupon now for your free copy of "The Indoor Sun." It tells the story of ultra-violet, explains the new portable sunlamp ratings, and gives names of manufacturers.

C. 11-18

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Please send me free copy of "The Indoor Sun."

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Don't worry about the part of your hair that you can see; the important part of it is imbedded in your skin. And only about one eighth of that is living and capable of taking nourishment from the blood, which reaches it through the papilla, at its very root. Each hair is supported by the hair follicle, or lining of the tiny indentation in your skin from which it grows. Opening into each follicle is a tinier hole—the orifice of the sebaceous gland, which supplies oil for a purpose that is well-known to all barbers and beauticians but quite obscure to all scientists. It has nothing to do with the feeding of the hair; that is the function of the papilla alone.

We're a Brown-Haired Race

Color of hair is determined by pigments contained in the hair follicle. With advancing years the follicle's ability to form pigment weakens, and gradually we get colorless, or "gray," hair. There is no authenticated instance on record of hair turning gray overnight due to fright. There is known to science absolutely no "cure" for gray hair; nothing that can "restore" its original color. Only the white race has a great range of hair coloring; dark brown is by far the leading color; eight in ten have brown hair of one shade or another. Only twelve in a thousand have clear red hair. Children are never darker than their darker parent; if you have black hair, and your girl friend has black hair, it is quite possible that some day red-headed children will call you papa.

If you were to slice one of your hairs across and look at the cut end under a magnifying glass, you would find it circular if you are of the yellow race, oval if you are white folks, and elliptical to flat if you are a Negro. The flatter your hair shafts, the curlier. You never did see a curly-headed Chinese, did you? Many scientists believe that the cross-sectional form of a man's hair shaft is the most reliable clue to his race. Razor salesmen and barbers do least business in round-haired countries. American Indians and Mongolians rarely have beards or armpit or other body hairs.

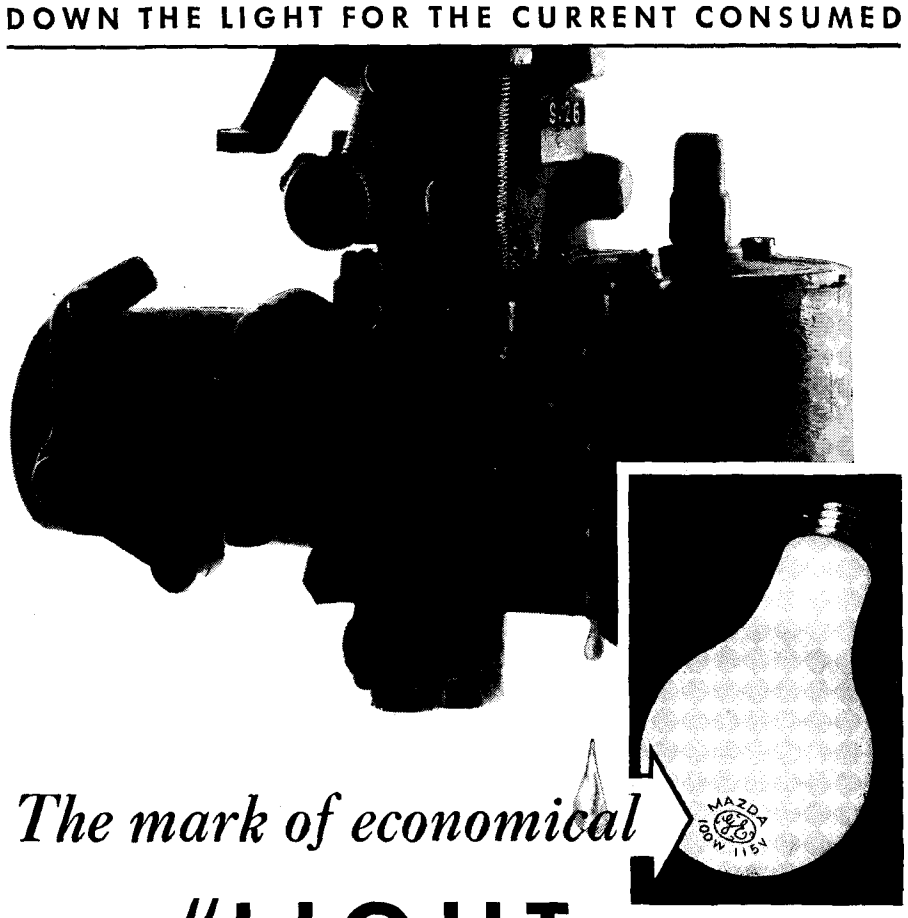
Baldness among full-blooded Negroes is unknown. The Semites have the longest beards; but if you are a native white American or European you can do quite well for yourself, thanks, if you let your beaver grow—at least, this reporter considers twenty- to thirty-centimeter beards pretty good. It will not be darker than your head hair, unless that has preceded it in turning white; but the beard follicles can't seem to get together on pigments, and your beard is apt to be chiefly red, with some black and some flaxen mixed in; some of it may be wholly rainbow, like Senator Ham Lewis'.

Occasionally a white woman with a luxuriant beard will come to notice. Science has investigated several, whose success in bearing children proved they were not marginal sex cases. Viola, of Pennsylvania, had a grand beaver and four normal children. Madame Augeard of France had a beard which she had to tuck into her belt on windy days, and a son who had a difficult time growing a mustache when adult. The "mustaches" of certain dark-haired women are familiar to persons who get around a bit; they are hereditary and most frequent in Jewesses and Irishers and common to 38 per cent of French women and 27 per cent of American girls. A few scientists believe that plentiful cranial, bodily and facial hair, instead of being a throwback to primitive man, is a recent acquisition of the human male and is now being attained by the female.

No certain method of permanently re-

(Continued on page 44)

JUST AS A LEAKY CARBURETOR CUTS DOWN GASOLINE MILEAGE · · · SO A *POOR LAMP* CUTS DOWN THE LIGHT FOR THE CURRENT CONSUMED



The mark of economical

"LIGHT MILEAGE"

Just as an automobile carburetor turns gasoline into "gas mileage" so an incandescent lamp turns electricity into "light mileage."

Inferior lamps are just as wasteful as an inefficient carburetor because they do not convert electricity into light *economically.* They give less light than they should, blacken quickly or burn out prematurely. Don't tolerate "electricity hogs" in your lamp sockets any more than you tolerate a "gas hog" in your car.

One *sure* and very simple way to be sure of *all* the light you pay for is to look for this mark GE on every lamp you buy. It also assures you of all the efficiencies that modern research has developed for lighting your home, automobile . . . for making moving pictures indoors and taking snapshots at night. Look for it every time you buy lamps! General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

For good light at low cost

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● Fifty million weather prophets *can* be wrong . . . and often are. That's what gave Walk-Over the idea for this shoe with the weather-control sole. A double layer of cork insulation between its outer soles and innersole—between your feet and the cold and damp of the pavement. You won't feel extremes of temperature, either cold or heat. An all year round shoe you ought to buy today. DUKE OF CORK—(Duncan last) Sherry brown calf or black calf. Try on a pair at your Walk-Over dealer's. $7.50

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY · CAMPELLO · BROCKTON, MASS.

WALK·OVER

(Continued from page 43)

moving superfluous hairs was hit upon until Doctor Charles Michel of St. Louis invented his electric needle in 1875. The needle point is inserted along the root of the hair shaft, and sufficient current is used to kill the active part of the hair follicle without injury to the surrounding tissue. The method is feasible only when the unwanted hairs are few; and it is tedious, painful, costly and dangerous except in the hands of experts. There are many cases recorded of infections and ugly scars from inept use of electrolysis and inexpert use of radium and X-ray lamps, which may kill the whole skin area involved as well as the hair. If you want to have superfluous hairs permanently removed, go to a reputable dermatologist. How to tell one? Simple—ask your family doctor.

Otherwise—shave! Once upon a time it was claimed by the makers of all the depilatories that they permanently removed hair. The government made 'em stop that. The depilatories have a lot of fancy names and special claims; but they're all of a chemical feather. Wax—with barium sulphide or other keratin solvents, which harden and yank the hairs out when you try to get them off. Mass murder, instead of the solitary plucking by tweezers. Painful, stenchy, unsanitary and often abrading the skin so that infection has a chance to enter. Then, for leg hairs, there is pumice; and among the latest dodges, a bit of camouflaged emery paper, in handy glovelet form and all tied up in transparent paper to give a sanitary aspect. These dodges may rub off the hairs, but they also irritate the skin and expose it to serious infection.

"Shaving," a New York dermatologist told me, "is the only inexpensive, sanitary, antiseptic and safe method of superfluous hair removal open to every woman. I don't have much trouble getting my girl patients to shave their armpits. They are more reluctant to shave their legs; and many of them are horrified at the idea of shaving their faces. They fallaciously believe it makes them 'mannish' to do so. As a matter of fact, it is beneficial to the skin, providing a sort of massage, and entailing the use of soothing lotions. And medical research has proved that it does not stimulate hair production.

A Widespread Fallacy

"Among the subjects studied were two men of the same age. One had shaved regularly for twenty years. One had never shaved. Yet their facial hair count and quality were the same. When a boy begins to shave, his beard is fine and soft. With the years it becomes coarser. That's the natural life-course of terminal hair, and to blame its coarsening in adult manhood on shaving is unfounded.

"Women probably believe that shaving makes the hair bristly because they have noticed that when it begins to come in after shaving it seems thick and stiff. The hair is not actually stiffer. The ratio of the diameter of the hair shaft to its length has been changed. It's the same way with a man's beard. If he shaves daily, he notices that it is bristly each morning. But when he is away for a week-end or a camping trip, and indulges the luxury of missing his daily shave, he perceives that after the second day his beard becomes soft."

Thanks, doc; but I don't suppose it will do much good. No more than it does any good to warn those of us who see the approach of alopecia, as you doctors call baldness, to keep our pocketbooks buttoned. No more than it does good to warn us to take the less ribald and more practical of Doctor Logan Clendening's two famous bits of advice to men with thinning locks. Look up, he said in effect, in the family album pictures of your Grandpa Smogley and your Uncle Agnew. If they were bald, you might as well turn your attention to improving your mental and spiritual possessions and leave hair to those who will continue to have it. Doctor Dorothy Osborn, on the basis of family charts she has compiled, shows that baldness is passed from father to son and through both sons and daughters to grandsons.

Baldness—the Great Mystery

Baldness seems to have definite relations to your general health and constitution. Many of these are only suspected; none is completely or properly understood. It is vaguely known, for instance, that the supply of blood food to the hair follicles is under the control of your nervous system. Thus, worry or nervousness may cause loss of hair. Men, universally resenting the fact that women retain their hair better, scent an explanation of baldness as due to the worries and responsibilities which pile up on men and from which womenfolk, in their easy home lives, are exempt. Doctors, on the other hand, know that the skin over male craniums is fatless and with age grows thin and taut as a drum; whereas skin over the female head is fatty, as well padded as the characteristic curves of other parts of her body, and easy of access to the circulating blood.

Certainly, baldness is definitely related to sex—how, no one knows. It is tied in with your glandular set-up and balance, too; again, how and to what extent no one knows.

Even mild dandruff is not, as many of the unscientific claim, "a natural" condition of the scalp; in any form or quantity dandruff is a dangerous infection and the greatest contributing factor to the hastening of baldness. It is highly contagious, and if you want to be sure to get it use a common brush or comb in a club, pullman or hotel washroom, or other public spot.

You have to be thorough to avoid or rid yourself of dandruff. Buy a small bottle of formalin—two or three ounces—from your druggist. Get a shallow dish—one long enough to hold your comb flat. Put in it a pint of water to which you have added one teaspoon of the formalin; then habitually keep your comb in this antiseptic "bath." Wet the bristles of your brush in it, too, after each time you use it. Use a comb with large, widely set teeth with blunt ends; a metal one is best, because you can boil it.

Feed blood to your fighting hair roots. The quickest way to do this, of course, would be to stand on your head half an hour each morning. The *easiest* way is to take hold of your scalp with your fingertips and, without moving your fingers, move and push and slide your scalp around—loosen it up. Shampoo twice a week, oftener if necessary to keep down dandruff.

If your hair still falls, go to a photographer—so that five years hence you may be able to show folks a picture of how you looked when you had your hair.

I went to tell my favorite barber all these facts. "Cripes," he said, "if them derma—them dermalo—them doctors know so much why is it most of them is bald?"

Well, there was a famous dermatologist who used to explain that. Zelzner, I think his name was; and he was as bald as Mount Everest. New clients would look at their reflection in his head, and ask how he could help them keep their hair when he couldn't keep his own. And he would yell, "Because ven I vas a boy und begun to lose my hair yet, dere vas no Doctor Zelzner!"

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Indiana Gets a New Brew

Continued from page 11

professor of law at the university. There is no way of telling what might have happened to him had not the war come along about then. He served in the field artillery in a purely domestic rôle, teaching gunnery in training camps here at home. He took off his uniform (although some of his bitterest foes insisted that it had to be scalded off him) in 1919 to accept a full professorship in the law school. And then, before most of the faculty realized what was going on, he became dean. It was all so fast that some of the instructors wondered whether the McNutts had bought the university.

But that really was incidental. Observe: He was not one of the original members of the American Legion, but when he did join it became immediately apparent that he wasn't fooling. The national headquarters of the Legion had moved to Indianapolis. The reasons for this were various, but one could select no fitter atmosphere for an organization of the Legion's political dimensions. Anyway, the first thing Paul McNutt's post knew, he was its commander.

Ready for Anything—Always

A few months later the state organization—the Department of Indiana—was in the throes of electing a commander. Paul McNutt was not an outstanding candidate, being merely available, with no ballyhoo behind him. Seldom is anybody elected to any office in Indiana calmly; practically everybody is a candidate for something. But just as it looked as though the embattled factions would have to resort to tear gas, Paul McNutt stepped between them and offered himself as a compromise. And in no time both sides were cheering his inaugural speech, ignoring the contention of some of his closest associates that he thinks better on his seat than on his feet.

In similar circumstances he attended the Legion's national convention in San Francisco in 1928. Whether you are a Legionnaire or not, if you enjoy a good solid brawl you should attend one. Practically nothing short of machine guns and heavy artillery is missing. Sometimes the excitement is so intense and uninterrupted that before you finish your argument with that guy from Des Moines who is occupying your seat the whole thing is over and you are on your way home with a warning from the chief of police and the name of a new national commander ringing in your ears. It can get much tougher than the Argonne.

Well, on this occasion the Legion's best brains were threatening to expose one another's military records, so furious was the fight over who was to be national commander for the coming year. And so, as one faction was threatening to secede to the Veterans of Foreign Wars or something and the other was looking in the telephone directory for police headquarters, Paul McNutt dropped in and announced his availability. The man was becoming chronically available. But once availed of, he inevitably made good. His administration as national commander (of course you realize that he was elected—hugely) was not only a popular one but of immeasurable value to the organization.

In 1928 he was urged by his fascinated following in the Legion to stand for governor of the state. But it is worth noting that the natural intuition which is an essential element in any successful politician's make-up came to his rescue. Alfred E. Smith was his party's candidate for President and while Paul McNutt supported him as a private citizen he was entirely unwilling to fall with him. Public defeat to the politically ambitious is no good. And he knew, along with others who could see the situation clearly, that Mr. Smith had no chance. So he refused to run.

But in 1932—but why go into that? Indiana joined the great procession, retiring even the habitual Jim Watson from the United States Senate. And Paul McNutt, "the lawyer who never tried a case and the soldier who never fired a shot," was literally hurled into the governorship by a hungry populace which had declared a holy war upon Republicans.

There has been a great deal of silly reference to the fact that Indiana chose a governor from a college faculty. There is nothing new in that. Also it is worth remembering that college faculties have produced officeholders just as inept and quite as venal as the gashouse districts or the boss' vest pocket. Paul McNutt is not so much of the college faculty as he is of the New Order, an intelligent revolt against decayed practice and dead tradition.

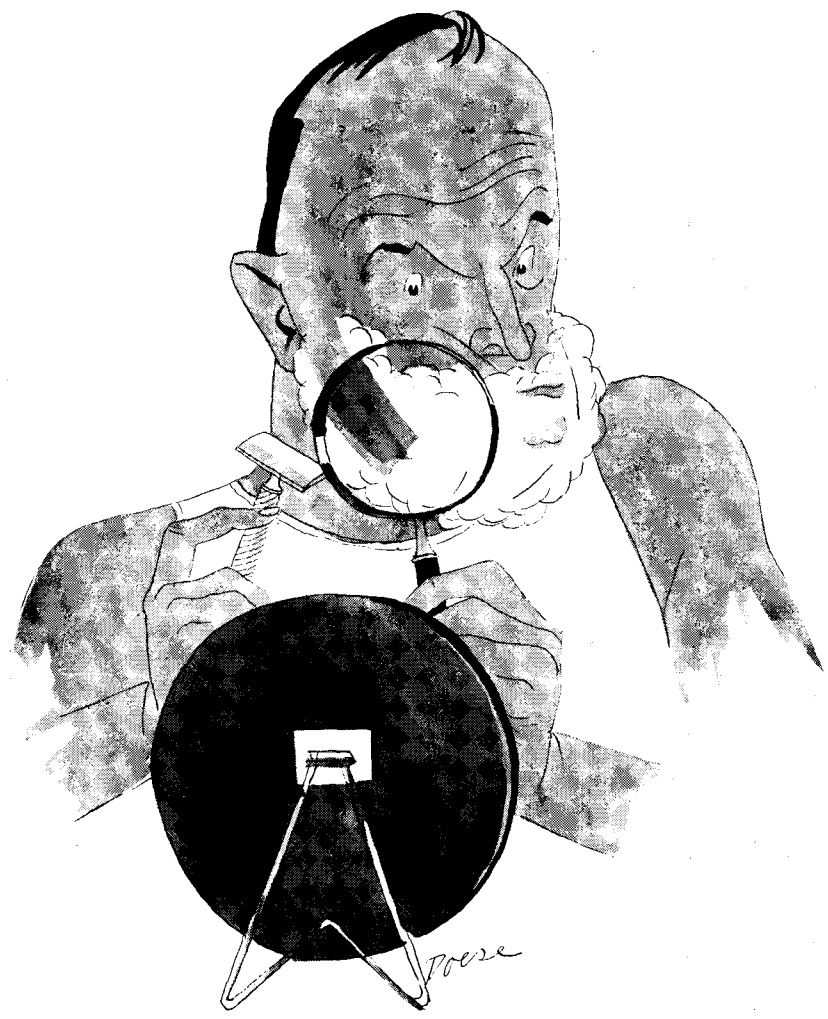
Almost immediately after he assumed office last January, a bitter wail arose from the back rooms, the political clubhouses and the other lairs of the inhabitants of the state's overcrowded offices. The world was asked to behold the cruelty, the effrontery, the heartlessness, the arrogance and cold-blooded egotism of this accident of politics, this gate-crashing upstart. He was firing whole bus-loads of men and women who had (maybe you've heard the phrase) given their lives to public service. For example, there was good old George Ketchupp—George, who had been in the Bureau of Glass Eye Examiners for twenty years, who had a father, a sister, a couple of aunts and— Anyway, George had been fired—after twenty years of faithful service. It is perfectly true that George had been in the bureau for twenty years, a private secretary to a deputy examiner at $1,500 a year. But George really should have been in jail most of the time.

Anyway, George was out, along with hundreds of vote-promoters like him. The one hundred and sixty-eight departments, commissions, boards, bureaus and what-nots they had cluttered up were swept aside in a brisk reorganization that consolidated and defined the state government into eight departments. And a good thing for Indiana, too.

Politics is Not a House Party

Of course it was cold. Certainly it was done with at least one eye on the creation of a McNutt machine. To be sure, the new governor trimmed a bit here, dodged a personal issue there and, in general, behaved much as any other politician who wanted to surround himself with persons he could control and of whose political faithfulness he might be sure. This, you see, was politics, not a house party. And it is by no means certain that every replacement he made was an improvement. In the very nature of the McNutt plan it was not necessary that every underling and office swipe be superbly intelligent. In this reorganization Paul McNutt became the dictator. He gathered unto himself, in a nice compact staff, a few department heads and thinkers-at-large (see Roosevelt), and let it be understood that this group would furnish the ideas while the rest of the organization devoted its en-

(Continued on page 46)



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Only the choicest materials that money can buy go into Williams. A century of shaving progress has taught us that cheap ingredients make cheap creams; that only a shaving cream compounded of the choicest elements can properly protect—and respect—the delicate tissues of your skin.

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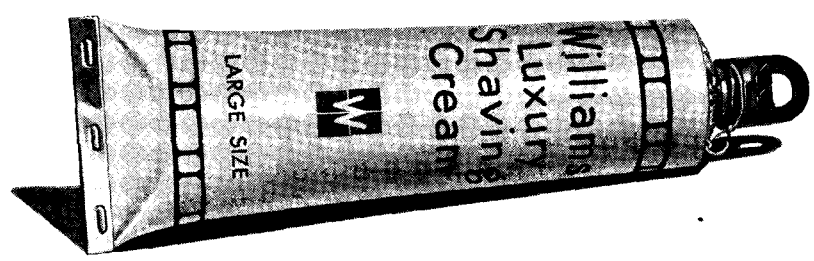
They say "Williams". And they *mean* what they say!



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No longer will you have to run downstairs in the cold to turn on the heat mornings. You can set the Thermochron, permanently, to turn down the heat at bedtime to a comfortable sleeping temperature—to fire up an hour before you get up, letting you sleep that extra hour.

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(Continued from page 45)

tire time to doing what it was told. To hold state office in Indiana today you have to be more than a mere Democrat, you have to be a McNutt Democrat—and prove it.

To make his domination of the state absolute, the populace had elected a warmly friendly legislature. Every time the governor opened his mouth they cheered themselves hoarse. Under similar circumstances in the old days the result would have been several tons of special-privilege and gold-digging legislation, with perhaps one or two unworkable public benefactions. But the breaks were with the citizenry at last—the citizenry whose customary procedure was to "vote 'em blind and try to stand 'em."

His program was bold and daring, as witness the beer bill. The state treasury echoed hollowly every time the fiscal officers entered in search of current expenses. In the governor's anteroom daily delegations of voters were parking themselves with lists of campaign promises in their hands.

Under McNutt's direction the legislature proceeded to revise the state's antiquated banking laws. Where before it was not unusual for an Indiana bank (as elsewhere) to lend several times as much money as it possibly could amass on a show-down, now no Hoosier bank may lend more than 35 per cent of its deposits on real estate and no corporation or individual can borrow from a bank a sum greater than ten per cent of the bank's unimpaired capital stock and unimpaired surplus. As elsewhere, there were plenty of Indiana banks with capitalizations of $25,000 which had lent single corporations more than $25,000.

And the Populace Cheered

In detail the banking laws were modernized and rationalized at the command of Governor McNutt but under the supervision of Mr. Herman Wells, of the economics faculty of the University of Indiana, McNutt having liberally used the talents and surveys of the teaching corps of his alma mater.

There followed pleasant labor legislation—laws against yellow-dog contracts and against injunctions in strikes and other labor controversies. While they were at it, they adopted a law making it a felony, sharply punishable, for striking farmers to halt foodstuffs on the highway, as the battling milkmen had done in Iowa, New York, Wisconsin and elsewhere.

Old age pension laws were passed to take effect on January 1, 1934. Virtually everything visible to the human eye and a number of things you never see were taxed in a completely revised and modernized schedule. Indiana was getting a New Deal and was going to have to pay for it. Under the old régime she got little or nothing, but paid for it anyway.

Among the new taxes was a one-per-cent levy on all incomes in excess of $1,000, with no exceptions. Also a one-per-cent tax on all gross profits from sales, with no exceptions. Added to these another—one quarter of one per cent on all manufacturers' and wholesalers' gross receipts. It is hardly necessary to describe the horror with which these imposts were greeted by those affected. Complications appeared, of course. The tax on sales as it might affect interstate business was thrown into litigation. But, instead of backing up, the McNutt régime merely agreed to a moratorium on this contested phase of the new laws until January 1, 1934.

Naturally, a number of those old-line politicians who had neither enlisted in nor been drafted by the McNutt machine were threatening dire reprisals at the impending municipal elections. Their great mistake was in letting the governor know what they proposed to do. He merely asked the legislature to suspend municipal elections for a year, which, of course, it did. Whereat a deafening howl of "oppression" and "dictatorship" and "undemocratic action" filled the air, or that part of it not entirely surcharged with lamentation. The governor paused just long enough to tell the people that it was in their interests that the New Deal should be given a decent trial before being thrown to the wolves. And, as usual, the populace cheered.

Now Go On with the Story

But that's probably enough to give you an idea. The changes in Indiana since Paul McNutt took office last January—the political renovations—fill a large volume crammed with laborious reading. The innovations range from the new banking, taxation and beer legislation to such affection-warming measures as the one which gives public school-teachers a salary guarantee and another which pays for the liquidation of defunct banks out of state funds instead of the moneys of the chagrined depositors.

Allowing for mishaps, Paul McNutt will continue in office until 1937. One may select no more futile way of wasting one's time than to speculate on what will happen before then. At the rate things are going now, the country may even have a new name. But, being a serene realist, the Governor of Indiana is following a nice, hard-boiled program and thinking pleasant thoughts—among them being his availability for the presidency in 1940.

His successes have had the assistance of a commanding appearance. In Indiana they will insist that their governor is better-looking than Maryland's; and they grant readily enough that Albert C. Ritchie is a pretty good-looking fellow. But Paul McNutt's face is one of the most interesting in American politics. From the mouth up it is masterly. There is the well-shaped skull, magnificently decorated with waving white hair which should be worth two thirds of the women's vote on any or no issue; and then nimble, discerning blue eyes which are never entirely at ease, and a patrician's straight nose. Below all this is enough contradiction to convince you that the governor of Indiana has the versatility to give an excellent account of himself whatever conditions confront him. Below the nose there is compromise, adaptability, willfulness, swift sociability and a love of luxury. Put it all together and it spells Politician. None of that square clamp-trap jaw about Paul McNutt. Fortunately he can leave features of that sort to their right owners. Governor McNutt is not one of your strong, silent men. And a very good thing, too. He wouldn't enjoy it at all.

So you probably realize by this time that it really doesn't matter about those ten lucky monopolists, the beer importers of Indiana. The beer is good. The price is right. A million and a half dollars have rolled into the state treasury by reason of their industry, whereby schools that might have closed are still doing business. What of it!

Perhaps you have proof that Indiana's beer law is cankered with graft. If so, patriotically take it to Paul McNutt. You'll enjoy meeting him. And you might emerge a hero.

Somehow I lost a lot of faith in the stories I heard, particularly after I found out that two or three of the gentlemen who told me the most demoralizing tales were beer racketeers—needle beer, no less. At least they were before this Santa Claus classic from the Brooklyn-trained pen of the Honorable Jake Weiss became the law in Indiana.

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Conspiracy

Continued from page 16

would mean hundreds of names. Further, many of the patrons were unknown to me by name. People who did not regularly come there, but were occasional visitors, or perhaps came but once. Of course, those who sometimes cashed checks there, those who signed instead of paying cash—these names are known to me. Indeed, I have with me the books of the restaurant. I took them. I thought that letters should be written to those who owed Paul money, that his estate might benefit."

Degas hid a grin. It was his belief that if any of the bills were paid the beneficiary would be Garron.

"Let us see the books," said Degas.

THEY were simply ledgers and Degas conned them swiftly. Reardon, leaning over his shoulder, spoke:

"Johnson Fay, eh? A regular customer, Garron?"

Garron shook his head. "But once, sir, on the date written. Three weeks ago he came in with a lady. For luncheon. At the end of the meal he was embarrassed to find he had no money with him. He came to the desk where I sat and offered to telephone his office for money to be sent over. I told him not to bother. His companion was guaranty enough for him, although I had never seen Fay before."

"His companion?" asked Degas.

"The famous Miss Benedict. You have heard of her? The lady—"

"I know," interrupted Degas. "She was with him?"

"But yes. I had seen her several times and recognized her, as who would not, from her newspaper pictures? Indeed, many of the guests knew who she was, though none seemed acquainted with her. I told Paul the circumstances and he went to Mr. Fay's table and begged him to suffer no embarrassment, but to send the trifling amount around at his leisure. But, because Mr. Fay owed for his luncheon, I wrote his name and the amount in the ledger. You will note that it is marked paid."

Degas nodded. He looked up from the ledger. "May I have this book, Raoul?"

The ex-cashier looked uncertain. "The police, they show no particular interest in these matters, m'sieu. And yet, should they wish the accounts—"

"I'll see that they get them," promised Degas. "Now, for you—" He counted out money and gave it to Raoul.

The man protested. "But I have done nothing, m'sieu."

"But you have done all I asked," said Degas. "You have earned this, Raoul. You will sail today, if you long for Paris, on the Lafayette."

"M'sieu, I will sail," said Garron fervently. He seemed close to tears. "I feared—no work—to starve—"

"There, there. Shortly I will drop in to my friend Jacques Pommard, and I shall see you. *Bon voyage.*"

Reardon followed him from the shabby room.

"Gee, you pay plenty for little," he commented.

"What would you? He is a compatriot in distress."

"I could see a lot of Yanks in trouble in Paris and maybe not go to bat for them," said Reardon. "But it's your dough. What now?"

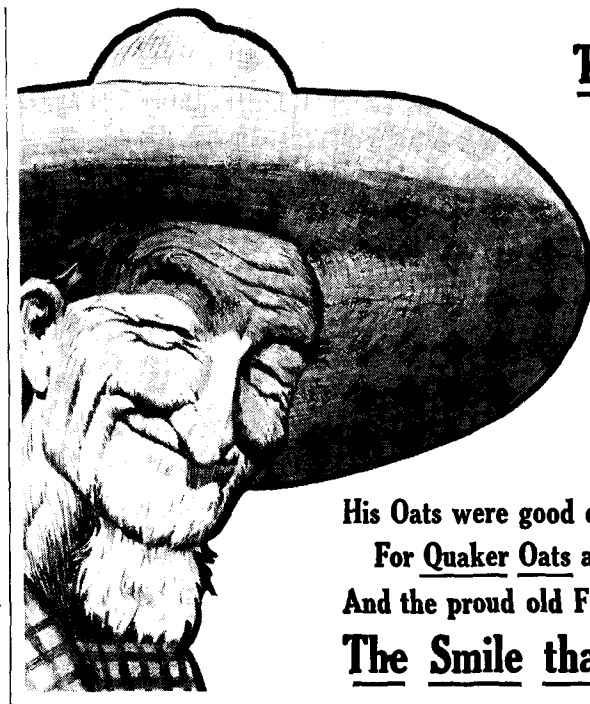
"Derrick, Evans' servant," replied Degas. "We will give him this list of patrons, and he will tell us which one of them has, perhaps, recently married, is a friend of his master's—you follow me? But it is a slim hope, my friend. If we knew *everyone* that had patronized Paul's restaurant—but we don't. We do what we can with what we have."

"But if we have nothing," said Reardon hopelessly. "Pretty soft for that Fay guy, eh? I mean, he seems to have treated that Benedict girl pretty well when she worked for him. What I mean, if he happened to need a buck

(Continued on page 48*)*

"If he asks you who he looks like, tell him 'Gary Cooper's horse'!"

Sydney Hoff



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(Continued from page 47)

he'd know who to touch, hey? Believe you me, I'm going to be kind and generous to my stenog. How do I know she won't turn out to be a multi-millionairess, eh? It's a thought, pal, it's a thought. And there's a giggle in the idea that Fay, lunching with the richest girl in the world, didn't have any dough on him, and that she couldn't pick up the check for him. I'll bet he likes lunching with her. Rich as mud and does she have all that a lady needs? I mean, I've done most of my going for brunettes, but if ever I saw a blonde that could have me, that Benedict girl is the blonde. Just a playful little dreamer, ain't I?"

He dropped Degas at Evans' apartment on Forty-eighth Street.

"Don't see what help I can be right now," he said. "If you want me, ring me. We don't seem to be getting anywhere, do we?"

"I haven't gone over this list with Derrick yet," Degas reminded him.

"Well, luck," said Reardon in a tone that indicated he didn't expect Degas to have any.

Derrick, pale, circles beneath his eyes, greeted Degas anxiously.

"You've heard something, sir?"

Degas shook his head. "Have you? Has there been further word from the people who hold Mr. Evans?"

"Not a word," groaned Derrick. "Mr. Degas, what have you done?"

"I have seen Miss Benedict," replied Degas. "But—she knows nothing. And I have been to see—here, Derrick, is a small ledger. There are names in it. Examine them closely. Check with a pencil the names of the people who are known to Mr. Evans. If any man among them has married recently, and if his wife is unknown to Mr. Evans, let me know."

He smoked cigarettes while Derrick studied the ledger, nodding excitedly each time Evans' servant made a pencil note. Then, as the man finished the brief task, Degas came to his side.

"Philip Barton, eh? John Reynolds, Peter Gaylord, John Caywell, Winston Russell, Sanford Roark. So few? Evidently Paul's was not as popular with the discriminating as was his place in Paris. Well, have any of these been married recently, and did Evans not know the bride?"

HARDLY able to speak, Derrick nodded assent. He put his forefinger on the name of Winston Russell.

"He was married—two months ago. Mr. Doyle had never met her. The day of the wedding Mr. Doyle was in bed—a touch of flu. He didn't go. I am quite sure he hasn't seen them since."

"Look up their address," snapped Degas.

He was in his room at the Centralia at shortly after five that afternoon when Reardon called on him.

"Well, what do you know?" the American greeted him.

Degas threw his hands wide apart.

"Nothing," he said. "I had what I termed an inspiration, but it was not that. I looked, with Derrick, for some friend of Evans who had married recently. Well, I found one. And she was brunette. Oh, more than that, she was obviously not the type. Had she been present at a triple killing, she would have died of fright. My friend, inspiration has failed me. Do you perchance know anything?"

"I dunno," said Reardon. "Something funny has happened, though. A friend of mine just called me up. A lieutenant in the detective bureau, the same one that gave me Garron's name and address. Your friend didn't sail on the Lafayette."

"No?"

"And won't sail on any boat. He was bumped off this afternoon, less than half an hour after we called on him."

Degas stared at him, speechless.

"And I'll give you something to think about," went on Reardon. "They didn't get the lad that did the killing, but they're looking for a gunman that was in the neighborhood at about that time. You can't guess his name."

"Go on," said Degas harshly.

"He was seen entering the building. A cop on the corner recognized him and just because he had nothing else to do he watched where he went. He went into Garron's lodging house. His name was Darnley—Sam Darnley—and he's a brother of Miss Benedict's chauffeur. Does it add up to anything?"

DEGAS looked at his visitor. His face was expressionless as he said:

"Three weeks ago, Miss Benedict lunches at Paul's speakeasy and that very day he writes a letter to me. Today we call on Miss Benedict. One Tim Darnley is seen there by you. You think that Darnley does not see you, but—you can't be sure. A few hours later we call on Raoul Garron and receive from him some unimportant information. A little later, Garron is murdered by Darnley's brother. *And Miss Benedict is a blonde!*"

"Yeah. The whole world knows that. What about it?"

"What about it? Degas does not know. But Degas *knows* nothing. There are no facts to be gleaned in this mystery. None whatsoever. So he relies on inspiration. He has one now. Consider, my friend. Mark how it all dovetails, blends, becomes part of a perfect whole—provided we grant one little detail.

"Coincidence, my friend, is common. Nevertheless, it is always to be looked upon with suspicion. For example, had any but Darnley's brother been suspected of killing Raoul, inspiration would not have visited Degas. But—Paul was slain because I was to visit him; the Gundstrom woman dies because—I believe—Evans was about to visit her. Now Raoul dies because I have visited him. Now—who would know that I, Degas, called on him? No one knows that I am not in the hospital save Derrick, yourself and Miss Benedict. You would not betray me, nor would Derrick. But Miss Benedict—consider!

"Suppose *she* told her chauffeur that Degas had called on her. Suppose that chauffeur, not recognizing me, *had* recognized you. Suppose he called up someone in New York—and who more natural than his brother?—and said to him that you and I had questioned Miss Benedict. Suppose you were then trailed to me, and both of us followed to the residence of Raoul Garron. You follow?

"Now, again attend closely. Miss Benedict calls on Evans. After she leaves, he telephones me. Then, later, with matters on his mind, he tries to see me. What was on his mind? We come to that. I have looked for the woman who might lose her present position if Evans exposed her. Because of that woman the Gundstrom woman was sent to Evans. I reasoned she was sent to him because he was soon to encounter the real girl of Lanson's. But suppose he had *already* met that girl? Suppose, just suppose, that girl was Miss Benedict!"

"But he'd have told you," objected Reardon.

"Ah, but would he? Consider his type. A strange girl, three men killed—and he helps her to escape from the scene of the murder. That is his type. Chivalrous, careless of consequence. . . . Now—the Benedict girl is beautiful beyond belief. Suppose he wasn't *sure*. Would he voice an unworthy suspicion? Never!

"Something else. She sees him with me, with Degas. That very night she calls on him. She went to him, not to apologize for a falsehood—that is too absurd—but to play that love game of which she herself told me. They became engaged—because only by such measures could she make certain that he would not expose her! Now—follow me even more closely. . . . Evans, restive, decides to see me and tell me all. He goes home, unable to speak with me. He disappears next day. Could it be because he saw Miss Benedict, told her that not even love could buy his honor—and—what happened?"

"YOU make a pretty tough baby out of her, Degas," said Reardon.

"Could anyone but the very, oh, so very tough baby carry out such an impersonation? For if she is the girl of Lanson's she is not the Benedict daughter. Eh? It becomes clear?"

"Not too clear," said Reardon. "If we knew any of this stuff you're guessing at—"

"Guessing? Degas does not guess. He becomes inspired. Listen! Evans went to see the Gundstrom girl. She was dead. Where did he go then? Was he kidnapped on the street? Or did he perhaps call on Miss Benedict? If he doubted, that would be natural; he would question her. Now—let us see if he called on Miss Benedict. If he did—!"

"If he did—Degas, this almost scares me! It's so big—"

"That it is, one would say, worthy of Degas!" said the Frenchman.

(To be continued next week)

"Hey, Ed, can I borrow your tuxedo tonight?" *Jay Irving*

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Bringing 'em Back to Life

Continued from page 18

The Old Guard agreed that something had to be done and further agreed that that something might have to be desperate. They formed a Football Committee. It consisted of three alumni, a trustee, a faculty man and the football captain. The first thing it did was to buy up the rest of Wittmer's contract.

The committee then got to work upon any and all possibilities. It decided to shatter precedent believed to be unshatterable and even consider the possibility of a non-Princeton man as head coach. Alumni and football authorities of established reputations were asked to make recommendations. President Hibben refused to reveal the names of the committee members, so no inside wires could possibly be yanked.

Crisler had been recommended by the Tiger alumni in Minneapolis, who'd had a chance to meet the young man and to see what he stood for, as well as to note what he could do with a football squad. His scores with the Gophers hadn't always been wins, but his teams looked good losing, which is really the test, and they played clean, eager and heads-up football.

Under New Management

Crisler didn't seek the job. He wasn't even sure at first that he wanted it. He had no contract at Minnesota, where he officially was a professor of Physical Education and Athletics. He liked Minneapolis. He wasn't sure and he isn't sure that football coaching is a thing to tie to permanently.

On the other hand, the age and prestige of Princeton attracted him mightily. Then, too, sport, as well as business, society and almost everything else in this country faces east. Lastly, the Tiger had been so badly down for three years, he felt that nobody and no ordinary combination of conditions could do any worse. Added to this was the reflection that he didn't always want to be a coach anyhow, and that he might as well take this shot at the moon. If it failed and he was shied into more prosaic fields, it might really prove a blessing. Who could tell?

So he accepted.

The news of Princeton's break with graduate-coaching landed like a *Minenwerfer* in the athletic offices of Intercollegia. Some of the aged Bengals ground their gums and muttered the names of DeWitt, Poe, White and Edwards, but even they—an unprecedented thing for alumni—held their peace in public.

Nothing, not even outlander coaching, could be worse than the mess they were in.

"Blessed am de man who don't expect nuthin'," said that eminent philosopher Uncle Eben, "for verily he shan't be disapp'inted!"

Crisler moved into Princeton in that frame of mind. With his team, he knew, he faced a terrific psychological problem. He had to sell it the idea that, the evidence of the last three years to the contrary, it could win football games. He found a squad eager and anxious to believe. It seemed to have been badly handled.

Carefully and without ostentation he began trying to sell the Princeton family some rekindled interest in the enterprise, too. Whereas the preceding coach, Wittmer, had made every practice a secret session with guards posted to shoo off the curious, he invited alumni and undergraduates to three practices a week. The others he closed, but he furnished all old football men and a group of carefully selected sports writers with "season passes" that admitted them to the field at any time.

This was an innovation—in the East, at any rate. It gave the old-timers a family feeling, a distinct sense of belonging. And he very diplomatically listened to suggestions. Most coaches won't. He adopted only the occasional one that appealed to him, but he listened respectfully to all submitted ideas no matter how wild or impractical. He even went seeking them from certain individuals. One of these was Bill Roper. The previous régime had ignored Roper and he was embittered. Crisler sought him out and asked his advice. Bill said he had no suggestions to offer, but he was obviously pleased at the friendly little fillip and came over from Philadelphia several times to watch practice.

The new coach the players met was considerably different from anything they'd ever encountered. He was soft-spoken and apparently easy-going, yet there was the ring of blue steel underneath those soft words.

For a system, he frankly told them he didn't have any.

"My system is blocking and tackling," he said, almost apologetically. "My plays are the plays Stagg used at Chicago. Oh, I've modified them here and there with things I've seen since. I scouted eight years, you know, and saw lots of different kinds of football. I picked up ideas here and there and I've worked them in. Personally, I think 'system' a greatly overrated word. Learn to block when we have the ball and tackle when the other fellow has it and let him worry about 'system.' We won't have to."

The Princeton players encountered several new ideas in the Crisler primer. One was his theory of line stance on offense. Eschewing the "sprinter's stance" most coaches teach, Crisler taught what he was pleased to call "the baseball catcher's stance." It consisted, and consists, of the two feet planked almost side by side, a straight-down squat with one hand on the ground (the elbow always tucked inside the knee to keep an opponent from hooking it). All his linemen except the ends take this position. This means they carry more weight upon their hands.

Other coaches say this is wrong. They say it makes a lineman top-heavy and more easily tipped. But Crisler doesn't think so. And even if it does, says he, it enables a guard or tackle to swing out of line more quickly and take his place in interference. He doesn't have the entire line charge on every play, anyway. He wants a fast charge only at the point of attack. The other members of the frontier delay.

For the Fun of It

His backs stand up, with hands on knees. Many mentors teach their backs to crouch with one hand on the ground. This, says Crisler, may give them some advantage in taking off straight ahead, but it really hampers them in maneuvers to the side or the flanks. And he has plenty of those. He plays the whole field.

Then he has his own ideas about splitting a line. He never tries to have a player "ridden out." His linemen merely turn defensive players to the flank to make a hole. The rest are locked upon the line of scrimmage. He schools his linemen to turn an opponent by leading their charge with the foot opposite

(Continued on page 50*)*

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(Continued from page 49)

the shoulder with which the enemy is to be met. No two men make the same charge at the same time.

"My objection to the straight-ahead charge," he says, "is that unless the chargers all move with the same speed and power, the defensive man is as likely to be piled into the hole as away from it. I want a dividing job done at the point of attack."

His plays run in cycles, and are so built that every man on the team has a chance to score. He does this for psychology as much as anything else, moving upon the very human theory that a guard, tackle or center will get more fun out of football if he has a chance to make a touchdown occasionally.

"Give a lineman a chance to score and he'll work harder," says Crisler.

Hence he has one play—and Princeton makes it work—where a back flings a forward pass to an end who in turn laterals the ball to a guard!

He moved upon the theory that spectacular plays give the boys more fun, and that a boy will play harder and better football if he's enjoying the game. He doesn't believe in driving, and unlike his patron saint, Mr. Stagg, he has never begged a player to come out for football, nor tried to shame one into it.

Although he denies being original, take a brief look at his conception of the huddle! His team uses it, but in this way: The rest of the team huddles five yards from the ball, but the quarterback stands on the line of scrimmage until he makes up his mind. When he's decided what play to call, he strides quickly to the huddle, sticks his nose in, calls the signal, says, "Hike," and that's that!

"The trouble with the huddle as most teams use it," says Crisler, "is that it makes eleven quarterbacks. Everybody has an idea and they all want to talk. I want 'em to talk, but I don't want my quarterback in there listening. The remarks and asides might disconcert him. I want him to concentrate upon his job and nothing else."

The Bengal Bucks Up

Well, that and much, much more was what the Princeton players found. Most of it was new, but they discovered that they liked it. Further than that, they liked the pleasant young man who was teaching it. He was no autocrat. He didn't say, "You shall." More often than not, he said, "What do you think?"

"Now I think this is right," he'd say, "that's the way it looks to me. But I don't know it all and if any of you fellows have any other ideas about it or any suggestions to make, I want you to speak right up and we'll talk 'em all over."

This made it the players' team, not exclusively his team. They, too, had a sudden sweet sense of belonging—a thing so many college football players never even begin to get.

And how did it work?

Well, the Tiger triumphed as usual over its traditional first-game opponent, Amherst. The score was 22 to 0. One of the finest Columbia teams of recent years, led by the flashing Cliff Montgomery, defeated them the next week 20 to 7. Then came two bitter scoreless ties with Cornell and the Navy. The old Bengal was beginning to get his hair up again. He couldn't score, but he eminently saw to it that the other fellow didn't. Mighty Michigan, undisputed champion of the Conference, had all she could do to suppress these revivified Princetonians, two touchdowns to one, and the game was played in Michigan's home diggings at that! Lehigh, who'd won the year before, was splattered by the good old-fashioned Princeton figures of 53 to 0.

And then came the climax Crisler was describing at that University Club smoker—the annual and historic classic with Yale!

Crisler stopped with the description of how he sent the boys into an anteroom for a last few moments together, but I'll barge ahead briefly with the rest of the story because it's both inspirational and significant.

Yale hadn't had a successful season, but her team was believed to be better than the scores seemed to show. There's nothing the matter with players of the stamp of Lassiter, Crowley, Levering, Wilbur and the Williamsons. Some really great teams only find themselves late. Yale found herself in the game against Dartmouth and moved down to Tigertown with a confident grin.

After all, hadn't she smacked Princeton 51 to 14 the previous year? And weren't they almost the same teams?

The game hour approached with the stands in a frenzy.

Crisler went to the door of the little room to summon the men of his starting eleven. As he stepped inside, they were huddled in a group in the center of the cubicle. What had happened he doesn't know, and probably never will know, but when they turned at his call every face was wet with tears!

As they passed each man silently gripped his hand.

Nothing was said, but nothing was necessary. That handclasp told it all.

Other games have been played and other games are yet to come, but in all the thrilling epics of Princeton's Jungleland, none will ever mean more to the man who sat upon the bench or to the young Bengalites who tore into that cocky Bulldog.

The Tiger stands were rocking and roaring with a genuine shot of the old-time religion before the first period was spent. It was plain to everybody, and to Yale in particular, that the Bengal, the Sick Man of the East, had thrown away his crutches and had grabbed a gnarled shillalah.

Unleashing a blistering offense, Princeton four times swept down the field to bore inside Yale's five-yard line. Twice the Tiger pierced the one-yard ribbon, with touchdowns seeming a matter of inches.

Never let it be said, however, that the Bulldog can't fight. Backed up against his goal posts, he usually reaches defensive heights unexcelled by anybody. And he reached them here. In four of the most terrific goal-line stands of the 1932 season, he stood the slashing Tiger off, seized the missile and pumped it out of danger.

Then the Tiger, stymied upon the turf, whizzed aloft into the aërial lanes, and only missed the touchdowns that would have won the battle by two of the strangest playing freaks since the California center, Riegels, ran the wrong way in that memorable coastal classic.

The Real Test

First, Princeton completed a perfect forward pass to McPartland, a halfback. McPartland snagged the ball cleanly on Yale's 10-yard line and seemed sure of an easy touchdown. Instead of plunging straight ahead, however, he circled back to Yale's 20 before getting oriented, then he started for the Blue goal stripe, and got as far as the four-yard line before he was buried beneath a desperate pile of lunging blue jerseys.

On the next play, Princeton fumbled and Yale's Parker kicked out of danger.

The Tiger deliberately tried the same pass again—again to McPartland, and again it worked. And again McPartland made that peculiar sidling circle from Yale's 20-yard line back to the 28. There he was nailed. Nobody, not even McPartland, could explain these crazy circles. Crisler said, "The kid was overwrought. He simply lost his bearings."

Still not discouraged, the Bengal quarter changed the play and ordered another aërial. This was fancier, a flank shot to Ken Fairman, the left end, who in turn was supposed to lateral the ball to Tom Johnson, the fullback. Fairman made the catch, but the field was clear. He whizzed straight down it for the touchdown.

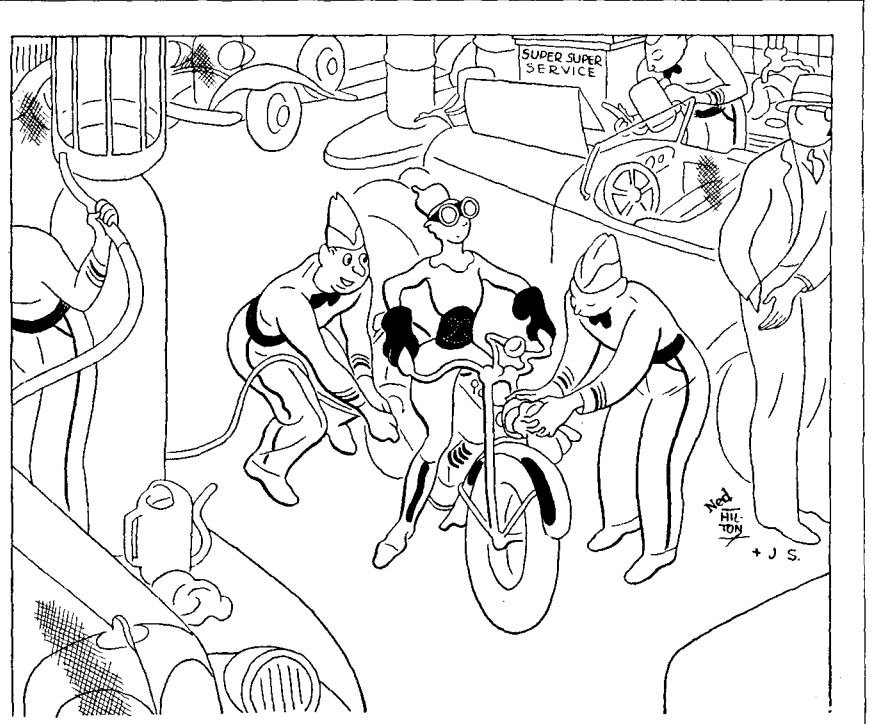
Yale had made a touchdown, too. Both goals were kicked. That made the final score 7 to 7, but the moral victory was by all odds the Tiger's!

It's the iron-fisted Frank Buck who brings real Bengals back alive, but it's soft-spoken Fritz Crisler who brought football's Bengal back to life.

An outlander, maybe, but he had what it took.

His coming shattered, perhaps forever, the Brahman tradition, but if any tears are being shed, they aren't Princeton's!

His Tiger troupe may not win 'em all, but they look good losing—and that's the real test!



"Don't forget to wipe his goggles, Mac" *Ned Hilton*

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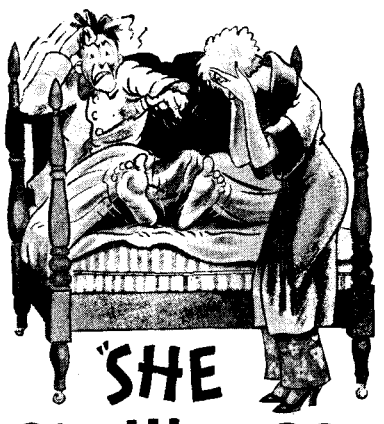

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They Sometimes Come Back

Continued from page 9

way independent studio; and here he arranged to hire a set and props, and a mass of lighting equipment with its proper complement of electricians. Better than anything else, Polk loved to paint effects by the play of lights; and now for hours he posed Carola in a hundred different ways, lighted from as many different angles. He combed her hair twenty times; he made her strip down to almost nothing at all and walk in the shifting lights.

Finally he said, "Humph," and took her home.

Polk worked on Smetana nearly five months.

"I never knew a girl to get such a break in my life," Davida exclaimed.

"Davida," said Polk, "you know what I think? She's going to be my masterpiece." This was toward the end; undoubtedly, by that time, he believed it himself.

"Look out," said Davida, "that she doesn't turn out to be your Waterloo."

"Just what do you mean?"

"You'll find out."

POLK stopped working on Smetana, not because he was satisfied, but because he feared that she would be stiffened and mechanized if he worked on her in his own way for too long. As a matter of fact there wasn't much danger—Carola had flowered amazingly under his direction. But he considered her to be now so great in potential public appeal that he was afraid to tinker with her any further.

The rest was easy for Polk, knowing the inner machinery as he did. He waited his chance (but not for long), and plugged Carola into a rather meaningless bit in a picture that concerned itself with love among wild animals in Java.

This picture was being made on a lot where Von Sedwitz was ranked as a major saint, now that he was dead, by those who had panned him the most bitterly while he was alive. Polk, having the run of the lot, worked a shenanigan whereby he stepped in and directed Carola's bit himself. He worked on it a whole night after everybody else was gone, and used up so much celluloid that some people had a lot of explaining to do later in the cost department. Then he took Carola's rushes home to La Cañada where he had his own projection equipment, and when he had studied and cut them for two days his work was done.

Because he had picked time and place with uncanny accuracy, the rest was automatic. Carola's bit never appeared in the picture about passion in the jungle. It hadn't belonged there in the first place; and besides, Carola proved so stunningly lovely under Polk's cameras that her brief presence in the film threw a whole sequence out of joint, and had half the organization wrangling over retakes for a week before they found out the real trouble and threw her part of it out.

But this did not happen without Carola Smetana getting "discovered." She was, in fact, discovered seventeen or eighteen times in two days. Polk picked out for her the contract he wanted her to have.

"Now you've done it," Davida told him. "You didn't get yourself written into her contract."

"My work's done. I'm through."

"She'll pancake," Davida believed, "without you."

"I don't believe it."

"I never saw such obedient fidelity in all my life," Davida said. "Absolutely dog-like. She thinks you have to tell her when to breathe."

Polk smiled. He did have to tell her when to breathe—in pictures.

"And over and above that, she thinks you're some mysterious sort of god. Without you, she'll pop like a bubble."

"The quicker the better, then," Polk said.

"She'll be running to you every minute."

Polk sighed. "I suppose I'll have to take care of that, too."

He did take care of it. He went down to Culver City and found Carola in her dressing-room, for they already had her at work.

"Goodby," he said. "From here out you're on your own."

"Oh, I'm not afraid. With you to help—"

"You're going to be in Hollywood," he pointed out, "and I'm going back to La Cañada."

"But often I can come out—"

"If you do," Polk told her, "I'll take me another fishing trip." He went away growling to himself and not looking back.

Carola Smetana did not flop as Davida had predicted; at least not then. They worked her in a fairly weak support part opposite Hubert Varden, the eminent camera hog; and Smetana stole the picture smack out from under Hubert's scandalized close-ups.

Carola wrote Polk a little note in a hieroglyphic hand. In some ways it was a heartbroken little note, as Polk would have seen had he chosen to look at it that way. Beyond that, it simply expressed gratitude for what he had done for her; and accepted his dictum that his work with her—and for her—was finished, and that she was to let him alone.

POLK stayed on at La Cañada for nearly six months, though he found that this was extremely difficult. To his considerable amazement, Carola did not come back, and she neither phoned him nor wrote again. Davida moved out when Carola did—she had got a part at last—and Polk was left alone with his Jap boy and his finches. His pleasant, cool house began to take on an emptiness which he would not have believed. He told himself that this was exactly what he wanted; and he continued to tell himself the same thing, long after he no longer believed it. He finally decided what he needed was travel, and planned a protracted itinerary all over the known globe. Yet he stayed on. . . .

He never called her up nor went to see her, though he did manage to watch her three or four times at work. He was more than pleased with what he saw, but it gave him a sharp twang of nostalgia to watch her doing so beautifully the things he had taught her to do. He stayed on until he had seen the preview of her picture. Studying it, he assured himself that there was no way of cutting the film which would prevent Carola from stealing it from its star, and he knew that she was made.

After that preview, Polk knew for the first time that he was in love with Carola Smetana. Yet even after he knew it, he would not admit it to himself. Both from experience and observation Polk had an unholy terror of entanglements. He promptly packed up and fled, leaving the Jap boy to reign supreme at La Cañada.

Polk did not return for nearly eight months.

(Continued on page 52)

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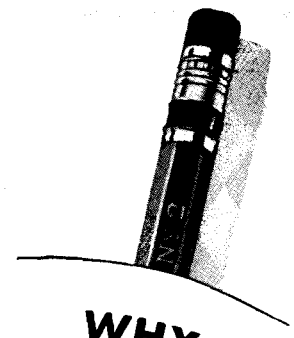

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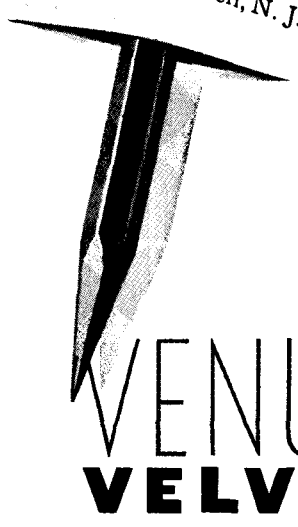

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(Continued from page 51)

Even before he made any investigations in Hollywood, Polk sent for Davida and she came out to see him.

"For a while, here," Davida said, looking at him queerly, "it worked out just as I said it would. Carola folded up, and flopped with a bang."

Polk swore. "I should have known I couldn't go away."

"But since then," Davida went on, "it's all worked out for the best. It's a good thing you went away, after all."

"Davida—come out with what you mean!"

"She came unflopped," Davida said, "with a bigger bang than her flop was. They put her back into production three weeks ago. They've got her starred in a picture that is absolutely perfect for her. It will be one of the great pictures of the year. And Carola is working better than in the Varden picture. You threw away something when you booted her off your list. That girl was just eating her heart out for you, Polk. *For a while.*"

"God in heaven," Polk breathed. "She flopped—and came back!"

"I would never have believed it. When she came to stay out here—"

"Out here? You mean, here?"

"Right here. That was my idea," Davida said. "You see, after she flopped, they found a way to hold up her contract, so she was broke. I knew you still had your Jap boy loafing away his life, so I brought her out, to give her a chance to pull herself together. I thought that was what you'd want me to do."

"Go on," Polk said.

In the peaceful security of La Cañada Carola had indeed been able to pull herself together. According to Davida's description, Carola was now even better than before. Her compelling vitality was perhaps not quite so robust as in the Varden picture; but there was now in her work an appeal that was new to her, and which Davida was unable to describe.

"To get it, you have to see her working."

Polk picked up his hand phone with a jerk. "How do you get hold of her?"

"I'm not sure," said Davida, "that you *can* get hold of her."

"Bunk," Polk snapped, and began calling studio numbers.

And yet, amazingly, Davida proved to be just about right. It was nearly two days before Polk so much as heard Smetana's voice on the phone.

THERE was a long silence after he had told her who he was and what he wanted. When she spoke her voice was faintly breathless, he thought. But, as always, electric transmission was able to bring intimately to the listener the low clear tones which carried Carola Smetana's stirring and disturbing vitality.

She told him that she would much rather he would call her again when her picture was finished—that is, in about six weeks.

Astounded, Polk failed to argue.

For three or four more days he tried unavailingly to get her on the phone. Then, for the first time in years, he went out and got himself conscientiously drunk, and lost two hundred and seventy-two dollars at craps, a game which he detested.

Polk waited the six weeks, and he spent it in war with himself.

He was lonely. At La Cañada he would prowl about in the singular emptiness that had come into the place; and if he stood looking at the finches that he had always taken so much pleasure in, they also managed to remind him most acutely of her. There was nothing in the place she had not touched. Often he woke at night, thinking he had heard gypsy tunes, played with a swaggering rhythm that was what he remembered most out of café nights in Budapest.

He sought out his old friends, but dropped them again, for he had become hypercritical, and it seemed to him that they had become fatuous, and drank too much. There wasn't anything he could enjoy, seeing Carola's face everywhere he looked.

Yet he stuck out the six weeks, and after that a long time more, and the Smetana picture was finished. It had everyone around the studio in a state of delirium. The promotion that had been begun before the first scene was shot was given a final burst, and everything else was shoved out of schedule for the release. Still Polk stubbornly stayed away from Smetana, and he heard nothing from her.

Davida came out to see him.

"If you're going to hit the ball, boyfriend, you'd better step up to the plate."

"She told me to leave her alone," Polk said, "and I'm going to."

"How do you know she meant that?"

"If she didn't, she can give me a ring, can't she?"

"You may be a fair-haired genius to some people," said Davida, "but to me you're an insufferable fool."

Polk's tough-appearing shell, which Hollywood had made him grow, concealed a lot of the bitterness which is the residue when romantic illusions are incinerated. Some of that bitterness showed itself at the surface now. "You've seen her down and out twice," he answered Davida. "Both times she came to me. And you've seen her zoom twice, and forget that I'm alive. That happens to be the way women are built, and she's no different from all the rest."

Polk usually seemed somewhat gruff to people who were not used to him, but Davida had never seen him truly bitter before. She stared at him in amazement. "Screwy," she decided. "Ay tank ay go home."

THE day of Smetana's première, Polk was able to get himself into a private showing of her film; this was put on for the press, in order that the reviews could come out almost concurrently with the opening of the picture. Until he saw this picture, he had never really doubted that he would get Carola back, presently, some way. He had expected to see her acting as he had taught her to act; he was familiar, he thought, with every gesture, every inflection that she knew. He supposed he could tell in advance what sort of thing she would carry through with a burst of power, and where she would be weak and have to lean on her camera. But her picture caught him like a smash between the eyes.

Everything he had given her was there; but as he automatically sorted out the things that he had taught her to do, they seemed to him a string of cheap artifices with which he had wasted her time—so much of what she had put into that picture was her own. She had something now that he had never seen, and it was glorious, irresistibly compelling.

Polk walked out of there feeling humble and lost.

He didn't get himself a pass for the première; but at the last minute he went down and stood in the crowd in the roped-off street. The big searchlights were sweeping the sky, and Smetana's name was on the sky in lights, and there was all the fanfare and parade and vast assembly of all the premières that he remembered. He had learned to think of that display and ceremony as claptrap, but it did not seem so to him now, while he stood outside of it in the packed street. Instead it seemed to him

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appropriate and deserved—the least recognition that could be awarded to Carola Smetana.

He edged up near the inner ropes, and watched the arrival of all those famous names with whom he had worked. They didn't see him—they never saw anybody on the outside. He wasn't interested in them, either. He was waiting to see Carola arrive.

She came almost last, as would have been studiedly arranged for her. At least five escorts were with her, including Hubert Varden, who played up to her now, no longer trying to get into the middle of the light. The other four were less good-looking but more important people. But Smetana was the only one Polk saw.

He thought he had never seen anything so lovely as the grace of her walk; and there was a new light in her face that he had never seen, even in her new picture.

Suddenly he no longer believed that he would ever get her back.

HE DROVE back to La Cañada, and started to pack his stuff, to be on the move again. Then he remembered that he didn't have to do those things for himself. He called the Jap boy, then went out and sat smoking and staring defensively into space. Trying to think of some place to which it would be good to go, he could only think of what Carola must be doing; her picture would be over by now. . . .

A car swung into his driveway, paused a moment at his door. Polk got up, meaning to walk out and stay out until the visitation had blown over. But the car, having paused, pulled out again. Somebody had been dropped at his step.

Wearily Polk walked to the front, swung the door, and stood in it like an unhopeful barrier. But now something turned over inside of him, and all the night was changed.

Carola was there, standing almost exactly as she had stood the first time she had come here. But now this was not a lost and beaten extra girl, exiled and broken; nothing that lights in the sky could give her had been withheld, and where she stood, alone against the night, was glory.

"Hey," he said. "You're supposed to be down there celebrating."

"I know it. I ran away."

"You realize that all those brass-collar guys are going to be sore?"

She had come in, and stood just inside the door. "I don't care."

"I'll have to drive you back to Hollywood, I guess," he said, his voice flat.

Carola stood looking at him.

She said, at last, "Aren't you ever going to want me here any more, at all?"

Polk looked at her, and he broke. "God in heaven! I never smashed across your life with anything that didn't belong there—anything of mine. Why do you want to do this to me?"

"I?" she faltered. "Do what?"

"You know I want you here—all the time. You know that!"

"How would I know it—if you do? You told me to—"

"I don't remember what I told you. Lies, probably. But I'll tell you something now. This place is no good without you—the whole works is empty, and the world is empty, and without you nothing's any good. Everywhere I look I'm reminded of you, and I see your face in every shadow, and I'll never get you out of my eyes if I live forever—you hear?"

His voice had shed its habitual brusque impatience, talking to her. He hadn't ever meant to bully her. He had been harsh with her because it had been his best way to protect something that was pitiable and alone and too precious for his love.

Carola cried out, "Why didn't you tell me? Why did you make me think—"

"Tell you? How could I, when you wouldn't talk to me, or see me—after you didn't need me any more—" He tossed his hands up in a savage gesture.

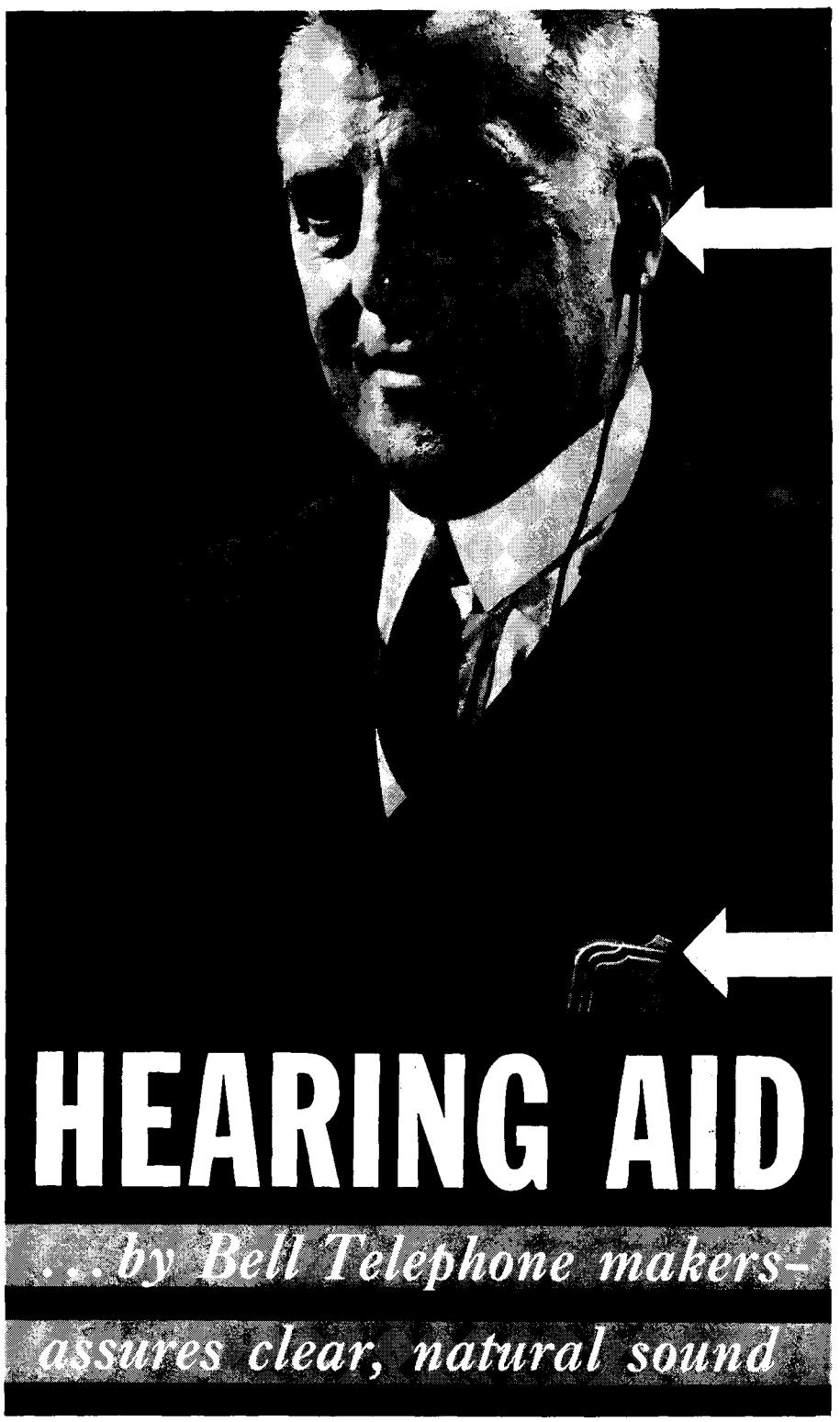
She said slowly, "I—made myself not see you—I didn't want to let myself see you any more while I was just no good. I was tired of always coming to you broken and beaten. I wanted to come to you somebody, so you would be proud. That's why I ran away when you came home."

"Carola," Polk began; and forgot what he was going to say.

"That's all over now." She dropped to her knees before him, and she was neither a lost wanderer nor a name in lights, but a more radiant thing than he had ever seen. "My dear, my dear—I'm never going away any more."

"You kids will have to move now. The Alumni has arrived"

Laurence Reynolds



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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

Distinguished Service in Time of Peace

OF ALL the fifteen years since the great Armistice was signed, none has presented greater difficulties than these twelve months now past. Veteran and civilian alike have met, and met courageously and victoriously, the tests of a tremendous emergency.

The economic crisis which reached its climax last March brought problems of peculiar difficulty and of great intensity to veterans. During the easy years from 1922 to 1929 an immense and menacing body of legislation had been thoughtlessly built up by politicians only too eager to win the favor of any organized body of voters through the expenditure of public money.

Law after law was passed by Congress extending public bounty to various groups. Many of these laws were not sought by veterans. They originated with politicians who competed with one another in devising new ways of giving away money collected through taxation.

The result was that a year ago one fourth of all the money spent by the federal government was devoted to the payment of these bounties. The veterans had not asked for much of what was given them but when hard times came it was difficult to surrender what had been so lightly given.

President Roosevelt never appeared to greater advantage than in his bold and wise handling of this complicated, dangerous and delicate situation. Federal expenditures had reached the point at which the very credit of the nation was put in jeopardy.

To keep the national credit unimpaired was the first and essential obligation. If its credit failed, government would have been powerless to aid veterans or any other class of citizens. Without credit nothing would have been possible.

The President, magnificently supported by Congress and by the country, took the necessary action and the credit of the nation was saved. To accomplish this, various economies were required and these economies were made.

Among others, veterans were called upon to make large sacrifices of benefits they had been led to expect. Last March was no easy time for anyone and certainly not for many of those whose pensions and allowances were cut.

Under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt the sacrifice was made. At the same time new and juster principles of compensation for veterans were established.

The old topsy-turvy accumulation of laws made little distinction between those veterans who were in fact disabled in battle and those whose troubles are in no way connected with their war services. President Roosevelt stood firmly on the principle that the government owes special consideration to those who have been maimed and disabled by war.

Men and women helpless because of something which has happened to them since the war also deserve consideration. A hungry man must be fed regardless of whether he is twenty-five or thirty-five or seventy-five years old. The needy must be cared for because they are needy.

President Roosevelt stood firmly by these principles. Not only in his messages to Congress and in his addresses to the people but also in his admirable speech at the recent convention of the American Legion he upheld this policy.

Organized veterans accepted the President's program despite the hardships which its adoption entailed. This was not an easy decision for the veterans' leaders. It will not be a policy possible of accomplishment without difficulty and struggle. In hard times discontent is common. Leadership is challenged and those in office are always subject to suspicion and opposition.

Yet beyond all question the willingness of the veterans to make the adjustments demanded of them will be a source of future strength. Men seldom regret sacrifices made in the national interests. Patriotism lifts men above personal interests in war and in peace.

The nation remembers with honor and gratitude the valor and the deeds of those who responded to the call of service in 1917 and 1918 and in all other times of peril. The nation will also remember with honor and gratitude those who bravely answered the call in the emergency of 1933.

Having done so well, we may hope that counsels of wisdom and of patriotism will continue to prevail. Against the generous policy upheld by the President minor politicians will selfishly fight. As in the easy years of lavish and thoughtless expenditure, so again self-seeking politicians will attempt to use veterans for their own ends. Measures not in the national interest, measures not truly in the veterans' interest, will be proposed by men who do not scruple to buy political support with public moneys. For the time these politicians have been vanquished, if not silenced.

Nation and veterans alike will prosper as the policy of putting the country first continues to prevail.

In this vastly complicated world all must prosper if any are to prosper. There can be no division of interest. The veteran who suffered because of his war service deserves the best the nation can afford. The nation deserves the best which all of its citizens can accomplish.

Great achievements have been made in 1933. Sacrifices have been made. Far-reaching issues have been faced. Honorable causes have triumphed. We have the right to be grateful and do honor to men who have well served their country.

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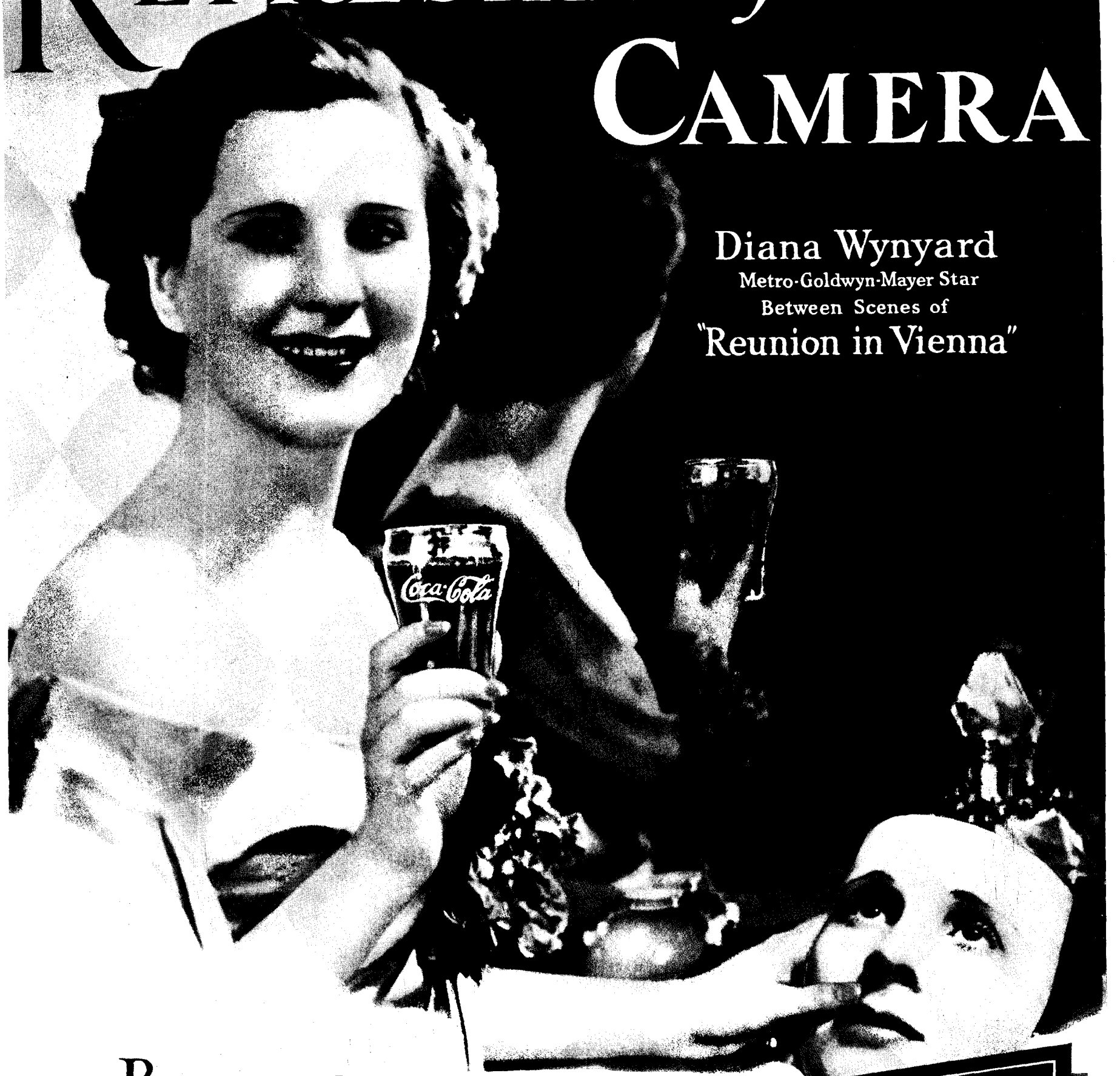

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